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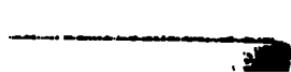
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With Kind regards

W.M.

THE HARP OF STIRLINGSHIRE.



THE
HARP OF STIRLINGSHIRE

BY

WILLIAM HARVEY,

AUTHOR OF "KENNETHCROOK: SOME SKETCHES OF VILLAGE LIFE,"
"SCOTCH THISTLES," ETC.

J. AND R. PARLANE, PAISLEY.

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To the
SONS AND DAUGHTERS
OF THE
SHIRE.



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INTRODUCTION.

TWO primary elements of song are romance and war.

Under the former may be classed all the stories of love and passion in their varying moods of tragedy and comedy ; under the latter all the deeds of patriotism and chivalry, at the thought of which the pulse quickens, and on reading the records of which the eye gleams with pride. There are two vehicles of verse by which these elements are conveyed to the world : there is the love lyric, with its warm breathings of unlimited admiration, and its touch of scenic beauty ; and the ballad or narrative poem, with its detailed descriptions of peoples and customs, and its enumeration of virtues and vices.

Of these two elements of song—romance and war—Stirlingshire partakes in a measure equalled by no other county in Scotland. Read Scottish history forgetting that there is such a shire as Stirling, and what is the result ? There are blanks which the brightest imagination could never replace ; chapters which contain all that is Scotland's glory. But it may be asked, what is there in proof of this ? There are no fewer than eight battlefields in Stirlingshire, and each of these has contributed its quota to inspire the historic muse. Away back in that age of Scottish history

which lives within the shade of tradition, the natives met the Romans in deadly conflict by the dark winding Carron, and inspired Ossian to sing their noble deeds. It was yonder, where the ruins of the Abbey of Cambuskenneth, kissed by the silver Forth as it winds to the sea, guard their royal dust, that Scottish independence was asserted and Kenneth II. struck the last blow at our "auld enemies" the Picts. It was Stirlingshire, too, that was the chess-board on which was played that later game of national liberty. It was at Stirling Bridge and Falkirk that William Wallace maintained the rights of his country at all costs. Stirling Castle was the shuttlecock in that game of battledoor in which Bruce and Edward engaged on the field of Scotland's Marathon. And after the nation's independence had been secured, Stirlingshire was the stage on which was enacted the drama of civil strife. It was at Sauchieburn that the nobles arrayed themselves against their king, and at Milton Mill that the curtain fell on the act of regicide. It was in Stirlingshire, too, that part of the drama of the Scottish Covenant was played. The shire may not be redolent of the memories of the martyrs, like the metropolis of the east, nor studded with lone cairns like the moorlands of the west, but it has done its part to maintain the glory of "Christ's Crown and Covenant." It was at Kilsyth that Montrose and Argyll drew their swords for God and the king, and each asserted the supremacy of his church. It was from Stirling that James Guthrie and others of the "Scots Worthies" were drawn to seal their faith on the scaffold at Edinburgh. It

was at Torwood, in the heart of scenes associated with liberty, that Donald Cargill, frenzied by the cruelties of the killing times, pronounced sentence of excommunication on his enemies, and handed over Charles II. and his accomplices to the keeping of the Prince of darkness. Nor was Stirling untouched by the fire of the Jacobites. It was at Falkirk where Prince Charlie met the royalists and wielded his sword to such purpose that, in the flash of success, he saw himself king of Britain. It was in this county, too, that a brand from the French Revolution smouldered for a time and burst into flame in the action of a handful of misguided men at Bonnymoor.

Stirling Castle, the gray bulwark of the north, which poets and painters have praised in song and on canvas, is rich in all that goes to the poetry of a nation. There it was that the Scottish kings were wont to dwell; there it was that James II. was born and that his queen gave birth to James III. There it was that James IV. made amends for the murder of his father. There "The Gudeman o' Ballengeich" was wont to live and, stealing out, wander in disguise; and there, too, the hapless Mary Stuart spent much of her unfortunate reign. The ancient tower stands to-day a grim sentinel of other years, and keeps ward o'er the fair strath of Menteith. There is little to tell one of her former glory, for her fame has departed and the curtain of neglect has been thrown over her.

Stirlingshire, thus rich in Scottish story, is rich in Scottish song. Its whole history reads like a poem teeming with

incidents of heroism and romance, and from the earliest of Scotland's bards, down to the myriad lyrists of the present day, scarcely one has failed to pay tribute at the shrine of liberty. That group of early historians—Barbour, Wyntoun, Blind Harry, and Boece—of necessity found many of the incidents which form the rhyming histories they composed in the doughty deeds which were done within the shire. The royal poets—James I., James V., Mary Stuart, and James VI.—were all closely associated with Stirling and its Castle. Hume, one of our earliest pastoral poets, was minister at Logie; Alexander Scott was probably a "Son of the Rock"; and the Earl of Stirling was one of the first poets of the seventeenth century. Sir David Lyndsay of the Mount was a well-known character at Court in Stirling; and George Buchanan, one of the foremost Scotsmen of his time, was born at Kilmarnock. Coming to more recent years, we have many names well-known in song. The author of "Morag's Faery Glen" and "O, dinna cross the burn, Willie," was born at Dunipace; and the writer of "Carron Flowery Braes" and "Auld Janet Baird" was a native of Larbert. It was the parish minister of Campsie who wrote "Farewell to Fiunary"; it was his wife who penned "Sound the Pibroch," and his son who composed "The waggin' o' our Dog's tail." It was a native of the shire who produced the inimitable "Turnimspike" and "John Hielandman's Remarks on Glasgow," and one long resident in the county who indited "Come under my plaidie" and "My boy Tammy."

With the associations it has it would, indeed, be matter for wonder if Stirlingshire did not hold a high position in Scottish song. We have referred to the early rhymers who drew their incidents from the county, and of the modern army of Scottish bards few exceptions require to be made. Patriotism is a well from which every poet draws a measure of inspiration, and Stirlingshire is the fountainhead of that well. Burns, Scott, Hogg, and Tannahill have sung of the county and its glories, and after these leaders, the humbler lyrists defile past, each bearing his tribute to the gods of war and poetry. What Carlyle termed the best war-ode outside the Bible belongs to the shire—that is, Burns's “*Scots wha hae*”; and what may be regarded a fit companion to that ode also belongs to the shire—that is, Sinclair's “*Battle of Stirling Bridge*.” From these two songs as the centre point on the field of patriot minstrelsy, sweep down on every side the compositions of myriad bards; all in humble tribute, from the polished peans of poets who touch the hem of Burns's garment, down to the unmeasured lays of patriotic but unpoetic rhymsters; peans which live in popularity; lays which are lost in the eddies of forgotten rhyme. Like the pole-star to the sailor is Bannockburn to the songster; and there, if a monument were raised to the patriot minstrel, could it most fittingly find a place. The battlefield of Scottish independence has been the keynote of many lyres; is the keystone in the grand arch of Scottish song. If the name of a mountain be applicable to a plain, then Bannockburn, with all deference

to the classic heights of Phocis, may be said to be the Parnassus of Scotland.

But it is not for its patriot minstrelsy alone that Stirlingshire claims our attention. In the ballad lore of the nation the county figures prominently. "Gil Morice," one of the most interesting and one of the best of our auld Scots ballants, belongs to the county and led to the production of "Douglas." "Archy o' Kilspindie" and "Young Waters" both connect themselves with Stirling, and form part of the minstrelsy of the shire. The county can also claim a fair share of Scottish song. It was the story of a love tragedy that inspired Lewis to pen "On the banks of Allan Water," and the recollection of happy days that led Burns to indite "By Allan stream I chanced to rove." It was the old, old story that called forth "The Woods o' Dunmore" and "The Banks o' Glaizart," "The Banks o' Forth" and "Campsie Glen."

From the foregoing it will be seen that the county anthology is indeed a rich one. It is sometimes said that, as patriotism and poetry, scenery and song are so much united, it is matter for wonder that Stirlingshire does not number a larger bardic brotherhood than it really does. There may be some allowance made for the remark, but it is not to be inferred that the shire has no poets. If she has not done most she has at least done her share; and if other counties have supplied the workmen, she has afforded the quarries from which have been hewn many of the graceful columns that adorn the temple of Scottish song.

It is to a demonstration of our statement that the shire is not impoverished of song that this volume has been compiled. Our object has been to gather into a book of handy reference all that was worthy of being preserved in the minstrelsy of the shire. Short and authentic biographies of the different songsters which the county claims by birth or residence, together with specimens of their muse, form the first part of the volume. In our work of selection, while we have been critical we have not been hypercritical, as we believe that even the most minor poet may lisp at times in meritorious numbers. Every song-bird has not the rich melody of the nightingale, and yet the trill of the common songster is not unpleasant. We have endeavoured as far as possible to represent the various writers by their best works and in their varying moods. In the second part of the volume we have collected the many ballads, poems and songs which belong to the shire by association, and which occupy a place in the poetry of the country. The third part of the work is devoted to the rhymes and occasional verses which claim the county as their fatherland, and which, although in many cases devoid of all poetic merit, are interesting from their connection with places and people. A certain chronological order has been observed throughout the work. This arrangement is apparent enough in the first part, but may be more or less indistinct in the second and third parts. In these parts the position of a piece has been determined, when possible, by the date of the incident which gave rise to it, and failing such

incident, by the date of the birth of the author. This order has been adopted as the one which suggested itself the most useful in a work of reference, and we trust it may be found so to our readers.

The poetry of the following pages may not always be found to be of that high order which entitles its author to immortality ; but we are confident that the book as a whole will justify us in the eyes of our readers in having made this (as we understand) the first anthology of Stirlingshire.

THE HARP OF STIRLINGSHIRE.

PART I.

POETS CONNECTED WITH THE SHIRE BY BIRTH OR RESIDENCE.

JAMES I.

1394-1437.

JAMES I. of Scotland, the royal poet, takes an honourable place among the writers of his time. In the list of the Scottish kings no figure demands more sympathy than his. His life was passed amid dangers seen and unseen, and the escapes he made and the calamities which overtook him verge very often on the romantic. In his tenth year he embarked for France under pretence of receiving his education, but in reality to be out of reach of his uncle the Duke of Albany. The ship in which he sailed was captured by an English vessel, and the prince was taken prisoner. Henry IV. detained him in Windsor Tower, and when the news reached Scotland of the capture of the prince, the Scottish king, Robert III., sank under his burden of grief, and died in 1406 of a broken heart. The imprisoned prince was now sovereign, but many long years had to pass ere he was permitted to sway the sceptre. After nineteen years' captivity, he was released, and carrying with him an English bride, he reached Scotland, and, with his queen, was crowned at Scone in April, 1424.

His chief residence in Scotland was Stirling. He was pleased with the situation of its Castle, looked upon it as

the Windsor of Scotland, and within its walls his Queen gave birth to James II.

Immediately after his ascension he set himself to carry out certain reforms. He gave every encouragement to the prosecution of knowledge, and founded schools for its advancement. During his exile his nobles had done pretty much as they wished, and he set himself to curb their powers. The work was dangerous. They could ill withstand any attempt to deprive them of the sway they had held, and entering into a league against him, the aristocracy, in the persons of two or three of themselves, foully murdered him in the convent of the Black Friars at Perth, on the 20th February, 1437.

Three works are connected with the Poet King. These are "The King's Quhair," "Peblis at the Play," and "Christ's Kirk on the Green." The last two are by some attributed to James V., while others with prudent vagueness say they are the work of the great Anonymous. "The King's Quhair" has sometimes been said to be the composition of some other poet, but the consensus of opinion is in favour of admitting it to be from James's pen. The poem deals with an interesting episode in the poet's life, and was composed during the summer of 1423. It relates the story of his love for Johanna Beaufort, the daughter of the Earl of Somerset, and extends to nearly two hundred stanzas. It is in the Chaucerian manner, and while regarded by some as an imitation of the great English poet, exhibits much originality. The measure of the stanza is that known as rhyme royal. It was invented by Chaucer, but as James took it as the vehicle of his verse, it has been named in his honour. The following selection from it, which is entitled "The Garden Scene," relates the incident of the poet seeing the lady of his love

walking in the garden, from the window of the room in which he was confined. The selection has been modernised to some extent.

THE GARDEN SCENE.

(From "The King's Quhair.")

Bewailing in my chamber thus alone,
Despairing of all joy and remedy,
Fore-tirèd of my thought, and woe begone,
Unto the window gan I walk in hye,
To see the world and folk that went forby,
As for the time (though I of mirthe's food
Might have no more), to look it did me good.

Now was there made, fast by the Touris wall,
A garden fair ; and in the corners set
An arbour green ; with wandis long and small
Railed about, and so with trees beset
Was all the place, and hawthorn hedges knit,
That life was none a walking there forby,
That might within scare any wight espy.

And therewith cast I down my eye again,
Whereas I saw, walking under the tower
Full secretly, now coming here to playen,
The fairest and the freshest young flower
That ever I saw, methought, before that hour ;
For which sudden abate anon did start
The blood of all my body to my heart.

And though I stood abased then a lyte,
No wonder was't ; for why ? my wittis all
Were so o'ercome with pleassance and delight,
Only through letting of mine eyen fall,
That suddenly my heart became her thrall
For ever ; of free will ; for of menace
There was no token seen in her sweet face.

Of her array the form if I shall write,
 Toward her golden hair and rich attire,
 In fret-wise couched was with pearls white
 And jewelled rubies gleaming as the fire,
 With many an emerald and fair sapphire,
 And on her head a chaplet fresh of hue
 Of plumes, yparted red, and white, and blue.

In her was youth, beauty, with humble sport,
 Bounty, richness, and womanly feature ;
 God better wot than my pen can report :
 Wisdom, largess, estate, and cunning sure,
 In every point so guided her measure,
 In word, in deed, in shape, in countenance,
 That Nature might no more her child avance.

CHRYSTS-KIRK ON THE GREEN.

Was never in Scotland heard nor seen
 Sic dancing and deray
 Neither at Falkland on the Green,
 Nor Pebills at the play,
 As was of wooers, as I ween,
 At Chrysts-Kirk on a day ;
 There came our kitties washen clean
 In new kirtles of gray,
 Full gay,
 At Chrysts-Kirk on the Green that day.

To dance thir damsels them dicht,
 Thir lassies licht of laits ;
 Their gloves were of the raffell richt,
 Their shoon were of the straits ;
 Their kirtles were of Lincome licht,
 Weel prest wi' mony plaits ;
 They were sae nice when men them nicht
 They squeilt like ony gaits,
 Sae loud,
 At Chrysts-Kirk on the Green that day.

Of all thir maidens mild as meid,
 Was name sae jimp as Gillie :
 As ony rose her hair was reid,
 Her lyre was like the lily,
 Fu' yellow, yellow was her heid ;
 But she of luv was silly,
 Tho' all her kin had sworn her deid,
 She would have but sweet Willie
 Alane
 At Chrysts-Kirk on the Green that day.

She scorned Jock and scrapit at him
 And murgeont him with mocks
 He would have loved, she would not let him,
 For all his yellow locks,
 He cherished her, she bad gae chat him,
 She compt him not twa clocks :
 She shamefully his short goun set him
 His limms were like twa rocks,
 She said
 At Chryste-Kirk on the Green that day.

TAM LUTAR was their minstrel meet,
 O Lord ! as he could lance :
 He played sae shill, and sang sae sweet,
 While Towsie took a trance.
 Auld Lightfute there he did forleet,
 And counterfeited France ;
 He used himself as man discreet,
 And up took morrice dance,
 Fu' loud
 At Chrysts-Kirk on the Green that day.

Then Steen came stepping in wi' stends,
 Nae rink micht him arrest ;
 Plaitfoot he bobbit up with bends,
 For mause he made request.

He lap till he lay on his lents ;
But risand was sae pressed
While that he hoasted at baith ends,
For honour of the feast,
And danced,
At Chrysts-Kirk on the Green that day.

Syne Robin Roy began to revel,
And Dawny to him rugged ;
"Let be," quoth Jack, and ca'd him jevil,
And by the tail him tugged ;
The kensie cleekit to a cavel,
But O ! as they twa lugged ;
They parted manly on a nevel :
Men say that hair was rugged
Twixt them
At Chrysts-Kirk on the Green that day.

Ane bent a bow, sic sturt did steer him,
Great skaith was't to hae seared him,
He chesit a flane as did affear him,
The other said " dirdum dardum."
Thro' baith the cheeks he thocht to sheer him,
Or thro' the back hae chared him ;
B'ane akerbraid it cam nae near him,
I cannot tell what marred him
Thereat
At Chrysts-Kirk on the Green that day.

Wi' that a friend of his cried " Fy,"
And up an arrow drew,
He forged it sae furiously,
The bow in flinders flew :
Sae was the will of God, trow I ;
For had the tree been true,
Men said, who kenned his archery,
That he had slain anew,
That day,
At Chrysts-Kirk on the Green that day.

Ane hasty hensure called Harry,
Wha was an archer hynd,
Fit up a tackle withouten tarry ;
That torment saw him tynd.
I watna whether's hand could vary,
Or the man was his friend ;
For he escaped thro' michts of Mary,
As ane that nae ill meanded,
But guude,
At Chyrsts-Kirk on the Green that day.

Then Laurie like a lion lap,
And soon a flane can fedder,
He hecht to pierce him at the pap,
Thereon to wed a wedder.
He hit him on the wame a wap,
It buffed like ony bladder ;
But saw his fortune was and hap,
His doublet, made of leather
Saved him,
At Chyrsts-Kirk on the Green that day.

A sharp young man that stood him neist,
Let aff a shot with ire,
He ettled the bern in at the briest,
The bolt flew owre the byre.
Ane cried " Fy ! he ha'l slain a priest,
A mile beyond a mire,"
Then bow and bag frae him he keist,
And fled as fast as fire
Frae flent,
At Chyrsts-Kirk on the Green that day.

Wi' forks and flails they lent great slaps
And flang together like frigs :
Wi' rafters of barns they beft blue-caps,
While they of bairns made briggs.

The rierd raise rudely wi' the raps,
 When rungs were laid on riggs ;
 The wives cam' forth wi' cries and claps,
 See whare my liking liggs
 Quoth they,
 At Chrysts-Kirk on the Green that day.

They girned, and let gird wi' grains,
 Ilk gossip ithir grieved ;
 Some strak wi' tangs, some gathered stanes,
 Some fled and ill mischieved.
 The minstrel wan within twa wains
 That day he wisely prieved ;
 For he cam' hame wi' unbruised banes
 Whare fighters were mischieved,
 For aye
 At Chrysts-Kirk on the Green that day.

Heich Hutcheon, wi' a hisil rice
 To red, can thro' them rummil ;
 He mawed them down like ony mice—
 He was nae baity bummil :
 Tho' he was wight, he was na wise,
 Wi' sic jangleurs to jummil ;
 For frae his thum they dang a slice,
 While he cried "Barlefummil" ;
 I'm slain
 At Chrysts-Kirk on the Green that day.

When that he saw his bluid sae red,
 To flee might nae man let him ;
 He weened it had been for auld feed,
 He thocht ane cried "Have at him" ;
 He garred his feet defend his heid,
 The far fairer it set him ;
 While he was past out of all plead,
 He soud be swift that gat him,
 Thro' speed,
 At Chrysts-Kirk on the Green that day.

The town souter in grief was bowden,
His wife hang at his waist,
His body was in blude a' browden,
He grained like ony ghaist.
Her glittering hair that was sae gowden,
Sae hard in loove him laced,
That for her sake he was nae yowden,
Seven mile that he was chased,
And mair
From Chrysts-Kirk on the Green that day.

The miller was of manly mak,
To meet him was nae mows,
There durst not ten come him to tak,
Sae noyted he their pows.
The bushment heel about him brak,
And bickered him wi' bows,
Syne traitorously behind his back
They hewed him on the hows
Behind,
At Chrysts-Kirk on the Green that day.

Twa that were herdmen o' the herd,
On ither ran like rams,
Then followed feymen, richt affeared,
Beat on with barrow-trams,
But where their gabs they were ungeared,
They gat upon the gams ;
While bluidy barkened were their beard,
As they had worried lambs,
Maist like,
At Chrysts-Kirk on the Green that day.

The wives kuist up a hideous yell,
When a' thae younkers yoked,
As fierce as ony fire-flauchts fell ;
Frieks to the field they flocked.

The earles with clubs did others quell,
While blude at breasts out bocked.
Sae rudely rang the common bell,
That all the steeple rocked
For reird,
At Chryste-Kirk on the Green that day.

When they had bierd like baited bulls,
And brain-wood brynt in bailes ;
They were as meek as ony mules,
That mangit are with mails.
For faintness thaе forfouchten fules
Fell doon like slaughtered fails ;
Fresh men cam in, and hal'd the dools,
And dang them doon in dails.
Bedene,
At Chrysts-Kirk on the Green that day.

When all was done, Dick with an axe,
Cam forth to fell a fidder,
Quoth he, " Where are yon hangit smaiks,
That wad hae slain my brither ?"
His wife bade him gae hame, Gib Glaicks,
And so did Meg his mither.
He turned and gae them baith their paiks ;
For he durst ding nae ither,
For fear,
At Chrysts-Kirk on the Green that day.

SIR DAVID LYND SAY.

1490-1555.

DAVID LYND SAY, better known as Sir David Lyndsay of the Mount, was born at the Mount, near Cupar Fife, in 1490. He was a cadet in the family of Lord Lyndsay of the Byres. After receiving an education at St. Andrews he entered the royal household at Edinburgh and during the rest of his life was closely connected with Court. He was long resident in Stirling Castle, where he was engaged chiefly in attendance on James V. That monarch while yet a child was brought to Stirling and placed under Lyndsay's guardianship. This curatorial connection led him into close intimacy with the king, and Lyndsay frequently took liberties with his royal master which other subjects would not have dared to have taken. Mr W. B. Cook, author of "The History of Stirling Castle," relates an anecdote which may be retold here, as it is characteristic of Lyndsay's humour. On one occasion, says the historian, when James was surrounded by a numerous train of nobility and prelates, Lyndsay approached the monarch with due reverence and solemnity, and began to prefer a humble petition to be installed in an office which was then vacant. "I have," said Sir David, "served your grace long, and look to be rewarded as others are; and now your master taylor, at the pleasure of God is departit; wherefore I would desire your grace to bestow this little benefit on me." The King replied that he was amazed at such a request from a man who could neither shape nor sew.

“Sir King,” rejoined the poet, “that maks nae maitter, for you have given bishoprics and beneficies to mony ane standin here about you and yet they could neither teach nor preach ; and why may not I as weel be your taylor though I can neither shape nor sew, seein teaching and preaching are nae less requisite to their vocation than shaping and sewing to a taylor ?”

The sarcasm of the anecdote is illustrative of the trend of the poet’s teaching. The question of Reform in the Church had just been broached in Scotland, and, as a pioneer of Knox, Lyndsay lashed the vices of the clergy in satire as forcible and eloquent as the preaching of Knox himself. He was the author of several works, the most famous of which was “The Three Estates.” It had for its object the exposure of the vices which characterised the clergy, and it was very popular at the time when it was written. It is the earliest known contribution to the Scottish drama, and was enacted frequently. His most extensive production is “The Monarchy,” in which the principal actors in the drama of the world are passed under review. On this colossal work, which extends to six thousand three hundred and thirty-three lines, he doubtless spent much of his life. About 1548 he published a humorous portrait of a Fife laird, under the title “The History and Testament of Squire Meldrum.”

The exact date of Lyndsay’s death is somewhat uncertain, but Dr Laing, who has given much study to Lyndsay’s life, gives us to believe that it must have been shortly before the 18th April, 1555, as on that date his brother Alexander succeeded to his estate.

Lyndsay has been called “The Poet of the Reformation,” and an engraving familiar to students of Scottish History represents him as “breaking the keys of Rome.”

Down to the advent of Burns, this poet was regarded as Scotland's greatest bard. "Ye'll no find that in Davie Lyndsay" was considered by our forefathers a conclusive argument, and it shows that his works entered into their lives to a great extent. The phrase may still be heard among members of the older generation, though its poignant "pith" is gone.

The bulk of Lyndsay's work is noted for its force, and is characterised by a pungent, though sometimes vulgar, humour. At times, however, when he had not the exposure of the clergy on hand, his poems were of a different character, partaking of a smooth and pleasing versification.

THE PAPINGO'S FAREWELL.

Adieu, Edinburgh, thou hie triumphant toun,
Within whose bounds right blitheful have I been ;
Of true merchants the root of this region,
Most ready to receive court, king and queen ;
Thy policy and justice may be seen ;
Were devotion, wisdom, and honesty,
And credence lost—they might be found in thee.

Adieu, fair Snowdoun, with thy towris hie,
Thy chapel-royal, park and table round ;
May, June and July, would I dwell in thee,
Were I ane man to hear the birdis sound,
Whilk doth against thy royal rock redound.
Adieu, Lithgow, whose palace of pleasures
Might be ane patern in Portugal or France.

Farewell, Falkland, the fortress tower of Fife,
Thy polite park, under the Lomond Law ;
Sometime in thee I led ane lustie life
The fallow deer to see them range in raw.
Court men to come to thee they stand great awe,
Saying thy burgh bene of all burghs baill
Because in thee they never gat good ale.

THE DAY OF DOOM.

Then with ane roar the earth shall rive
 And swallow them, baith man and wife ;
 Then shall those creatures all forlorn,
 Warie the hour that they were born.
 With many a yammer, yowt and yell,
 What time they feel the flaminis fell,
 Upon their tender bodies bite,
 Whose torment shall be infinite.
 The earth shall close, and from their sight
 Sall taken be all glimpsee of light ;
 There sall be howling and greeting,
 No hope of any comforting ;
 In that inestimable pain
 Eternally they shall remain,
 Burning in furious flaminis red,
 Ever dying, but never dead,
 That the small minute of one hour
 To them sall be sae great dolour,
 They sall think they have done remain
 Ane thousand year unto that pain.

THE PAUPER'S ACCOUNT OF A LAW SUIT.

(From "The Three Estates.")

I lent my gossip my mare to fetch hame coals,
 And he her drounit into the Quarrel holes¹
 And I ran to the consistory for to pleinze
 And there I happened among a greedy meinze
 They gave me first a thing they call *Citendum*,
 Within aucht days I gat but *Lybellandum*,
 Within a month I gat *ad Opponendum*,
 In half a year I gat *Interrogendum*,

[complain]
 [company]

¹ The Quarrel Holes near Edinburgh.

And syne I got, how call ye it? *ad Ripicandum*.
 But I could never a word yet understand them ;
 And then they garred me cast out many placks,
 And garred me pay for four-and-twenty acts :
 But ere they came half gait to *Concludendum*
 The fient a plack was left for to defend him :
 Thus they postponed me twa year with their train.
 Syne, *Hodie ad acto* bad me come again ;
 And then thir rooks, they roupit wonder fast.
 For sentence silver, they cryit at the last,
 Of *Pronunciandum* they made my wonder fain :
 But I got never my guid grey meare again.

ON CERTAIN PLEASURES OF THE GLORIFIED BODIES.

(From "The Monarchy.")

Since there is none on earth may comprehend
 The heavenly glore and pleasures infinite ;
 Wherefore, my son, I pray thee not pretend
 Too far to seek that matter of delight,
 Which passeth natural reason to indite,
 That God, before that he the world create,
 Prepared to them whilk are predestinate.
 All mortal men shall be made immortal,
 That is to say, never to die again ;
 Impassible, and so celestial,
 That fire nor sword may do to them no pain,
 Nor heat, nor cold, nor frost, nor wind, nor rain.

• • • • •
 And with their spiritual eyes shall be scen,
 That light which is most superexcellent
 God as he is, and evermore hath been,
 Continually that sight contemplant
 Augustine saith, he'd rather take in hand
 To be in hell, he seeing the essence
 Of God, than be in heaven without his presence.

Who seeth God in his divinity,
He sees in Him all other pleasant things,
The which with tongue cannot pronounced be ;
What pleasure been to see the King of kings !
The greatest pain the damnèd folk down thrings,
And to the devilis the maist punition,
It is of God to lack fruition.

Albeit in heaven though every creature
Have not alike felicity and glore,
Yet every one shall have so great pleasure,
And so content, they shall desire no more ;
To have more joy they shall no way implore,
But they shall be all satisfied and content.

GEORGE BUCHANAN.

1506-1582.

IF the question were asked,—“Who is Stirlingshire’s most illustrious son ?” we think there would be a unanimous voice in favour of George Buchanan. He was one of the foremost men of his time, and his name continues still on the Scottish roll of fame. He was born in February, 1506, at Killearn, in the west of Stirlingshire, and on the west bank of the river Blane. It is traditionally asserted that he received his early education at Killearn, but there is no authentic record of the fact. In 1520 he left Scotland and went to France, where he engaged in the study of Greek and Latin. In 1522 he resolved on returning to Scotland, and two years later he and his brother Patrick enrolled themselves as students in St. Andrews’ University. George graduated B.A. in October, 1525. From St. Andrews he went to Paris, and, entering the Scottish college there, took the degree of M.A. in 1528. In 1537 he once more returned to Scotland, when he was appointed tutor to a natural son of James V. While abroad he had imbibed the spirit of Luther, and at home he took up the work in which Sir David Lyndsay was engaged. At the request of the king he wrote “Palinodia” and “Franciscanus,” the latter of which was directed against the friars of the order of St. Francis. On the publication of these satires Buchanan was arrested. “To the eternal infamy of the nation,” writes Dr Irving, “his invaluable life might have been

sacrificed to the rancour of an unholy priesthood. After he was committed to custody, Cardinal Beaton endeavoured to accelerate his doom, tendering to the king a sum of money as the price of his innocent blood . . . While his keepers were fast asleep, he escaped through the window of the compartment in which he was confined, and fled into England." After sojourning abroad for some time he returned to Scotland in 1560. In 1564 Queen Mary conferred on him the temporalities of Crossraguel Abbey ; and in 1566 the Earl of Murray appointed him principal of St. Leonard's College, St. Andrews, which office he retained until 1570, when he was ordained one of the four preceptors to King James VI. "Although a layman," says one of his biographers, "he was, as one of its members, on account of his extraordinary abilities and learning, chosen Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church which met in Edinburgh on the 25th June, 1567." As preceptor to the king he was engaged at Stirling for some years ; but at length, broken by age, he retired from court and removed to Edinburgh, where, in a house in a close in the High Street, he breathed his last on the morning of the 20th September, 1582. He lies interred in Greyfriars' Church-yard, but no stone marks the spot. An obelisk was raised to his memory at Kilmarnock in 1788, and the most important street in Glasgow is named in his honour.

As a poet, an historian, and a political writer, he takes a high place ; but it is to be regretted that he left so much locked up in the safes of the Latin language. His "History of Scotland" has been translated, but of his poems little has yet been done. In "The Scottish Nation," an anonymous writer has given us fragments from his satire "Franciscanus" ; and Robert Hogg, a nephew of the Ettrick Shepherd, has translated his "Calends of May."

A VOW OF PRIESTHOOD.

From "Franciscanus."

Oft musing on the ills of human life,
Its buoyant hopes, wild fears, and idle strife,
And joys of hue—how changeful ! tho' serene,
That fitl ere you can tell where they have been—
(Even as the bark, when ocean's surges sweep,
Raised by the warring winds along the deep,
Is headlong by the howling tempest driven,
While the staid pilot, to whose charge is given
Her guidance, skilfully the helm applies,
And in the tempest's face she fairly forward flies),
I have resolved, my earthly wanderings past,
In rest's safe haven to secure at last
Whate'er of fleeting life, by Fate's decree,
Ere end my pilgrimage, remains to me,—
To give to heaven the remnant of my days—
And wash away in penitence and praise,
Far from this world's wild revelry uncouth,
The sins and follies of my heedless youth.
O, blest and hallowed day ! with cincture bound,
My shaven head the grey hood veiling round,
St. Francis ! under this auspicious name,
I will prescribe unto this earthly frame
A life æthereal, that shall upward rise,
My heavenward soul commerçing with the skies.
This is my goal—to this my actions tend—
My resting-place—original and end.

A CHARGE TO THE INTENDING PRIEST.

From "Franciscanus."

If 'tis thine aim to reach the goal of life
Thro' virtue's path, and, leaving childish strife,
To free thy darkened mind from error's force,
To trace the laws of virtue to their source,
And raise to heavenly things thy purged sight,
I view thy noble purpose with delight ;

But if a shadowy good doth cross thy way,
And lure thee, phantom-like—but to betray—
Oh ! while 'tis time, restrain thy mad career,
And a true friend's yet timely warning hear ;
Nor let old error with bewildered eye,
Nor let the blind and senseless rabble's cry,
More move thee than stern reason's simple sway,
That points to truth the undiscovered way :—
But deem not, that high heaven I dare defy,
Or raise again vain war against the sky,
For, from my earliest youth I have revered
The priest and holy fathers, who appeared,
By virtue's and religion's holy flame,
Worthy a bright eternity of fame.
But seldom underneath the dusky cowl,
That shades the shaven head and monkish scowl,
I picture a St. Paul ; the priestly stole
Oft covers the remorseless tyrant's soul,
The glutton's and the adulterer's grovelling lust,
Like soulless brute each wallowing in the dust,
And the smooth hypocrite's still smiling brow,
That tells not of the villainy below.

THE PRESENCE OF EVIL.

(From "Franciscanus.")

Still deathful is the drug-venom'd draught,
Tho' golden be the bowl from which 'tis quaffed :
The ass, in Tyrian purple tho' arrayed,
Is as much ass, as asslike when he brayed :
Still fierce will be the lioness—the fox
Still crafty—and still mild the mighty ox—
The vulture still will whet the thirsty beak—
The twittering swallow still will chirp and squeak ;
Thus tho' the vesture shine like drifted snow,
The heart's dark passions lurk unchanged below.
Nor when the viper lays aside his skin
Less baleful does the venom work within,

The tiger frets against his cage's side
As wild as when he roamed in chainless pride :
Thus neither crossing mountains nor the main,
Nor flying human haunts and follies vain,
Nor the black robe nor white, nor cowl-clad head,
Nor munching ever black and mouldy bread,
Will lull the darkly working soul to rest,
And calm the tumults of the troubled breast.
For always, in whatever spot you be,
Even to the confines of the frozen sea,
Or near the sun, beneath a scorching clime,
Still, still will follow the fierce lust of crime—
Deceit, and the dark working of the mind,
Where'er you roam will not be left behind.

THE FIRST OF MAY.

(From "The Calends of May.")

All hail to thee thou first of May,
Sacred to wonted sport and play,
To wine, and jest, and dance, and song,
And mirth that lasts the whole day long !
Hail ! of the seasons honour bright,
Annual return of sweet delight ;
Flower of reviving summer's reign,
That hasten to time's old age again !
When spring's mild air at nature's birth
First breathed upon the new formed earth ;
Or when the fabled age of gold,
Without fixed law, spontaneous rolled ;
Such zephyrs, in continual gales,
Passed temperate along the vales,
And softened and refreshed the soil,
Not broken yet by human toil.
Such fruitful warmths perpetual rest
On the fair islands of the blest—
Those plains where fell diseases' moan
And frail old age are both unknown.

Such winds with gentle whispers spread
Among the dwellings of the dead,
And shake the cypresses that grow
Where Lethe murmurs soft and low.
Perhaps when God at last in ire
Shall purify the world with fire,
And to mankind restore again
Times happy, void of sin and pain,
The beings of this earth beneath
Such pure ethereal air shall breathe.
Hail ! glory of the fleeting year !
Hail ! day, the fairest, happiest here !
Memorial of the time gone by,
And emblem of futurity.

JAMES V.

1512-1542.

“THE Gudeman o’ Ballengeich” is one of the worthies of Stirling. The ancient and royal burgh lingers fondly on such incidents as those which conferred upon the fifth James the title of “King of the Commons” and the sobriquet “The Gudeman o’ Ballengeich.” He was born in Linlithgow Palace, on the 12th of April, 1512, but while very young was brought to Stirling and placed under the care of Sir David Lindsay. He cherished that same fondness for Stirling Castle which characterised the other Stuarts, and the most magnificent building within its walls—the Palace—although begun by his father, was carried to its splendid finish under his orders. This building is adorned with statuary, and one of the figures, that at the north-east corner, is said to be a representation of the “Gudeman” himself. James was much given to wandering about in disguise, and to incidents connected with these wanderings the poems, as the author of which he is known, are attributed. From Stirling Castle there was a gate which opened into a pass named Ballengeich, and by this exit James was wont to go when desirous of wandering unknown. Many anecdotes are afloat of his escapades. On one occasion, while hunting, he lost his way, and, going to a farmhouse, was kindly received, and invited to wait and partake of dinner. In the course of conversation the farmer, unaware of his visitor’s importance, told him of a fox that was making terrible inroads on his

poultry yard. "How much will you give me if I kill it?" queried James. "Ou, a groat," replied the farmer; adding, "I doobt you'll no manage." "I think I shall," said James. "Weel," continued the farmer, "we'll hae to rise early, afore the dawn." On the following morning king and farmer sallied forth in search of Reynard. They were hardly under cover when the fox appeared, and it had not gone far ere an arrow from James's crossbow laid it in death. "Weel dune," cried the farmer exultingly; "there's your groat, my braw fellow"; and he handed the sportsman his reward. James quietly took the coin, and, slipping away, showed it with much satisfaction to his courtiers.

James's reign was an important one. The chief events which marked it were those in connection with the Reformation. Towards the end of his career misfortunes fell upon him; and the disastrous Rout of Solway Moss so weighed upon his mind, that he died in a fit of despondency at Falkland, on the 13th December, 1542.

If he is the author of the poems attributed to him, his claim to be recognised as a poet is a good one; and if not, he deserves to be remembered in connection with song, were it for nothing else than the fact that his wanderings led to their production. Sir Walter Scott spoke in terms of high praise of the poems attributed to him, remarking that "The Jolly Beggar" was the best comic ballad in any language. The original version was much too coarse for repetition, but in its transmission from time to time it has been purified to some extent.

THE JOLLY BEGGAR.

There was a jolly beggar
And a begging he was boun',
And he took up his quarters
Into a landwart town;

He wadna lie into the barn,
Nor wad he in the byre—
But in ahint the ha' door,
Or else before the fire.
And we'll gang nae mair a-roving,
A-roving in the night,
And we'll gang nae mair a-roving,
Let the moon shine e'er sae bright.

The beggar's bed was made at e'en
Wi' guid clean straw and hay,
And in ahint the ha' door—
'Twas there the beggar lay.
Up gan the guidman's dochter,
An' a' to bar the door,
And there she saw the beggar man
Was standing on the floor.
And we'll gang nae mair a-roving,
A-roving in the night,
Though maids be e'er sae loving,
And the moon shine e'er sae bright.

He took the lassie in his arms
And to the neuk he ran :
O hoolie, hoolie wi' me, sir,
Ye'll wauken oor guidman.
The beggar was a cunning loon,
And ne'er a word he spak'—
But, lang afore the cock had crawn,
Thus he began to crack :
We'll gang nae mair a-roving,
A-roving in the night,
Save when the moon is moving,
And the stars are shining bright.

Have ye ony dogs aboot this toun,
Maiden, tell me true ?
And what wad ye do wi' them,
My hinney and my dow ?

They 'll rive a' my meal pocks
 And do me mickle wrang.
 O dool for the doing o't,
 Are ye the poor man ?
 And we 'll gang nae mair a-roving,
 A-roving in the night ;
 Nor sit, a sweet maid loving,
 By coal or candle light.

Then up she gat the meal-powks
 And flang them ower the wa',
 The deil gae wi' the meal-powks,
 My maiden fame and a' ;
 I took ye for some gentleman,
 At least the laird o' Brodie—
 O dool for the doing o't,
 Are ye the poor bodie ?
 And we 'll gang nae mair a-roving,
 A-roving in the night ;
 Save when the moon is moving,
 And the stars are shining bright.

He took the lassie in his arms
 And gae her kisses three,
 And four-and-twenty hunder merk
 To pay the nurse's fee :
 He took a wee horn frae his side,
 And blew baith loud and shrill,
 And four-and-twenty belted knights
 Came skipping o'er the hill.
 And we 'll gang nae mair a-roving,
 A-roving in the night ;
 Nor sit, a sweet maid loving,
 By coal or candle light.

And he took out his little knife,
 Loot a' his duddies fa',
 And he was the bravest gentleman
 That was among them a' !

The beggar was a clever loon,
 And he lap shoulder height ;
 O eye for siccan quarters
 As I got yesternight !
 And we'll gang nae mair a-roving,
 A-roving in the night,
 For then the maids are loving,
 And stars are shining bright.

THE GABERLUNZIE MAN.

The pawky auld carle cam' o'er the lea,
 Wi' mony guid e'ens an' guid days to me ;
 Sayin', Guidwife, for your courtesie,
 Will ye lodge a silly puir man ?
 The nicht was cauld, the carle was wat,
 An' doon ayont the ingle he sat,
 My dochter's shouthers he 'gan to clap,
 An' cadgily ranted an' sang.

Oh wow ! quo' he, were I as free
 As first when I saw this countrie,
 How blithe an' merry wad I be !
 An' I wad never think lang.
 He grew canty, an' she grew fain ;
 But little did her auld minny ken
 What thir sree twa thegither were say'n'
 When woo'in' they were sae thrang.

An' oh, quo' he, an ye were as black
 As e'en the croon o' my daddy's hat,
 It's I wad lay thee by my back,
 An awa' wi' thee should gang.
 An' oh, quo' she, an I were as white
 As e'en the snaw lay on the dyke,
 I'd cleed me braw an' lady-like,
 An' awa' wi' thee I wad gang.

Between the twa was made a plot ;
 They rase a wee before the cock,
 An' wilily they shot the lock,

 An' fast to the bent are they gane.
 Up in the morn the auld wife rase,
 An' at her leisure pat on her claes ;
 Syne to the servant's bed she gaes

 To spier for the silly puir man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay ;
 The strae was cauld, an' he was away ;
 She clapt her hands, an' cried, Waladay,
 For some o' our gear will be gane !
 Some ran to the coffer, an' some to the kist,
 But nought was shown that could be missed ;
 She danced her lane an' cried, Praise be blest,
 I ha'e lodged a leal puir man.

Since naething's awa' as we can learn,
 The kirn's to kirn an' milk to earn ;
 Gae but the house, lass, an' wauken my bairn,
 An' bid her come quickly ben.
 The servant gaed where the dochter lay,
 The sheets were cauld, an' she was away,
 An' fast to the guidwife she 'gan say,
 She's aff wi' the gaberlunzie man.

Oh, fye gar ride an' fye gar rin,
 An' haste ye find these traitors again ;
 For she's be burnt an' he's be slain,
 The wearifu' gaberlunzie man.
 Some rade upon horse, some ran a-fit,
 The wife was wud an' oot o' her wit,
 She couldna gang nor yet could she sit,
 But aye she cursed an' she banned.

Meantime far 'hind, out o'er the lea,
 Fu' snug in a glen, where none could see,
 The twa, wi' kindly sport an' glee,
 Cut frae a new cheese a whang.

The priving was guid, it pleased them baith,
To lo'e her for aye he ga'e her his aith ;
Quo' she, To leave thee I will be laith,
My winsome gaberlunzie man.

Oh, kend my minny I were wi' you,
Ill-faurdly wad she crook her mou',
Sic a puir man she'd never trow,
After the gaberlunzie man.
My dear, quo' he, ye're yet owre young,
An' ha'e na learned the beggar's tongue,
To follow me frae toun to toun,
An carry the gaberlunzie on.

Wi' cauk an' keel I'll win your bread,
An' spindles and whorles for them wha need,
Whilk is a gentle trade indee'l,
To carry the gaberlunzie on.
I'll bow my leg, an' crook my knee,
An' draw a black clout o'er my e'e ;
A cripple or blind they will ca' me,
While we shall be merry an' sing.

ALEXANDER SCOTT.

1540?-1600?

IN the case of many of the old Scots poets there are only one or two items concerning their lives to be gathered, and the biographer is inclined to cry out against this sparsity of detail. But if there are one or two scraps there is little to complain of. The biographer of Alexander Scott has nothing. The dates of his birth and death can only be wildly guessed at: the place of his birth is a matter of supposition. Under date 1549 there is an entry in the Privy Seal Register, which records the legitimatising of John and Alexander Scott, two natural sons of Alexander Scott, Prebendary of the Chapel Royal at Stirling. This, with some hesitation, Dr Laing, who edited a volume of Scott's poems in 1821, supposes to be an indication of the poet's paternity. If this be correct, there is some reason for supposing that a son of the Prebendary of the Chapel Royal at Stirling would be a "Son of the Rock." When Mary Queen of Scots returned from France in 1562, Scott sent her a poem entitled, "Ane New Year's Gift to the Queen Mary when she first came hame in 1562," and this would lead us to suppose that his birth could not have been later than 1540. There does not appear, however, to be anything in his verse to indicate the date of his death. Dr Laing is of opinion that his life must have been spent chiefly in Edinburgh.

The approximate date assigned to him renders him a contemporary of Sir David Lyndsay; and it would seem

that with him, as with Lyndsay, the exposure of the vices of the Church was a favourite topic. In his "Address to Queen Mary" he exhorts good government alike in Church and State. He seems, however, to have looked with clearer vision on the times than his companion thunderer against vice, as many of his remarks are directed against the excesses of the Protestant party. Writing of Scott, Dr Laing says, "his productions may be classed with the most elegant Scottish poems of the sixteenth century. His lyric measures are skilfully chosen; and his language, when compared with that of contemporary poets, will be found to possess an uncommon share of terseness and precision."

HENCE HEART.

Hence heart ! with her that must depart,
 And hold thee with thy soverane ;
 For I had rather want ane heart,
 Nor have the heart that does me pain :
 Therefore go ! with thy love remain,
 And let me live thus unmolest ;
 And see that thou come not again,
 But bide with her thou lovest best.

Since she that I have servèd lang
 Is to depart so suddenly,
 Address thee now, for thou shalt gang
 And bear thy lady company :
 Frae¹ she be gone, heartless am I ;
 For why ? thou art with her possest ;
 Therefore, my heart, go hence in hye²
 And bide with her thou lovest best.

Though this belapped body here
 Be bound to servitude and thrall,
 My faithful heart is free intair,³
 And mind to save my lady at all :

¹ From the time. ² Haste. ³ Entire.

Would God that I were perigall¹ !
 Under that redolent rose to rest !
 Yet at the least, my heart, thou shall
 Abide with her thou lovest best.

Since in your garth² the lily white
 May not remain among the lave,
 Adieu, the flower of haile delight !
 Adieu, the succour that me save !
 Adieu, the fragrant balmy swave³ !
 And lamp of ladies lustiest !
 My faithful heart she shall it have,
 To bide with her it loveth best.

Deplore, ye ladies clear of hue,
 Her absence, since she must depart.
 And specially ye lovers true,
 That wounded been with lovis dart.
 For some of you shall want ane heart
 As weel as I ; therefore at last
 Do go with mine, with mine in wart⁴ !
 And bide with her thou lovest best.

O LUSTIE MAY.

O lustie May, with Flora Queen,
 The balmy drops from Phœbus' sheen
 Prelucent beam before the day ;
 By thee Diana groweth green,
 Through gladness of this lustie May.

Then Aurora that is so bright
 To woful hearts she casts great light,
 Right pleasantly before the day,
 And shows and sheds forth of that light,
 Through gladness of this lustie May.

¹ Worthy. ² Garden. ³ Kiss. ⁴ Ward.

Birds on the boughs of every sort,
 Send forth their notes and make great mirth
 On banks that bloom, and every brae ;
 And fare and flee ower every firth,
 Through gladness of this lustie May.

And lovers all that are in care
 To their ladies they do repair,
 In fresh morning before the day ;
 And are in mirth aye mair and mair,
 Through gladness of this lustie May.

Of every moneth in the year
 To mirthful May there is no peer ;
 Her glistening garments are so gay :
 You lovers all make merry cheer
 Through gladness of this lustie May.

To Love Unloved

Quod Scott when his wife left him.

To love unloved is aye pain ;
 For she that is my sovereign
 Some wanton man so high has set her,
 That I can get no love again,
 But break my heart, and nought the better.

When that I went with that sweet May,
 To sing, to dance, to sport and play,
 And oft-times in my armis plet her ;
 I do now mourn both night and day,
 And break my heart, and nought the better.

Where I was wont to see her go,
 Right trimly passand to and fro,
 With comely smiles when that I met her,
 And now I live in pain and woe,
 And break my heart, and nought the better.

What an ane glaiket fool am I,
 To slay myself with melancholy !
 Since weel I ken I may not get her,
 Or what should be the cause, and why,
 To break my heart, and nought the better.

My heart, since thou may not her please,
 Adieu ! as good love comes as gae,
 Go choose ane other and forget her ;
 God give him dolour and disease,
 That breaks his heart, and nought the better.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

How should my feeble body fure¹
 The double dolour I endure,
 The mourning and the great malure²
 Can none divine :
 Whilk gars my baiful breast combure³
 To see ane other have in cure,
 That should be mine.

For weel I wait was never wight,
 Wald sae enforce his mind and might ;
 To love and 'serve his lady bright
 And want her syne,
 As I do, martyr, day and night,
 Without the only thing of right,
 That should be mine.

Were I of puissance for to prove
 My lawty⁴ and my hearty love,
 I should her mind to mercy move
 With sic propine.⁵
 Were all the world at my behove
 She should it have, by God above,
 That should be mine.

¹ Fare under. ² Misfortune. ³ For cumber, trouble. (?)
⁴ Loyalty. ⁵ Promises.

Now whom to shall I make my moan,
Since truth and constance find I none,
For all the faithful love is gone

Of feminine?

It would upross¹ ane heart of stone,
To see me lost for love of one
That should be mine.

Wha should my dullèd spirites raise
Since for no love my lady gaes?
But and good service might her maise²
She should incline,
I dree the dolour and disease
When others has her as they please
That should be mine.

I may perceive that weel by this,
That all the blitheness, joy and bliss,
The lusty wanton life I wis,
Of love is hyne;³
And no remeid since so it is
But patience suppose I miss,
That should be mine,

For nobles has not aye renown,
Nor gentles aye the gayest gown:
They carry victuals to the town
That warst does dine;
Sae busily to busk I boun⁴
And other eats the berry down
That should be mine.

Wha wald the rage of youthhood daunt,
Let them the court of lovers haunt,
And then as Venus' subjects grant,
And keep her tryme;
Perchance they shall find friendship scant,
And able their reward to want,
As I did mine.

¹ Oppress. (?) ² Attach. ³ Hence. ⁴ To make ready.

MARY STUART.

1542-1588.

THE most romantic chapter in the history of Scotland is that which deals with the hapless Stuart Queen. Her father was fast sinking into his grave when she was born, and despondency seems to have had such a hold on him that even the tidings of the birth of an heiress did nothing to cheer his moping mind. He was dying at Falkland palace when his queen gave birth to Mary, at Linlithgow, in December, 1542. The infant princess was only eight days old when her father died, and once more one of those fatal minorities fell upon the nation. Henry VIII. of England, feasting his eyes on the Scottish throne, joined with certain of the Scottish nobility to have the infant princess married to his son Edward, who was then a boy of six years. Certain of the priests, however, set themselves against the marriage; and a party of the nobles, whom Henry had failed to win over to his side, seized the princess when seven months old, and carried her with her mother to Stirling Castle, which they deemed the place of greatest security. Here her infant days were spent, and in the Cathedral Church, on the 9th of September, 1543, she was crowned Queen of Scotland. When news was conveyed to Henry of the coronation of Mary, he instructed those who had entered his service to seize her and carry her to England on the first opportunity. As a means towards this end it was suggested that the Earl of Angus, accompanied by a party in his service, should visit

Stirling Castle, demand to see the infant, on the pretext that it was rumoured that Mary of Guise had substituted another child in its place, and when it was produced seize it and carry it to Tantallon. This plot was unsuccessful. "So careful was Lord Erskine," writes Miss Strickland in her *Lives of the Scottish Queens*, "that only one noble at a time was permitted to see her, and that in presence of one or more of her Lord Keepers." Mary remained in Stirling until 1547, when, after the battle of Pinkie, or *Black Saturday* as it was called, she was removed to Inchmahome. From this place she went in her sixth year to France, where she remained until 1561. After her return to Scotland she was often resident in Stirling. The first night she slept in its castle walls, after her return from the fair land of France, fire broke out in the castle, and she narrowly escaped the flames. There is a local prediction that a queen will be burnt at Stirling, but so far royalty has been fortunate enough to keep it unfulfilled. On the morning after the fire, Mary was the spectator of an outburst of Reformation zeal. Randolph, the English Ambassador, refers to the incident in these terms:—"When Her Grace's devout chaplain would, by advice of Arthur Erskine, have sung a high mass, the Earl of Argyle and the Lord James so disturbed the quire that some, both priests and clerks, left their places with broken heads and bloody ears. It was a sport for some that were there to behold it; others there were that shed a tear or two, and made no more of the matter."

It was in Stirling Castle, says Mr Cook in his "History," that Queen Mary's attachment to the ill-fated Darnley became so strong that it could no longer be concealed from the world. Darnley appeared at Court at Edinburgh, and an intimacy between the Queen and him was the result.

On the 21st March, 1565, Mary arrived at Stirling in company with Darnley. Lodgings were found for him in the castle, and in an illness which overtook him shortly afterwards, the Queen paid marked attention to him. On his recovery a secret marriage was arranged, and this took place in the room occupied by Rizzio, and which had been arranged as a Roman Catholic Chapel for the celebration of the nuptials. The exact date is not recorded, but it is supposed that this wedding took place about four months previous to the public marriage at Holyrood. Mary had many angry meetings with her nobles on the subject, but at an assembly held in the Parliament Hall, on the 15th May subsequent to the celebration, the nobles intimated their assent to the union.

On the 19th June, 1566, Mary gave birth to a son at Edinburgh, and immediately preparations were begun at Stirling for the baptism. The sum of one thousand pounds sterling was voted for the occasion. Special directions were given as to costumes to be worn and as to the number of attendants which every noble was to have. Queen Elizabeth, who stood godmother to the prince, sent a silver font for the occasion. The baptism was performed on the 17th December. It was done in accordance with the rites of the Church of Rome with the exception of the "spittle." "No priest," said Mary, notwithstanding all her love for the Church, "shall spit in my child's mouth." At this ceremony Darnley was not present, and his place was taken by the Earl of Bothwell.

After the baptism, Mary spent some time in Stirling, and on 6th January was present at the marriage of Mary Fleming and Maitland of Lethington, which took place within the castle. But the clouds were gathering. She made one or two visits to Stirling after this, but they were

short and unpremeditated. From this time misfortunes crowd upon her life. The murder of Darnley; her imprisonment at Lochleven; her abdication of the crown; her escape; the battle of Langside; her flight to England; her long imprisonment there; her trial; and, last of the fatal list, the scaffold at Fotheringay sum up the rest of her days. She was executed on the 8th of February, 1588.

Mary Queen of Scots, the centre of much interest as a sovereign, attracted little attention as a writer of verse until recent years. Although she never attained an extensive knowledge of English, she knew Latin, French, and Italian well, and wrote verses in each of these languages. Some years ago her writings came under the notice of Julian Sharman, who, in 1873, edited them under the title of "The Poems of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots." She is credited with a poetical work entitled "The Institution of a Prince." Bishop Montague mentions this in his edition of James the First's writings; and Saunderson, who wrote after that, mentions that in 1656 he had seen such a volume. It is missing now and no trace of it can be got. In the "Poets and Poetry of Linlithgowshire" Mary Stuart is represented at some length. Her work was translated by D. F. Lowe, Esq., M.A., Head Master of George Heriot's Hospital School, Edinburgh, and turned into verse by Mr Alex. M. Bisset, the Editor of the volume. From that book we take the following sonnets, which are good specimens of the muse of Scotland's fairest queen.

SONNET TO THE EARL OF BOTHWELL.

My love grows, and its growing sway I'll own
While I shall live, and I'll for greatness care
Only so much as in that heart I share,

To which at last my true love will be shown
When, clearer still, all doubt shall be o'erthrown.
For him I will all paths to greatness dare,
And shall so act that to him 'twill be known
That joy and peace of mind in naught I see
Save to obey and serve him loyally.
For his sake all good fortune is my aim,
For him I would my health and life renew,
For him desire each virtue to pursue,
And, all unchanged, he 'll find me still the same.

VERSES WRITTEN AT FOTHERINGAY.

Of what use is my life ? and what am I ?
Naught but a casket robbed of all its treasure :
A shadow vain, the sport of fortune's leisure,
With nothing more in life except to die.
O enemies ! lay your resentment by
For I in greatness now have no more pleasure ;
I am consumed with grief beyond all measure ;
Your hate will shortly have satiety,
And you, my friends, who still have held me dear
Remember—without health and without strength
I could accomplish no good work I fear,
And, being punished in sufficience here,
In joy perpetual I shall share at length.

ALEXANDER HUME.

1560-1609.

NESTLING at the feet of the Ochil hills, and just beneath the shade of Demyat, stands the old parish church of Logie. It is in ruins now; the ivy trails over its walls and in at its belfry, and lends it a tint of beauty. Here it was that Alexander Hume led the thoughts of his parishioners to God and wooed the muses. He was the second son of Patrick Hume, the Laird of Polwarth. Born in 1560, he received his education at the seat of learning in St. Andrews, after which he went to France to study law. Having acquired a legal knowledge he returned to Scotland, but, disliking the profession, turned his attention to other matters. He was for some time at Court, but this life, like the law, was not suited to his taste, and he soon desired another change. He then thought of entering the Church, and after the necessary study took holy orders. He was ordained to Logie in Stirlingshire in 1598.

Professor Veitch, in his "Feeling for Nature in Scottish Poetry," says that Hume may fairly be said to be the first of our Scottish poets who had the courage to choose for a poetic subject exclusively a purely descriptive scene, and that a Scottish one—a summer day in Scotland; and notwithstanding certain defects in the treatment, continues Veitch, such as the introduction of some foreign features, and a tendency to catalogue rather than to compose, the picture is one of great interest and beauty. The following is Hume's "The Day Estivall," which we present with Veitch's glossary.

THE DAY ESTIVALL.

O perfittē light ! whilk sched¹ away
 The darkness from the light,
 And set a ruler oure the day,
 Ane other oure the night.

Thy glory, when the day forth flies,
 More vively² does appear,
 Nor at mid-day unto our eyes
 The shining sun is clear.

The shadow of the earth anon,
 Removes and drawis by ;
 Syne in the east when it is gone,
 Appears a clearer sky,

Which soon perceives the little larks,
 The lapwing and the snipe,
 And tunes their sangs like nature's clarks,
 Oure meadow, muir, and strype.

But every bauld nocturnal beast
 Nae langer may abide ;
 They hie away, baith maist and least,
 Themselves in house to hide.

They dread the day, frae it they see,³
 And from the sight of men ;
 To seats and covers fast they flee,
 As lions to their den.

Our hemisphere is polished clean,
 And lightened more and more,
 Till everything be clearly seen
 Which seem'd dim before.

¹ Divided. ² Vividly. ³ As soon as they see it.

Except the glistering astres¹ bright,
 Which all the night were clear,
 Offuskèd² with a greater light,
 Nae langer does appear.

The golden globe incontinent
 Sets up his shining head,
 And oure the earth and firmament
 Displays his beams abroad.

For joy the birds, with swelling throats,
 Against his visage sheen,
 Take up their kindly music notes
 In woods and gardens green.

Upgoes the careful husbandman,
 His corns and vines to see,
 And every timeous artisan
 In booth works busily.

The pastor quits the slothful sleep
 And passes forth with speed,
 His little camow-nosed³ sheep
 And rowting kye to feed.

The passenger from perils sure
 Gangs gladly forth the way ;
 Brief, every living creature
 Takes comfort of the day.

The subtle mottly⁴ rayons light
 At rifts they are in won ;⁵
 The glancing thains⁶ and vitre⁷ bright
 Resplends against the sun.

The dew upon the tender crops,
 Like pearlis white and round,
 Or like to melted silver drops,
 Refreshes all the pound.⁸

¹ Stars. ²Overshadowed. ³Flat-nosed. ⁴Full of motes.
⁵Gain entrance. ⁶Perhaps gossamer. ⁷Glass. ⁸Meadow.



The misty reek, the clouds of rain
 From tops of mountain skails ;
 Clear are the highest hills and plain,
 The vapours take the vales.

Begaried¹ is the sapphire pend²
 With streaks of scarlet hue,
 And preciously from end to end
 Damasked white and blue.

The ample heaven of fabric sure
 In cleanliness doth surpass
 The crystal and the silver pure,
 As clearest polished glass.

The time sae tranquil is and still,
 That nae where shall ye find,
 Save on ane high and barren hill,
 The air of peeping³ wind.

All trees and bushes, great and small,
 That balmy leaf do bear,
 Nor they were painted on a wall,
 Nae mair they move or steer.

Calm is the deep and purpour sea,
 Yea, smoother than the sand ;
 The waves that weltering wont to be,
 Are stable like the land.

Sae silent is the yielding air,
 That every cry and call,
 The hills and dales and forests fair
 Again repeats them all.

The rivers fresh, the caller streams
 Oure rocks can softly rin ;
 The water clear like crystal seems,
 And makes a pleasant din.

¹ Variegated. ² Arch. ³ Softly sighing.

The fields and earthly superfice¹
 With verdure green is spread,
 And naturally, but² artifice,
 In varied colours cled.

The flourishes and fragrant flowers,
 Through Phœbus' fostering heat,
 Refreshed with dew and silver showers,
 Casts up an odour sweet.

The clogg'd³ busy humming-bees
 That never thinks to drown⁴
 On flowers and flourishes of trees
 Collects their liqueur brown.

The sun, maist like a speedy post,
 With ardent course ascends,
 The beauty of the heavenly host,
 Up to our zenith tends.

Not guided by a Phaeton,
 Nor trained⁵ in a chayre⁶
 But up the high and holy One,
 Who does all where empire⁷

The burning beams down from his face
 Sae fervently can beat,
 That man and beast now seeks a place
 To save them frae the heat.

The breathless flocks draws to the shade,
 And freshure of their fold
 The startling nowt, as they were mad,
 Runs to the waters cold.

The herds beneath some leafy trees
 Amids the flowers they lie;
 The stable ships upon the seas
 Stretch up their sails to dry.

¹ Surface. ² Without. ³ Clagged with honey. ⁴ Drone.
⁵ Drawn. ⁶ Car. ⁷ Rule.

The hart, the hind, the fallow deer
 Are couching at their rest ;
 The fowls and birds that made the beir,¹
 Prepares their pretty nest.

The rayons strong descending down
 All kindles in a gleid ;²
 In city nor in burroughs town
 May nane set forthe their head.

Beck from the blue paymented whun³
 And from ilk plaister wall,
 The hot reflexing of the sun
 Inflames the air and all.

The labourers that timely raise,
 All weary, faint, and weak
 For heat, down to the houses gaes,
 Noon-meat and sleep to take.

The caller wine in cave is sought
 Men's brotheing⁴ breasts to cool ;
 The water cold and clear is brought,
 And sallad steeped in ule.⁵

Some plucks the honey plum and pear,
 The cherry and the peach ;
 Some like the rime,⁶ and London beer,
 The body to refresh.

Forth of their skepps some raging bees
 Lyee out, and will not cast ;
 Some other swarmed hives on the trees
 In knots together fast.

The corbies and the kekling kaes⁷
 May scarce the heat abide ;
 Hawks prunyeis⁸ on the sunny braes,
 And wedders back and side.⁹

¹ Music. ² Blaze. ³ Pavement of whin. ⁴ Perspiring. ⁵ Oil.
⁶ Perhaps foam. ⁷ Jackdaws. ⁸ Preen themselves.
⁹ Move backwards and sideways.

With gilded eyes and open wings
 The cock his courage shows ;
 With claps of joy his breast he dings,
 And twenty times he crows.

The doo, with whistling wing sae blue,
 The winds can fast collect ;
 Her pourpr penns¹ turns merry hue,
 Against the sun direct.

Now noon is past, gone is mid-day,
 The heat does slack at last ;
 The sun descends down, went away
 Frae three o'clock be past.

A little cool of breathing wind
 Now softly can arise ;
 The works through heat that lay behind,
 Now men may enterprise.

Forth fares the flocks to seek their food
 On every hill and plain ;
 Whilk labourer, as he thinks good,
 Steps to his turn again.

The rayons of the sun we see
 Diminish in their strength ;
 The shade of every tower and tree
 Extended is in length.

Great is the calm, for everywhere
 The wind is settling down ;
 The smoke wreathes right up in the air
 From every tower and town.

Their firdoning² the bonny birds
 In bauks³ they do begin ;
 With pipes and reeds the jolly herds
 Holds up the merry din.

¹ Feathers. ² Singing.

³ Banks of earth between fields or dividing strips of land left unploughed.

The mavis and the philomeen,
 The starling whistles loud ;
 The cushets on the branches green
 Full quietly they crowd.¹

The gloaming comes, the day is spent,
 The sun goes out of sight,
 And painted is the occident
 With purpour sanguine bright.

The scarlet nor the golden thread,
 Who would their beauty try,
 Are naething like the colour red
 And beauty of the sky.

Our west horizon circular,
 Frae time the sun is set,
 Is all with rubies, as it were,
 Or roses red ourefrett.²

What pleasures were to walk and see
 Endlang³ a river clear,
 The perfect form of every tree
 Within the deep appear !

The salmon out of cruives and creels,
 Uphailed⁴ into skoutts⁵
 The bells and circles on the weills⁶
 Through lowping of the trouts.

O ! then it were a seemly thing,
 While all is still and calm,
 The praise of God to play and sing
 With cornet and with schalme.⁷

But now the herds, with mony shouts,
 Calls others by their name.
 Gae, Billie ! turn our herd about,
 Now time is to gae hame.

¹ Cooed. ² Overfretted. ³ Alongside. ⁴ Drawn up. ⁵ Cobblea.
⁶ Eddying pools. ⁷ Fluted instrument.

With belly fou, the beasts belyve¹
Are turnèd frae the corn,
Which soberly they hameward drive,
With pipe and lilting horn.

Through all the land great is the gild²
Of rustic folks that cry ;
Of bleeting sheep, frae they be filled,
Of calves and routing kye.

All labourers draws hame at even,
And can till other say,
Thanks to the gracious God of Heaven
Who sent this summer day.

¹ Forthwith. ² Clamour.

JAMES VI.

1566-1625.

THE last Scottish sovereign, and the last of the royal poets, was born at Edinburgh in 1566. His mother, the ill-fated Mary Queen of Scots, had in the year previous been secretly married to Lord Darnley at Stirling Castle, and of this alliance James VI. was the issue. Shortly after his birth he was brought to Stirling Castle, with which fort much of his life, prior to the union of the crowns, was closely connected. Here, amid pomp that was only excelled at the baptism of his own son Henry, he was baptised on the 17th December, 1566. The clouds of misfortune were at this time gathering over his mother, and when the Confederate Lords found that she had signed away her kingdom, they hastened to Stirling to crown the infant prince. James was carried to the High Church and there anointed king, John Knox preaching the coronation sermon. James's education was in the hands of George Buchanan and Peter Young, both men of high attainments. The room in which he was taught is still pointed out, and the following extract, from a letter by the English ambassador, will show how far the royal pupil had advanced in his studies at the age of eight. "He speaketh the French tongue remarkably well; and that which seems strange to me, he was able *extempore* (which he did before me) to read a chapter of the Bible out of Latin into French, and out of French after into English, so well as few men could have added anything to his translation. His schoolmasters, Mr George Buchanan and

Mr Peter Young, caused me to appoint the king what chapter I would ; and so I did, whereby I perceived it was not studied for. They also made his highness dance before me, which he did with a very good grace ; a prince sure of great hope, if God send him life."

James was early invested with authority. When about five years old he was present at a gathering consisting of the Regent Lennox, the King's Lords, and a representation of the three Estates. This, which is known as "The Black Parliament," was held to protect, if necessary, the rights of the king against the doings of the "Queen's Men," then sitting in Edinburgh. At this meeting a speech which had been prepared was put into James's hand, and read by him. During the proceedings, he observed a hole in the roof, and, on being told that the room in which he was was Parliament House, he remarked, "I think there is ane hole in this Parliament."

While James was in Stirling, a plot was laid by the Queen to have him taken to Dumbarton Castle, but it was not carried into effect. The one object of all the party plots at this time was to secure Stirling Castle, and with it the king. For some time James was content to abide in the safety Stirling afforded ; but, doubtless with a view to showing his royal authority, he on one occasion left, in company with a cousin from France, and proceeded to Edinburgh. He did not, however, find the capital so friendly towards him as the town he had left, and he was glad to return to Stirling shortly thereafter.

In 1594 the eyes of the nation were turned to Stirling Castle, as within its walls James's Queen gave birth to a son. For the baptism of this heir great preparations were made. The Chapel-Royal, which had fallen into disrepair, was razed to the ground, and another building erected in

its place. No expense was spared in connection with the celebration, the Parliament having voted a sum of £8333 · 6 · 8 sterling towards the baptism, which took place in August, 1594.

From this time to 1603, Stirling was more or less intimately associated with James. In that year, however, he was called to succeed Elizabeth as sovereign of England, and he was fourteen years in his new dominions ere he saw Stirling again. In his tour through Scotland in 1617 he visited the ancient burgh, when he was entertained with much enthusiasm.

James's reign, especially the latter part of it, is famous for his attempt to establish Episcopacy. The establishment of an alien religion was the measure of affection he tried to mete out to his old subjects, but they were ill disposed to quaff the proffered cup. In 1625 he closed his eyes on the world, having sown the seeds of a harvest that was to ripen under the influence of his son, and the attempted ingathering of which was destined to be the means of sweeping the Stuarts from the throne.

As a poet, James VI. is the least among the Stuart royalties. In his youth his ambition was towards literature, and when only in his eighteenth year, he published a volume entitled, "The Essayes of a Prentice in the divine art of Poesie." It is sometimes said that James is a poet of no standing; but if we consider his "Essayes" as having been written by one so young, we cannot refrain from thinking that, if circumstances had been congenial, he would have risen to a prominent place among the bards. Judge any of our great poets at eighteen, and see what they have produced.

SONNET ON SPRING.

And first, O Phœbus, when I do describe
 The springtyme sproutar of the herbs and floweris,
 Whomewith in rank none of the foure do strive,
 But nearest thee do stande all times and howris :
 Graunt Readers may esteme they sie the showris,
 Whose balmie dropps so softlie dois distell,
 Which watrie cloudds in meASURE suche downe powris,
 As makis the herbis and verie earth to smell
 With savours sweit, fræ tyme that onis¹ they fell.
 The vapouris softlie sowkis² with smiling cheare,
 Which syne in cloudds are keiped close and well,
 Till vehement winter come in time of year.
 Graunt, when I like the springtyme to displaye,
 That Readers think they sie the spring alwaye.

SONNET.

The azur'd vaulte, the crystall circles bright,
 The gleaming fyrie torches powdred there,
 The changing round, the shyning beamie light,
 The sad and bearded fyres, the monsters faire,
 The prodigies appearing in the aire,
 The rearding thunders and the blustering winds,
 The foules in hew, in shape, in nature raire,
 The preetie notes that wing'd musiciens finds ;
 The earth, the sav'rie floures, the metall'd minds,³
 The wholesome hearbes, the hautie⁴ pleasant trees.
 Thy sylver streames, the beasts of sundrie kinds,
 The bounded roares, and fishes of the seas :
 All these for teaching man the Lord did frame,
 To do His will whose glorie shines in thame.

¹ Once. ² Soak. ³ Mines. ⁴ Tall.



THE EARL OF STIRLING.

1580-1640.

ALTHOUGH scarcely a native of the shire, there are few surely who will object to the inclusion of the Earl of Stirling in the "Harp of Stirlingshire." Although the title has lain dormant for a century and a half, it is not without a certain interest, and the day may come when it may be revived.

William Alexander, who was made Viscount Stirling in 1631, created Earl of Stirling in 1633, and who is the most voluminous of our early poets, was son of the fifth Laird of Menstrie, and was born in 1580 at the family residence, which stands on the March between Logie in Stirlingshire and Alloa in Clackmannanshire, at a distance of five miles from Stirling. He is said to have studied at Glasgow University, and while there to have been selected as a travelling companion to Archibald the seventh Earl of Argyll. With Argyll our poet visited France, Italy and Spain, acquiring a knowledge of the languages of these countries in his travels.

After his return he was much at Court. In 1613 he received an appointment as gentleman usher to Prince Charles, and a year later was knighted and appointed Master of Requests. He took an active interest in politics, and guided by James's plantation of Ulster, proceeded to do a similar work for Canada. In September, 1618, he framed a scheme which had for its aim the creation of an order of nobility. By the purchase of a tract of land the

colonist was made a baron. These honours were known as Nova Scotia Baronetcies; but the scheme was not called into operation until Charles I. succeeded to the throne, and so brought little honour or reward to Alexander. In 1626 he received the office of Secretary of State for Scotland, and four years later was created Lord Alexander of Tullibody and Viscount Stirling. These honours were followed in 1631 by his being appointed one of the extraordinary judges of the Court of Session, in 1633 by his being created Earl of Stirling and Viscount Canada, and in 1639 by his receiving the Earldom of Dovan. Notwithstanding these honours he had a stroke of ill-luck towards the end of his days. He died at London in February, 1640, bowed down with the sorrow of having buried his eldest and second sons. He left his affairs in a state of insolvency.

Although much at Court, he seems to have had more than a titular connection with Stirling. "Argyll's Lodging," a handsome building near Stirling Castle, now used as a military hospital, was built by the Earl in 1630. It was for some time his residence, and his arms may still be seen above the doorway. After his death his body was embalmed, conveyed by sea to Stirling, and interred in the parish church, in what is known as "The Earl of Stirling's aisle," on the 10th April, 1640.

His poetical works are extensive. In 1603 he published the tragedy of Darius, and in 1604 his sonnets and songs under title "Aurora." Four years later he published four tragedies, viz., "Darius," "Crœsus," "The Alexandrian Tragedy," and "Julius Cæsar," under title, "The Monarchicke Tragedies." This volume he dedicated to James VI. In 1614 he published at Edinburgh his "Doomes Day, or the Great Day of the Lord's Judgment."

This work, which is the largest composition, although not sustained in its merits, shows on many occasions flights of genius, and takes up part of the ground which was afterwards traversed by the greater genius of Milton. In 1637 he collected his poetical works and gave them again to the world under title, "Recreations with the Muses."

SONNET.

Whil'st charming fancies move me to reveale
 The idle ravings of my brain-sicke youth,
 My heart doth pant within to hear my mouth
 Unfold the follies which it would conceale :
 Yet bitter critics may mistake my mind ;
 Not beauty, no, but virtue raised my fires,
 Whose sacred flame did cherish chaste desires,
 And through my cloudlie fortune clearly shined.
 But had not others otherwise advised,
 My cabinet should yet these scroles containe,
 This childish birth of a conceitie braine,
 Which I had still as trifling toyes despised.
 Pardon these errors of mine unripe age ;
 My tender muse by time may grow more sage.

SONNET.

As yet three lusters¹ were not quite expired
 Since I had bene a partner of the light,
 When I beheld a face, a face more bright
 Than glistring Phœbus when the fields are fired :
 Long time amazed rare beautie I admired,
 The beames reflecting on my captived sight,
 Till that surprized (I wot not by what flight)
 More then I could conceive my soule desired,

¹ Periods of five years—the age of fifteen.

My taker's state I longed for to comprise,
For still I doubted who had made the rape,
If 't was a bodie or an airie shape,
With fained perfections for to mocke the eyes :
At last I knew 't was a most divine creature,
The crown of th' earth th' excellencie of nature.

SONNET.

That subtil Greek, who for t' advance his art
Shaped Beautie's godesse with so sweet a grace,
And with a learned pencil limned her face,
Till all the world admired the workman's part ;
Of such whom Fame did most accomplished call
The naked snowes he severally perceived,
Then drew the idea which his soul conceived,
Of that which was most exquisite in all :
But had thy form his fancy first possest,
If worldly knowledge could so high attaine,
Thou mightst have spared the curious painter's paine,
And satisfied him more than all the rest,
O if he had all thy perfections noted,
The painter with his picture straight had doted.

SONNET.

I swear, Aurora, by thy starry eyes,
And by those golden locks whose lock none slips,
And by the coral of thy rosy lips,
And by the naked snows which beauty dies,
I swear by all the jewels of thy mind,
Whose like yet never worldly treasure bought,
Thy solid judgment and thy generous thought,
Which in this darkened age have clearly shined :
I swear by those and by my spotless love,
And by my secret yet more fervent fires,
That I have never nursed but chaste desires,
And such as modesty might well approve.
Then since I love those virtuous parts in thee,
Shouldst thou not love this virtuous mind in me ?

AN ECHO.

Ah, will no soul give ear unto my mone ?
one
Who answers thus so kindly when I cry ?
I
What fostered thee that pities my despair ?
air
Thou babbling guest, what knowest thou of my fall ?
all
What did I when I first my faire disclosed ?
loosed
Where was my reason that it would not doubt ?
out
What canst thou tell me of my lady's will ?
ill
Wherewith can she acquit my loyal part ?
art
What hath she then with me to disaguise ?
aguise
What have I done since she 'gainst love repined ?
pined
What did I when I her to life preferred ?
erred
What did my eyes while she my heart restrained ?
rained
What did she while my muse her praise proclaimed ?
claimed
And what ? and how ? this dost me most affright ?
of right
What if I never sue to her againe ?
gaine
And what when all my passions are represt ?
rest
But what thing will best serve t'asswage desire ?
ire
But what will serve to mitigate my rage ?
age
I see the sun begins for to descend.
end

SONG.

O memorable day, that chanced to see
A world of loving wonders strangely wrought.
Deep in my breast, engraved by many a thought,
Thou shalt be celebrated still by me :
And if that Phœbus so benign will be,
That happy, happy place,
Whereas that divine face
Did distribute the grace,
By pilgrims once as sacred shall be sought.

When she whom I a long time have affected,
Amongst the flowers went forth to take the air,
They being proud of such a guest's repair
Though by her garments divers times dejected
To gaze on her again themselves erected ;
Then softly seemed to say :
“ O happy we this day ;
Our worthless dew it may,
Washing her feet with nectar now compare.

The roses did the rosy hue envy
Of those sweet lips that did the bees deceave,
That colour oft the lilies wished to have,
Which did the alabaster pillar dye,
On which all beauty's glory did rely ;
Her breath so sweetly smelled,
The violets, as excelled,
To look down were compelled :
And so confessed what foil they did receave.

I heard at last, love made it so appeare,
The feathered flocks her praises did proclaim ;
She whom the tyrant Tereus put to shame,
Did leave sad plaints, and learned to praise my deare,
To join with her sweet breath the winds drew near,
They were in love no doubt,
For circling her about,
Their fancies bursted out,
Whilst all their sounds seemed but to sound her name.

Then I mine eyes with pleasant sights did cloy,
 Whose several parts in vain I strive t' unfold,
 My fair was fairer many a thousand fold,
 Than Venus when she wooed the bashful boy :
 This I remember both with grief and joy.

Each of her looks a dart,
 Might well have killed a hart ;
 Mine from my breast did part,
 And thence retired it to a sweeter hold.

Whilst in her bosom whiles she placed a flower,
 Straight of the same I envy would the ease,
 And wished my hand a flower t' have found like grace ;
 Then when on her it rained some hapning howre,
 I wished like love t' have fallen down in a showre :
 But where the flowers she spread,
 To make herself a bed,
 And with her gown them cled
 A thousand times I wished t' have had their place

Thus whilst that senseless things that bliss attained,
 Which unto me good justice would adjudge,
 Behind a little bush (O poor refuge),
 Fed with her face I lizard like remained :
 Then from her eyes so sweet a poison rained,
 That gladly drinking death,
 I was not moved to wrath,
 Though like t' have lost my breath,
 Drowned with the streams of that most sweet deluge.

And might that happiness continue still,
 Which did content me with so pleasant sights,
 My soul then ravished with most rare delights,
 With ambrosie and nectar I might fill,
 Which ah, I fear, I surfeiting would kill,
 Who would leave off to think,
 To move to breath or wink,
 But never irk to drink
 The sugred liquor that transports my sprites.

DOUGAL GRAHAM.

1724-1779.

IT is curious to note that a number of those who are known as Glasgow characters were natives of Stirlingshire. Hawkie, the Trongate Demosthenes, was born at Chartershall near Stirling; Jamie Blue, the Goose-dub Cicero, was born at Killearn; and Dougal Graham, the Skellat Bellman, was born under the shadow of Stirling Castle.

The little village of Raploch, about one mile west from Stirling, and just at the foot of the rock on which Stirling Castle stands, claims Dougal as her son. The date of his birth is somewhat uncertain, but it must have been about 1724. He was born of extremely poor parents, who could afford him little or no education. Dougal, however, managed to pick up a smattering of both reading and writing, and so equipped himself for his after life. His first employment was that of a herd, and he was for some time engaged in farm service at Campsie. This life was not suited to his tastes, however, and when he had saved sufficient money, he invested in a packman's outfit, and began touring through the country. He was on the road when Prince Charlie's army was marching southwards, and, meeting the soldiery just when they had crossed the Forth at the Ford of Frew, a little above Stirling, he joined them, and was with them in their subsequent wanderings. It is supposed, however, that he did not, owing to his deformity, which was great, engage in active

warfare, but rather remained as a camp follower, selling his packman's stock to the soldiers, and hoping to be recognised as a faithful adherent if Charlie should attain his ambition. He was a spectator, says a biographer, of the victory of the insurgents at Prestonpans ; he participated in the fruitless expedition to the heart of England : he was with them when the skirmish occurred at Clifton ; he saw the fight on the South Muir at Falkirk ; and he was in the retreat to the north, where, at Culloden, on the 16th April, 1746, the rising was irretrievably crushed by Cumberland.

Leaving the Jacobites at Culloden he made his way to Glasgow, where, it is said, he learned printing, and set up a press in the Saltmarket. About 1770 the Magistrates of Glasgow appointed him bellman, which position brought him a salary of ten pounds a year and a picturesque attire. In this position he continued until his death, which took place on 20th July, 1799.

The most ambitious of his poetic attempts was the "Rhyming Chronicle of the last Jacobite Insurrection." It was published shortly after Dougal left the Highland army, by James Duncan, a printer in the Saltmarket. Although of no poetic merit, it enjoyed a wide circulation, and ran through many editions. It gives interesting descriptions of the incidents in the rising, and humorous portraits of many of the persons concerned therewith. He was also the author of several other poems, one of which, entitled "Turnimspike," was highly spoken of by no less a person than Sir Walter Scott. In addition to his verses he wrote many prose chapbooks. These, for the most part, were grossly obscene, but they suited the taste of the age in which they were written, and may be read with profit even yet as illustrations of Scottish life ; for, as Motherwell said,

“Dougal’s pictures of manners, modes of thinking and conversation are always sketched with a strong and faithful pencil.”

TURNIMSPIKE.

(Tune—“Clout the Caudron.”)

Hersell pe Highland shentleman,
Pe auld as Pothwell Prig, man ;
And mony alterations seen
Amang te Lawland Whig, man,
Fa a dra, diddle diddle dee, etc.

First when she to te Lawlands came,
Nainsell was driving cows, man ;
There was nae laws about him’s nerse,
About te preeks or trews man.

Nainsell did wear the philabeg,
Te plaid pricked on her shouder ;
Te guid claymore hung py her pelt ;
Her pistol charged with powder.

But for whereas these cursed preeks,
Wherewith her legs pe lockit ;
Ohon that ere she saw the day !
For a’ her heughs pe prokit.

Every thing in te Highlands now
Pe turned to alteration ;
Ta sodger dwall at our door cheek,
And tat pe great vexation.

Scotland be turned a Ningland now,
The laws pring in te caudger ;
Nainsell wad dirk him for his deeds,
But oh ! she fears te sodger.

Anither law cam after tat,
Me never saw the like, man,
They mak’ a lang road on te crund,
And ca’ him Turnimspike, man.

And wow she be a ponny road,
Like Loudon corn rigs, man,
Where twa carts may gang on her,
And no prak ither's legs man.

They charge a penny for ilka horse,
In troth she 'll no be sheaper,
For nought but gaun upon the ground,
And they gie her a paper.

They tak' the horse then py te head,
And there they mak' him stand, man ;
She tell them she has seen the day
They had nae sic command, man.

Nae doubt nainsell maun draw her purse ;
And pay him what him like, man ;
She 'll see a shudgement on his toor,
That filthy turnimspike, man.

But she 'll awa to ta' Highland hills,
Where deil a ane dare turn her,
And no come near to turnimspike,
Unless it be to purn her.

HECTOR MACNEILL.

1746-1818.

HECTOR MACNEILL, the author of some of the rarest gems of Scottish song, was born at Roslin on the 22nd October, 1746. The family of MacNeill from which Hector sprang were long settled in Argyleshire. They owned a small estate in the south of that county, and had held it by hereditary right for several centuries. Hector's father, whose inclinations lay towards a military career, entered the army, obtaining a commission as captain in the 42nd Highlanders. With the regiment he proceeded to Flanders, and was engaged in several campaigns. Shortly afterwards he retired from active life, and returning to Scotland, directed his attention to agriculture. Obtaining a lease of the farm of Rosebank, near Roslin, he proceeded thither, and there the poet was born. Farming operations at Roslin were not sufficiently successful to meet the expenses of one who was desirous of showing "the generosity of a soldier and the hospitality of a Highlander," and MacNeill soon found himself in pecuniary difficulties; so much so, that he found it necessary to quit Rosebank. On his removal from this farm he proceeded to the west of Stirlingshire, where he again settled as a farmer. His generosity, however, again proved itself his enemy. A friend to whom he had lent a considerable sum of money became bankrupt, and MacNeill lost his loan. At this time, when affairs were at their worst, a wealthy relative, who resided at Bristol, paid a visit to MacNeill, and

meeting Hector, took a fancy for him, and promised to make provision for his future by appointing him to a position in his business in Bristol. Hector, who was at this time twelve years of age, was despatched to school for a preparatory education, and after a two years' course at Stirling Grammar School proceeded to Glasgow, where he continued his studies, after which he went to Bristol. Here he entered his friend's mercantile warehouse, and was for some time engaged in this calling. But the desk had little attraction for him, and he resolved on emigration. He entertained the idea of becoming a sailor, but the hardships he experienced in his passage to St. Christopher's and Antigua dispelled this vision. After having resided for a year at St. Christopher's, he entered on a three years' engagement with a merchant in Guadaloupe, and to that port he accordingly proceeded. On the conclusion of this agreement the merchant with whom MacNeill was employed left for America, leaving his servant behind him almost penniless. After encountering many difficulties, he was successful in getting a passage to St. John's, Antigua. Arrived here, he was employed by a cousin, to whom he worked for a short time; but, owing to the ill-treatment which he received, was compelled to turn his attention elsewhere. On the recommendation of a friend, he was taken in hand by the Provost-Marshall of Grenada, who engaged him to assist him in his office. In this position, the duties of which he discharged at St. George's Town, he remained for three years. Deprived of this appointment through a change in the Government, he resolved on visiting Scotland. Eighteen months after his arrival home his father died, leaving him a small patrimony. He now resolved to settle down in life, and with this object in view sank his inheritance in an annuity of £80. Again the fates

were against him. The party from whom he purchased the annuity failed, and his anticipated income vanished. At this turn of affairs he was again compelled to search for employment; and looking seawards, found a situation as assistant-secretary in the "Victory," which was then under the command of Captain Kempenfeldt. A short time spent in this service failed to improve him financially, and in order to try and better his apparently hopeless condition, he prepared to revisit Scotland. On his arrival he was successful in obtaining a few hundred pounds on the security (insecure as it was) of his annuity. Thus provided with the means of subsistence, he rented a farmhouse near Stirling, and retired thither. Here he spent several years, devoting his time to literature,—principally to the study of poetry. For some time all went well; but then came a yearning for a busier life, and in 1784 he left Scotland for Jamaica. Arrived there, he found things no better than on his former emigration, and, seeing nothing else for it, set about his return journey. During his homeward voyage he wrote "The Harp: A Legendary Tale." It was published in 1786, and is a work of considerable merit.

After the publication of the "Harp," he obtained a further sum of money on the strength of his annuity, and, provided with this, removed to Edinburgh in 1793. Here he resided for some time; but, attacked by a severe nervous complaint which was accompanied by intense pain of body and depression of mind, he retired to a cottage near the village of St. Ninians, in Stirlingshire, where he led the life of a *solitaire*. In this seclusion he spent several years, during which he composed his best known works. In 1795 he published "Will and Jean," and about the same time wrote "The Links o' Forth."

The former bounded into popularity ; the latter was coldly received by the reading public.

On the appearance of "Scotland's Skaith, or the History of Will and Jean : Ower true a Tale," MacNeill established his claim to be recognised as a poet. It was received enthusiastically. In the days in which it was produced, the pedlar was a common type of character in our country, and part of that world of odds and ends which the pedestrian carried on his back, and hawked from Land's End to John o' Groat's, consisted of songs and ballads. In "Scotland's Skaith" the pawky pedlar saw a rich harvest, and hawked it wherever he went. Its success was phenomenal. In less than seven weeks after its publication five editions, each of fifteen thousand copies, were disposed of, and fifteen editions were called for within a year.

In "Scotland's Skaith" the poet launches out against the evil of whisky drinking, and the aim of the production was to inculcate temperance. The poem had an apparent incompleteness about it, and on the advice of Dr Doig, Rector of Stirling Grammar School, the poet composed "The Waes o' War" as the complement of the production.

MacNeill, still despondent, despite the fame to which his writings had attained, resolved on another visit to Jamaica. Proceeding to the West Indies, he met a friend who held in trust for him an annuity of £100 bequeathed by a former acquaintance. His stay at Jamaica on this occasion was of eighteen months' duration, and the time was spent, he informs us, "under the kind and hospitable roof of John Graham, Esq., of Three Mile River." During this time he composed another of his extensive productions, namely, "The Scottish Muse."

On the death of Mr Graham, MacNeill was legatee to one-half of his property. This legacy, together with his

annuity of £100, set the bard in affluent circumstances, and he returned to Edinburgh, where he spent the remainder of his days.

This period was the busiest time of his life. In 1800 he published, anonymously, "The Memoirs of Charles M'Pherson"—a volume which is supposed to be autobiographical. In 1801 he collected his verses and published them in two volumes. In 1809 he produced "The Pastoral and Lyric Muse of Scotland," and shortly thereafter, "Town Fashions, or Modern Manners Delineated," which was followed by "Bye-gone Time and Late-come Changes." In 1812 he published "The Scottish Adventurer, or The Way to Rise." These, with several minor works, sum up his literary life. He was for some time Editor of the *Scots Magazine*, and was a contributor to *The Bee* and Johnson's "Musical Museum."

Beyond the independence derived from the bequests, the poet never attained to great wealth, and it is said that at his death he left not the wherewithal to meet his funeral expenses. Suffering from jaundice, he died at Edinburgh on the 15th March, 1818.

MARY OF CASTLE CARY.

O, saw ye my wee thing ? saw ye my ain thing ?
Saw ye my true love doon on yon lea ?
Crossed she the meadow yestreen at the gloamin' ?
Sought ye the burnie whaur flowers the haw-tree ?
Her hair it is lint-white, her skin it is milk-white,
Dark is the blue o' her saft-rolling e'e,
Red, red her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses ;
Whaur could my wee thing hae wandered frae me ?

I saw na your wee thing, I saw na your ain thing,
Nor saw I your true love doon on yon lea ;

But I met a bonnie thing late in the gloamin',
 Down by the burnie whaur flowers the haw-tree,
 Her hair it was lint-white, her skin it was milk-white,
 Dark was the blue o' her saft rolling e'e ;
 Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses,
 Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me.

It wasna my wee thing, it wasna my ain thing,
 It wasna my true love ye met by the tree ;
 Proud is her leal heart, and modest her nature,
 She never lo'ed ony till aince she lo'ed me.
 Her name it is Mary, she's frae Castle Cary,
 Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my knee ;
 Fair as your face is, were't fifty times fairer,
 Young bragger, she ne'er wad gie kisses to thee.

It was then your Mary, she's frae Castle Cary,
 It was then your true love I met by the tree ;
 Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
 Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me.
 Sair gloomed his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,
 Wild flashed the fire frae his red rolling e'e ;
 Ye 'se rue sair this morning your boasts and your scorning,
 Defend ye, fause traitor, fu' loudly ye lie !

Awa' wi' beguiling, cried the youth, smiling—
 Aff wi' the bonnet, the lint-white locks flee,
 The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,
 Fair stood the loved maid wi' the dark rolling e'e.
 Is it my wee thing ? is it my ain thing ?
 Is it my true love here that I see ?
 O Jamie, forgi'e me, your heart's constant to me,
 I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee.

MY BOY TAMMY.

“ Whaur hae ye been a' the day,
 My boy Tammy ?
 Whaur hae ye been a' the day,
 My boy Tammy ? ”

“ I’ve been by burn and flowery brae,
 Meadow green and mountain gray,
 Courting o’ this young thing
 Just come frae her mammy.

“ And whaur gan ye that young thing,
 My boy Tammy ? ”
 “ I got her doon in yonder howe,
 Smiling, on a broomy knowe,
 Herding a wee lamb and ewe
 For her poor mammy.”

“ What said ye to the bonny bairn,
 My boy Tammy ? ”
 “ I praised her e’en sae lovely blue,
 Her dimpled cheek and cheery mou’,—
 I preed it aft as ye may trow :
 She said she’d tell her mammy.

“ I held her to my beating heart,
 My young, my smiling lammie ;
 I hae a house—it cost me dear ;
 I’ve wealth o’ plenishing and gear ;—
 Ye’se get it a’ were’t ten times mair,
 Gin ye will leave your mammy.”

“ The smile gaed aff her bonnie face ;
 ‘ I mauna leave my mammy !
 She’s gi’en me meat, she’s gi’en me claes ;
 She’s been my comfort a’ my days ;—
 My faither’s death brocht mony waes :
 I canna leave my mammy.’

“ We’ll tak’ her hame and mak’ her fain,
 My ain kind-hearted lammie ;
 “ We’ll gie her meat, we’ll gie her claes ;
 We’ll be her comfort a’ her days !
 The wee thing gies her hand and says :
 ‘ There, gang and ask my mammy.’ ”

“ Has she been to the kirk wi’ thee,
 My boy Tammy ? ”
 “ She has been to the kirk wi’ me,
 And the tear was in her e’e ;
 For, oh ! she’s but a young thing
 Just come frae her mammy.”

COME UNDER MY PLAIDIE.

“ Come under my plaidie,—the night’s gaun to fa’ ;
 Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift, and the snaw :
 Come under my plaidie, and sit doon beside me,—
 There’s room in’t, dear lassie, believe me, for twa.
 Come under my plaidie, and sit doon beside me,—
 I’ll hap ye frae every cauld blast that can blaw :
 Oh, come under my plaidie, and sit doon beside me !
 There’s room in’t, dear lassie, believe me, for twa.”

“ Gae ’wa wi’ your plaidie, auld Donald, gae ’wa !
 I fearna the cauld blast, the drift, nor the snaw :
 Gae ’wa wi’ your plaidie ; I’ll no sit aside ye,—
 Ye may be my gutcher ; auld Donald, gae ’wa,
 I’m gaun to meet Johnnie—he’s young and he’s bonnie,
 He’s been at Meg’s bridal fu’ trig and fu’ braw :
 Oh, nane dances sae lightly, sae gracefu’, sae tightly ;—
 His cheek’s like the new rose, his brow’s like the snaw.”

“ Dear Marion, let that floc stick fast to the wa’ ;
 Your Jock’s but a gowk, and has naething ava ;—
 The hale o’ his pack he has now on his back ;
 He’s thretty, and I am but threescore and twa.
 Be frank now and kindly : I’ll busk ye aye finely,—
 To kirk or to market they’ll few gang sae braw ;—
 A bien house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,
 And flunkies to ’tend ye as aft as ye ca’.”

“ My father’s aye tauld me, my mither and a’,
 Ye’d mak a guid husband, and keep me aye braw ;
 It’s true I love Johnnie—he’s guid and he’s bonnie,—
 But, waes me ! ye ken he has naething ava.

I haes little tocher : you 've made a guid offer :
I 'm now mair than twenty—my time is but sma' ;
Sae, gie me your plaidie, I 'll creep in beside ye,—
I thocht ye 'd been aulder than threescore and twa."

She crap in ayont him, aside the stane wa',
Where Johnnie was listening, and heard her tell a' :
The day was appointed—his proud heart it dunted,
And struck 'gainst his side as if bursting in twa.
He wandered hame weary ; the night it was dreary ;
And, thowless, he tint his gate 'mang the deep snaw :
The owlet was screamin' ; while Johnnie cried, " Women
Wad marry Auld Nick if he 'd keep them aye braw ! "

O the deil 's in the lasses ! they gang now sae braw !
They 'll lie down wi' auld men o' fourscore and twa ;
The hale o' their marriage is gowd and a carriage ;
Plain luve is the cauldest blast now that can blaw.

ROBERT GRAHAM.

1750-1797.

ROBERT GRAHAM, the author of "If doughty deeds my lady please," was born in 1750. His father, Nicol Graham, held the estate of Gartmore in Perthshire, and married a daughter of William, the twelfth Earl of Glencairn. Robert, while a young man, obtained an important appointment, that of Receiver General for Jamaica, the duties of which he discharged for some time. Doubtless it was this connection with Jamaica which led to his acquaintance with Miss Taylor, a lady of considerable means, who belonged to that island, and whom he married. Graham's connection with Stirlingshire is of a special nature. He represented the County at Westminster for two years, from 1794 to 1796. During that time he introduced a Bill of Rights. This measure is said to have anticipated the Reform Bill in some respects, but to have surpassed it to a large extent. Its provisions were much more liberal and general than the provisions of the later Bill. In 1796, on the death of the Earl of Glencairn, the estate of Finlaystone fell to him, and by this succession he assumed an additional surname. He was then Cunningham Graham of Gartmore and Finlaystone. "If doughty deeds my lady please" is about the only production of his which survives. It was first printed by Sir Walter Scott, who experienced some difficulty in fixing its author. At one time he gave it as the work of Montrose, but it is now established as that of Graham. It is a fine specimen of the ballad of chivalry, and is marked by a pleasant style of versification.

IF DOUGHTY DEEDS MY LADY PLEASE.

If doughty deeds my lady please,
Right soon I 'll mount my steed ;
And strong his arm, and fast his seat,
That bears frae me the meed.
I 'll wear thy colours in my cap,
Thy picture in my heart ;
And he that bends not to thine eye
Shall rue it to his smart !
Then tell me how to woo thee, love ;
O tell me how to woo thee !
For thy dear sake, nae care I 'll take,
Tho' ne'er another trow me.

If gay attire delight thine eye,
I 'll dight me in array ;
I 'll tend thy chamber door all night,
And squire thee all the day.
If sweetest sounds can win thine ear,
These sounds I 'll strive to catch,—
Thy voice I 'll steal to woo thyself—
That voice that nane can match.
Then tell me how to woo thee, love ;
O tell me how to woo thee !
For thy dear sake, nae care I 'll take,
Tho' ne'er another trow me.

But if fond love thy heart can gain,
I never broke a vow ;
Nae maiden lays her skaith to me ;
I never loved but you.
For you alone I ride the ring,
For you alone I wear the blue ;
For you alone I strive to sing,
O tell me how to woo !
Then tell me how to woo thee, love ;
O tell me how to woo thee !
For thy dear sake, nae care I 'll take,
Tho' ne'er another trow me.

MRS GRANT OF LAGGAN.

1755-1838.

MRS GRANT of Laggan—so called to distinguish her from the authoress of “Roy’s wife of Aldivalloch,” Mrs Grant of Carran—was born at Glasgow on the 21st February, 1755. She was the daughter of Duncan M’Vicar, an officer in a British regiment. Shortly after her birth, her father emigrated to America, with a view to becoming a settler, but after some time there his health gave way, and he returned to Scotland. On his return he was appointed barrack-master at Fort Augustus. The military chaplain at that station was the Rev. James Grant, and between him and Miss M’Vicar an intimacy ripened into marriage. The union took place in 1779, shortly after Mr Grant’s appointment to the parish of Laggan, in Inverness-shire. After many years of married life, during which Mrs Grant gave birth to twelve children, the shadow of death fell upon the house, and in 1801 she was left a widow. With no means to fall back upon, she had now to face the world for the support of her offspring. She entered a farm at Laggan, but it proved a failure, and in 1803 she came south to Stirling. Here she again took to farming, but with what success does not appear. It was while at Stirling that her friends suggested authorship as a means of existence. Collecting her poems, she prepared to give them to the world, and so enthusiastic were her friends in the cause that ere long three thousand subscribers were obtained. The profits of this venture enabled her to

clear off existing debts. As a further means of subsistence she was advised to publish her letters, many of which contained graphic descriptions of Highland scenery, and interesting traits of Highland character; and this she accordingly did. The volume appeared in 1806, entitled, "Letters from the Mountains." Her subsequent works were "Memoirs of an American Lady," and "Essays on the Superstitions of the Highlanders of Scotland." Having established her reputation as an authoress, she in 1810 left Stirling and went to Edinburgh, where she was resident during the rest of her days. The domestic calamities which overtook her were heavy; for, of twelve of a family, only one survived her. In 1825 an application was made to Government, and she was allowed a pension of £50 from the Civil List. Subsequently the pension was increased to £100. This kept the proverbial wolf from the door, and, together with several legacies, made her last years comfortable. She died on the 7th of November, 1838, and was buried in St. Cuthbert's churchyard. She is now chiefly remembered in her pleasing song, "O where, tell me where?" which was written for George Thomson's collection, and which was occasioned by the Marquis of Huntly's departure for the Continent with his regiment in 1799.

O WHERE, TELL ME WHERE?

O where, tell me where, is your Highland laddie gone?
O where, tell me where, is your Highland laddie gone?
He's gone with streaming banners, where noble deeds are done,
And my sad heart will tremble till he come safely home.

O where, tell me where, did your Highland laddie stay?
O where, tell me where, did your Highland laddie stay?
He dwelt beneath the holly trees, beside the rapid Spey,
And many a blessing followed him, the day he went away.

O what, tell me what, does your Highland laddie wear?
O what, tell me what, does your Highland laddie wear?
A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant badge of war,
And a plaid across the manly breast that yet shall wear a star.

Suppose, ah! suppose, that some cruel, cruel wound
Should pierce your Highland laddie, and all your hopes confound?
The pipe would play a cheering march, the banners round him fly,
The spirit of a Highland chief would lighten in his eye.

But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland's bonnie bounds,
But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland's bonnie bounds:
His native land of liberty shall nurse his glorious wounds,
While wide through all our Highland hills his warlike name resounds.

ELIZABETH HAMILTON.

1758-1816.

AMONG the novels of a bygone day which enjoyed a wide popularity when they appeared, and which deserve to be remembered, is "The Cottagers of Glenburnie." The authoress of it, Elizabeth Hamilton, was born at Belfast in 1758, but for the greater part of her life resided in Scotland. A few miles south from Stirling, near the mill of Crook, a one-storey cottage, surrounded with fine old trees, is pointed out as the residence of the famous delineator of Scottish life and character. She was for many years resident here with an aunt, into whose care she had been committed while just an infant; and it was doubtless while here that she made the acquaintance of Hector MacNeill, then resident near Stirling, and addressed to him her flattering lines on his poem, "The Links o' Forth." Besides "The Cottagers of Glenburnie," she wrote several other works, which were well received in their time. On the death of her aunt she left Stirling district, and went to reside in England with a brother. After his death she removed to Edinburgh, where she lived for some time. Removing to Harrowgate, she died there in 1816, aged 58. Her memory is enshrined in her inimitable "Cottagers" and in her fine domestic song, "My Ain Fireside."

MY AIN FIRESIDE.

I ha'e seen great anes, and sat in great ha's,
'Mang lords and fine ladies a' covered wi' braws;

At feasts made for princes, wi' princes I've been,
 Whare the grand sheen o' splendour has dazzled my een :
 But a sight sae delightfu', I trow, I ne'er spied,
 As the bonnie blythe blink o' my ain fireside ;
 My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
 O cheery's the blink o' my ain fireside.
 My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
 O there's nought to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

Ance mair, gude be thankit, round my ain heartsome ingle,
 Wi' the friends o' my youth I cordially mingle ;
 Nae forms to compel me to seem wae or glad,
 I may lauch when I'm merry, and sigh when I'm sad ;
 Nae falsehood to dread, and nae malice to fear,
 But truth to delight me, and friendship to cheer ;
 Of a' roads to happiness ever were tried,
 There's nane half so sure as ane's ain fireside.
 My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
 O there's nought to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

When I drap on my stool on my cosy hearthstane,
 My heart loups see light I scarce ken 't for my ain ;
 Care's down on the wind, it is clean out o' sight,
 Past troubles they seem but as dreams of the night.
 I hear but kenned voices, kenned faces I see,
 And mark saft affection glent fond frae ilk e'e ;
 Nae fletchings o' flattery, nae boastings o' pride,
 'Tis heart speaks to heart at ane's ain fireside.
 My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
 O there's nought to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

To HECTOR MACNEILL.

(The following elegant lines, says MacNeill, were sent to the Author by the ingenious writer of "The Hindoo Rajah," "Modern Philosophers," &c., on reading "The Links o' Forth" in manuscript.)

Yes ! I've perused, with new increased delight,
 Have reperused each simply flowing line ;
 Traced the known landscape bursting on the sight
 With all its varied hues and haunts divine.

Still (by the Muse's faithful hand pourtrayed)
Each long-lost beauty meets my raptured eye ;
Youth's former visions rise in every glade,
While tears delicious mix with Memory's sigh.

Say then, my Friend, can feelings warm as these
Perform the critic's cold fastidious part ?
Mark what perchance the pedant might displease,
When Nature's blameless charms attack the heart ?

For me, I boast nor critic lore, nor skill,
Nor classic laws for measured numbers know ;
Enough, to feel the bosom's raptured thrill,
The tear that starts—the heart's spontaneous glow !

These ! these the Muse's magic powers attest !
These ! these the Poet's excellence proclaim !
And these, while truth and nature warm the breast,
Shall deck FORTH's artless bard with wreaths of fame.

WILLIAM MUIR.

1766-1817.

WILLIAM MUIR was born at Birdstone, near Campsie, on the 20th November, 1766. He enjoyed a local reputation. He seems never to have gone far from his native hamlet; and there, after a somewhat uneventful life, he died in 1817. He was interred in the Clachan of Campsie churchyard, and a monument was erected to his memory. His poems, which were on many subjects, were collected and published in 1818.

A LAMENT.

(Lines written on the destruction of the Cross of Kirkintilloch.)

When thou wast set upo' thy feet,
To look about to ilka street,
The bodies thocht thee as complete
 Frae en' to en'
As that braw steeple every whit—
 Puir auld cross-stane.

Whaur now will wonderin' bodies stop
To learn a sale or public roup
O' carts and harrows, growin' crop?
 In letters plain
On thee they a' were plaistered up,
 Puir auld cross-stane!

Ye bailies ! if ye 're worth a bubble,
Spare nae expense, an' spare nae trouble,
To catch the sacrilegious rabble
An' mak them fain
Awa' in convict ships to hobble
Frae th' auld cross-stane.

Were oor auld faithers but to rise
An' see how laigh, puir thing, thou lies,
They 'd curse the burgh, aince, twice, thrice,
Wi' angry grane,
Wha thus let mischief sacrifice
The auld cross-stane.

EBENEZER PICKEN.

1769-1816.

EBENEZER PICKEN is a Paisley poet, having been born in that town in 1769. After his school days were over he went to Glasgow University to study with a view to the ministry. After several sessions at college he relinquished the idea of this profession and took to teaching. He was appointed to a school at Falkirk in 1791, and was resident in that town for some time. He wrote a good deal of verse, and in 1813 published his effusions in two volumes. His life was a somewhat unfortunate one, and after many ups and downs he died at Edinburgh in 1816 in rather penurious circumstances. His poems are marked by felicity and grace. His song "Blythe are we set" anticipates Captain Charles Gray's effusion, "The Social Cup."

BLYTHE ARE WE SET.

Blythe are we set wi' ither :
Fling care ayont the moon ;
Nae sae aft we meet thegither !
Wha wad think o' parting soon ?
Though snaw bends down the forest trees,
And burn and river cease to flow ;
Though nature's tide has shored to freeze,
And winter nithers a' below,
Blythe are we, etc.

Now, round the ingle cheerly met,
We'll scog the blast and dread nae harm,
Wi' joys o' toddy reeking het,
We'll keep the genial current warm.
The friendly crack, the cheerfu' sang,
Shall cheat the happy hours awa',
Gar pleasure reign the e'enning lang,
And laugh at biting frost and snaw.
Blythe are we, etc.

The cares that cluster round the heart,
And gar the bosom stound wi' pain,
Shall get a fright afore we part,
Will gar them fear to come again.
Then, fill about, my winsome chiel,
The sparkling glass will banish pine;
Nae pain the happy bosom feels,
Sae free o' care as yours and mine.
Blythe are we, etc.

NAN OF LOGIE GREEN.

By pleasure long infected,
Kind Heaven, when least expected,
By devious ways directed
To Nan of Logie Green,
Where thousand sweets repose 'em
In quiet's unruffled bosom,
I found my peerless blossom
Adorning Logie Green.

The city belle declaiming,
My fancy may be blaming,
But still I'll pride in naming
Sweet Nan of Logie Green.
Her cheek the vermeil rose is,
Her smile a heaven discloses,
No lily leaf that blows is
So fair on Logie Green.

Ye town-bred dames, forgive me,
Your arms must ne'er receive me ;
Your charms are all, believe me,
 Eclipsed on Logie Green.
Forgive my passion tender—
Heaven so much grace did lend her
As made my heart surrender
 To Nan of Logie Green.

No more the town delights me,
For love's sweet ardour smites me,
I 'll go where he invites me—
 To Nan of Logie Green ;
My heart shall ne'er deceive her,
I ne'er in life shall leave her ;
In love and peace for ever
 We 'll live at Logie Green.

NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

1782-1862.

NORMAN MACLEOD, the son of the minister of Morven, in Argyllshire, was born on the 2nd December, 1782, was educated for the Church, and ordained to the parish of Campbeltown in 1807. In 1811 he was married to Agnes Maxwell, who is also noticed in this work. After a term of labour he was in 1825 translated to the parish of Campsie. While at Campsie he was editor of a Gaelic magazine entitled "Teachdaire Gaeletachd," and to its pages was a frequent contributor. It was also while at Campsie that he compiled a great part of the Gaelic Dictionary, which he edited in conjunction with Dr Dewar. In 1835, after a ministry of ten years at Campsie, he was called to St. Columba Church, Glasgow, in which charge he officiated till his death in 1862. Two of his sons—the eldest and the youngest, Norman and Donald—find places in the present work.

Our poet, like many others, is known by one song. His "Farewell to Fiunary" is sung in English and Gaelic over the whole Highlands.

FAREWELL TO FIUNARY.

Eirich agus tiuginn, O !
Eirich agus tiuginn, O !
Eirich agus tiuginn, O !
Farewell, farewell to Fiunary.

The wind is fair, the day is fine,
 And swiftly, swiftly runs the time ;
 The boat is flowing on the tide
 That wafts me off from Fiunary.

A thousand, thousand tender ties
 Accept this day my plaintive sighs ;
 My heart within me almost dies
 At thought of leaving Fiunary.

With pensive steps I 've often strolled
 Where Fingal's castle stood of old,
 And listened while the shepherds told
 The legend tales of Fiunary.

I 've often paused at close of day,
 Where Ossian sang his martial lay,
 And grieved the sun's departing ray,
 Wandering o'er Dun-Fiunary.

Aultan Caluch's gentle stream,
 That murmurs sweetly through the green,
 What happy joyful days I 've seen
 Beside the banks of Fiunary !

Farewell, ye hills of storm and snow,
 The wild resorts of deer and roe,
 In peace the heathcock long may crow
 Along the moors of Fiunary.

It 's not the hills nor woody vales
 Alone my joyless heart bewails,
 But a mournful group this day remains
 Within the manse of Fiunary.

Can I forget Glen-Turrit's name ?
 Farewell, dear father, best of men,
 May heaven's joys with thee remain
 Within the manse of Fiunary.

Mother ! a name to me so dear,
Must I, must I leave thy care,
And try a world that's full of snares,
Far, far from thee and Fiunary ?

Brother of my love, farewell—
Sisters, all your griefs conceal—
Thy tears suppress—your sorrows quell—
Be happy while at Fiunary.

Archibald ! my darling child,
May heaven thy infant footsteps guide ;
Should I return, oh ! may I find
Thee smiling still at Fiunary.

O must I leave these happy scenes ?
See, they spread the flapping sails—
Adieu, adieu, my native plains—
Farewell, farewell to Fiunary.

MRS NORMAN MACLEOD.

1786-1879.

THE wife of a poet and the mother of poets, Agnes Maxwell, afterwards Mrs Norman MacLeod, was born in the island of Mull, on the west coast of Scotland, in 1786. Her early youth was passed under the roof of an uncle and aunt who lived at Drumdrissaig, on the western coast of Knapdale. When of age she was sent to Edinburgh, and after receiving the "finishing" of an Edinburgh school, returned to her Highland home. Here she made the acquaintance of Norman MacLeod. He was a minister of the Church of Scotland; and four years after he was called to the Parish of Campbeltown, in Argyllshire, they were united in marriage. After some years at Campbeltown her husband was translated to Campsie, and there accordingly she was resident for ten years. In 1835 he left Campsie to occupy the pulpit of St. Columba's, Glasgow, and Mrs MacLeod became the mistress of a city manse. From this time, until her husband's death in 1862, she was engaged in the many and varied duties of a minister's wife. She outlived her husband by seventeen years, and died, in 1879, in her ninety-fourth year.

Her memory is preserved in a spirited song, entitled, "Sound the Pibroch," which breathes the old and faithful Jacobite enthusiasm. It is included in "Songs of the North," a volume dedicated, by permission, to Her Majesty. It was written by Mrs MacLeod in her forties, and while she was resident at Shandon.

SOUND THE PIBROCH.

Sound the pibroch loud and high,
Frae John o' Groat's to isle o' Skye ;
Let a' the clans their slogan cry,
And rise and follow Charlie.

Chorus—Tha tighin fodham, fodham, fodham,
Tha tighin fodham, fodham, fodham,
Tha tighin fodham, fodham, fodham,
Tha tighin, fodham, eirigh !

And see, a small devoted band
By dark Loch Shiel have ta'en their stand,
And proudly vow with heart and hand
To fight for Royal Charlie.

From every hill and every glen
Are gathering fast the loyal men ;
They grasp their dirks and shout again,
“ Hurrah for Royal Charlie ! ”

On dark Culloden's field of gore
Hark, hark, they shout, “ Claymore, Claymore ! ”
They bravely fight, what can they more ?
They die for Royal Charlie.

No more we 'll see such deeds again,
Deserted is each Highland glen,
And lonely cairns are o'er the men
Who fought and died for Charlie.

CHARLES JAMES FINLAYSON.

1790-1864.

CHARLES JAMES FINLAYSON, the author of many pleasing lyrics, was born at Larbert on the 27th August, 1790. He was the youngest of a family of twelve, and his father was a labourer in the employment of the Carron Company. From these circumstances there is nothing to wonder at in the fact that our poet left home without having received even the rudiments of education. In his boyhood he was sent out to bring grist to the family mill by getting employment as a cowherd. Although not taught in the regular way, Finlayson, like many others, seems to have applied himself to tasks, and thereby gained a knowledge of various subjects. His thirst for education, says Baptie, was so great as to impel him to walk from Carron to Glasgow—a distance of twenty-three miles—and back for a copy of Ossian's Poems. He had an aptitude for music, and his first musical appointment was the precentorship of Carron Church. After officiating for some time here he went to Falkirk to fill a similar appointment. At Falkirk his talents were recognised, and ere very long he was invited to another church. He was leader of psalmody at Linlithgow and Bathgate, and, like the ministers themselves, aiming at an Edinburgh church, was in due time appointed precentor in Dr M'Knight's church there. As a vocalist he was well known, and exceedingly popular in his day, and he counted many of the nobility among his patrons. He contributed several effusions to

"The Book of Scottish Song," and one of these, "O ! my love's bonnie," had the good-fortune to be translated and published in German, with music, at Leipzig.

The family, of which our poet was one, all lived to an advanced age. The subject of our sketch died at Kirkcudbright on the 12th November, 1864, having reached the allotted span.

O ! MY LOVE'S BONNIE.

O ! my love's bonnie, bonnie, bonnie,
O ! my love's bonnie and dear to me ;
The smile o' her face, and her e'e's witchin' grace,
Are mair than the wealth o' this wORLD can gi'e.
Her voice is as sweet as the blackbird at gloamin',
When echo repeats her soft notes to the ear,
And lovely and fresh as the wild roses blooming,
That dip in the stream o' the Carron sae clear.
O ! my love's bonnie, etc.

But poortith's a foe to the peace o' this bosom,
That glows sae devoutly, dear lassie, for thee ;
Alas ! that e'er poortith should blight love's young blossom,
When riches nae lasting contentment can gi'e.
O ! my love's bonnie, etc.

Yet hope's cheerfu' sun shall aboon my head hover,
An' guide a lone wanderer when far, far frae thee ;
For ne'er till it sets will I prove a false lover,
Or think o' anither, dear lassie, but thee.
O ! my love's bonnie, etc.

AULD JANET BAIRD.

Auld Janet Baird, auld Janet Baird,
A wonderfu' woman was auld Janet Baird ;
Come gentle or semple, come cadger or caird,
A groat made them welcome wi' auld Janet Baird.

Auld Janet Baird was a changewife o' fame,
 Wha keepit guid liquor as weel 's a guid name ;
 Could pray wi' the priest, an' could laugh wi' the laird,
 For learned and leesome was auld Janet Baird.

Auld Janet could brew a browset o' guid ale,
 And baket guid bannocks to quicken its sale,
 And while that a customer's pouch held a plack,
 Auld Janet ne'er failed in her sang or her crack.

Auld Janet Baird was baith gaucy and sleek,
 Wi' the cherry's dark red on her lip and her cheek,
 Wi' a temper and tongue like a fiddle in tune,
 An' merry an' licht like a laverock in June.

Auld Janet Baird had a purse fu' o' gowd,
 A but and a ben wi' gude plenishing stowed,
 A kist fu' o' naiprie, a cow and kail yaird :
 And wha was sae bien or sae braw 's Janet Baird ?

Auld Janet grew wanton, auld Janet grew braw,
 Wore new-fangled mutches, red ribbons an a' ;
 At bridal or blythe-meet, at preachin' or fair,
 The priest might be absent, but Janet was there.

Auld Janet grew skeich, an' auld Janet grew crouse,
 And she thocht a guidman a great mense to a house,
 And aft to herself she wad sich and complain,
 "O, woman 's a wearifu' creature alane !"

The clack o' sic bienness brought customers routh,
 To crack wi' the carlin, an' slocken their drouth ;
 And mony 's the wooer who vowed and declared,
 He 'd sell his best yaud to win auld Janet Baird.

But Janet had secretly nourished for lang
 A sort of love-liking for honest Laird Strang ;
 "He 's sober an' civil—his youth can be spared ;
 He 'd mak a guid husband," quoth auld Janet Baird.

The wooer that's hooly is oftentimes crost,
 An' words wared on courtin' are often words lost ;
 " For better, for worse, here's my loof," quoth the Laird ;
 " Content, it's a bargain," quoth auld Janet Baird.

The marriage was settled, the bridal day set,
 The priest, an' the piper, and kindred were met ;
 They've wedded an' bedded, and sickerly paired,
 She's now Mrs Strang that was auld Janet Baird.

CARRON FLOWERY BRAES.

Yon sun was set, an' o'er the sky
 The gloamin' spread its purple dye,
 Wi' balmy breath the breeze did sigh
 O'er Carron flowery braes.
 May smiling spring there first be seen
 To strew her buds and leaves o' green,
 There to my heart I clasped yeestreen
 The lassie I lo'e dear.
 O leeze me on my Mary,
 My blooming, blythesome Mary,
 Nane else shall be my dearie
 On Carron flowery braes.

What earthly bliss could mine exceed ?
 The time flew by wi' tentless heed,
 For hours o' bliss mak double speed,
 When on love's wings they flee.
 Her hamepun gown, her look sae meek,
 The blush that spread her youthfu' cheek,
 Said mair to me than words could speak,
 On Carron flowery braes.
 Then leeze me on my Mary,
 My blooming, blythesome Mary,
 Nane else shall be my dearie
 On Carron flowery braes.

Sae leal our love, we sought nae hame,
 Till through the trees the moon's clear beam
 Was dancin' o'er the dimpling stream
 'Mid Carron flowery braes.

But till that moon forgot to shine,
 And life forsake this heart o' mine,
 That night my memory ne'er shall tine,
 On Carron flowery braes.

Then come, my bonnie Mary,
 My blooming, blythesome Mary,
 For ever let me cheer thee
 On Carron flowery braes.

THE LASS O' CARRON SIDE.

Oh ! whar will I gae find a place
 To close my sleepless een ?
 And whar will I gae seek the peace
 I witless tint yestreen ?
 My heart that wont to dance as licht
 As moonshine o'er the tide,
 Now pines in thrall by luckless love
 For the lass o' Carron side.

She sat the goddess of the stream
 That murmured at her feet,
 And aye she sang her artless sang
 Wi' a voice unearthly sweet ;
 Sac sweet,—the birds that wont to wake
 The morn wi' glee and pride,
 Sat mute to hear the witching strain
 O' the lass o' Carron side.

Sair may I rue my reckless haste,
 Sair may I ban the hour,
 That lured me frae my peacefu' cot
 Within the Siren's power.
 Oh ! had she sprung frae humble race
 As she's frae aye o' pride,
 I might hae dreed a better weird
 Wi' the lass o' Carron side.

THOMAS LYLE.

1792-1859.

THOMAS LYLE, the author of "Kelvin Grove" and other pleasing lyrics, is a native of the town of shawls and poetry. He was born at Paisley in 1792. After the necessary education was received he began the practice of a surgeon in Glasgow, where he remained till 1826. In that year he left Glasgow, settling in the village of Airth, in Stirlingshire, where he was resident for nearly thirty years. In 1853 he returned to Glasgow, and there he died four years later.

His song "Kelvin Grove," which was published in the "Harp of Renfrewshire," in 1820, was given as the work of one John Sim by name. When the song became so deservedly popular, Lyle put forward his claim to the authorship, and the reasons brought forward by him were so conclusive that the song has since been recognised as his.

In 1827, Lyle published a small volume under title, "Ancient Ballads and Songs." This work was the fruit of much research, and contained many effusions noted from recitation. It also contained a collection of poems by Mure of Rowallan.

KELVIN GROVE.

Let us haste to Kelvin Grove, bonnie lassie, O,
Through its mazee let us rove, bonnie lassie, O,
Where the rose in all her pride
Paints the hollow dingle side,
Where the midnight fairies glide, bonnie lassie, O.

Let us wander by the mill, bonnie lassie, O,
 To the cove beside the rill, bonnie lassie, O,
 Where the glens rebound the call
 Of the roaring waters' fall,
 Thro' the mountain's rocky hall, bonnie lassie, O.

O Kelvin banks are fair, bonnie lassie, O,
 When in summer we are there, bonnie lassie, O.
 There the Maypink's crimson plume
 Throws a soft but sweet perfume
 Round the yellow banks o' broom, bonnie lassie, O.
 Though I dare not call thee mine, bonnie lassie, O,
 As the smile of fortune's thine, bonnie lassie, O,
 Yet with fortune on my side
 I could stay thy father's pride,
 And win thee for my bride, bonnie lassie, O.

But the frowns of fortune lower, bonnie lassie, O,
 On thy lover at this hour, bonnie lassie, O;
 Ere yon golden orb of day
 Wakes the warblers on the spray,
 From this land I must away, bonnie lassie, O.

Then farewell to Kelvin Grove, bonnie lassie, O,
 And adieu to all I love, bonnie lassie, O,
 To the river winding clear,
 To the fragrant scented brier,
 Even to thee of all most dear, bonnie lassie, O.

When upon a foreign shore, bonnie lassie, O,
 Should I fall midst battle roar, bonnie lassie, O,
 Then, Helen, shouldst thou hear
 Of thy lover on his bier,
 To his memory shed a tear, bonnie lassie, O.

I AINCE KNEW CONTENT.

I aince knew content, but its smiles are awa',
 The broom blooms bonnie, an' grows sae fair,
 Each tried friend forsakes me, sweet Phebe an' a',
 So I ne'er will gae doon to the broom ony mair.

How light was my step, and my heart, O how gay !
 The broom blooms bonnie, the broom blooms fair ;
 Till Phebe was crowned our queen of the May,
 When the bloom of the broom strewed its sweets on the air.

She was mine when the snawdraps hung white on the lea,
 Ere the broom bloomed bonnie, an' grew sae fair ;
 Till Mayday, anither wyesed Phebe frae me,
 So I ne'er will gae doon to the broom ony mair.

Sing, Love, thy fond promises melt like the snaw,
 When broom waves lonely, an' bleak blaws the air ;
 For Phebe to me noo is naething ava,
 If my heart could say, " Gang to the broom nae mair."

Durst I trow that thy dreams in the night hover o'er,
 Where broom blooms bonnie, and grows sae fair ;
 The swain (who, while waking, thou thinks of no more),
 Whispering, " Love, will ye gang to the broom ony mair ? "

No ! Fare thee well, Phebe ; I'm owre wae to weep,
 Or to think o' the broom growing bonnie an' fair ;
 Since thy heart is anither's, in death I maun sleep,
 'Neath the broom on the lea, an' the bawn sunny air.

WELCOME SUMMER.

Air—" Highland Harry back again."

In Flora's train the graces wait,
 And chase rude winter from the plain ;
 As on she roves the wild flowers spring,
 And welcome summer back again.
 Spring dances o'er the plain,
 Flowering all the woodland scene ;
 Then join with me, my lovely May,
 To welcome summer back again.

The budding wild will soon perfume
 The air, when balmed by April's rain,
 'Mong banks clad o'er wi' waving broom
 We'll welcome summer back again.

In yon sequestered grove
 The mavis sings her cheerful strain,
 And there we'll meet, my lovely May,
 To welcome summer back again.

When yellow cowslips scent the mead,
 Then gladness o'er the plains will reign,
 And soon, my love, we'll put the flowers,
 And welcome summer back again.
 Spring dances o'er the plain,
 Flowering all the woodland scene,
 With blooming garlands in her train,
 To welcome summer back again.

DUNOON.

See the glow-worm¹ lights her fairy lamp,
 From a beaming of the rising moon,
 On the heathy shore at evening fall
 'Twixt Holy Loch and dark Dunoon :
 Her fairy lamp's pale silvery glare,
 From the dew-clad moorland flower,
 Invites my wandering footsteps there,
 At the lonely twilight hour.

¹ The glow-worm, writes the poet, on mild summer evenings, especially after a shower of rain, is to be found in great abundance among the long grass and moss between Dunoon and the Holy Loch, where the surrounding scenery renders this singular insect doubly interesting. The female is larger than the male, and emits a beautiful light (apparently phosphorescent, but not really so) for the purpose of attracting the male; this issues from the four last rings of the abdomen. The male has a power of emitting a feeble light, but very disproportionate to that of the female. Two or three of these insects enclosed in a glass vase will give a light sufficient to enable a person to read in the darkest night. There are fifty-two species of this insect scattered over the four quarters of the globe, of which two only are found in our country, viz.: the Glow-worm and the Firefly.

When the distant beacon's revolving light
Bids my lone steps seek the shore,
There the rush of the flowtide's rippling wave
Meets the dash of the fisher's oar ;
And the dim-seen steamboat's hollow sound,
As she seaward tracks her way ;
All else are asleep in the still calm night,
And robed in the misty gray.

When the glow-worm lights her elfin lamp
And the night breeze sweeps the hill,
It's sweet on thy rock-bound shores, Dunoon,
To wander at fancy's will.
Eliza, with thee in solitude
Life's cares would pass away,
Like the fleecy clouds over grey Kilmun
At the wake of early day.

JOHN PATERSON.

JOHN PATERSON, who was called the "Denny Poet," was well-known in Stirlingshire sixty years ago. He was a weaver, and, like many others who followed out that calling, an ardent Liberal in politics. At every election Paterson was a conspicuous person, ever lending his influence against the Conservative cause. He was a poet of no mean merit, and was a frequent contributor to the local press. His effusions generally appeared in the "Poet's Corner" of *The Stirling Journal*, and for many years he contributed, at the end of each December, an ode to the passing year, in which he detailed the principal events that had occurred in the cycle of twelve months. He contributed to *Whistle Binkie* on its first appearance. One of his effusions, says a writer, in his reminiscences of the poet, was an original Scottish pastoral of undoubted merit, both as a literary production and as a vivid portrayal of rural Scottish life a hundred years ago, with a well sustained and cunningly devised plot which would compare favourably with Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd," and which had a number of popular songs interspersed. This production was enthusiastically taken up by those in the poet's district, and an extensive edition was disposed of. Paterson married, and had a family of several sons and two daughters, nearly all of whom were apprenticed to the weaving industry. Family bereavement, however, was not unknown to the poet, and he died about 1848, having outlived nearly all his family.

MY GUID COAT O' BLUE.

Air—"The Lass of Glenshee."

The blue-bell was gane, and the bloom aff the heather ;
My cleedin' was thin, and my purse wasna fu' ;
I felt, like the glass, every change o' the weather,
And wished in my heart for a guid coat o' blue.
But fair fa' our wife aye sae thrifty and kin'ly,
As sune as she kent o' the wind piercin' through,
She ran to the wabster and fitted me finely,
And laid round my shouthers a guid coat o' blue.

And fair fa' the tailor, our ain honest Sandy,
He's gi'en me braw room in't, he ever cuts true ;
I'm no clippit aff like a daft idle dandie,
But gaucie and tosh in my guid coat o' blue.
I like weel to look on the fine glossy face o't ;
I like weel to straik it, sae sleekit the woo ;
I wish I may aye get as guid in the place o't ;
I'm ilka way pleased wi' my braw coat o' blue.

Now dark gloomy winter may rant, rage and rustle,
And frae his hail-granaries wild tempests brew,
I carena for him nor his snaw-blast a whistle,
For weel lined wi' plaidin' my guid coat o' blue.
Nae mair will I dread the white tap o' Benledi,
Or sigh when the snaw-covered Ochils I view ;
I've often been lag, but for ance I am ready,
Weel happit and snug in a guid coat o' blue.

I wish a' the world were just aye as weel theekit,
Wi' health, milk, and meal, and potatoes enow ;
Then if they'd complain they should a' be weel licket—
For me, I am proud o' my guid coat o' blue.
But wearyfu' pride, for it's never contented,
Ilk ane maun be drest noo in fine Spanish woo ;
The wairld was faur better at first when I kent it,
Wi' warm plaidin' hose and a guid coat o' blue.

Lease me on auld Scotland, may nae ill assail her ;
 Lease me on auld fashions—I laugh at the new ;
 A fig for a fallow that's made by the tailor ;
 Gie me sense and worth in a guid coat o' blue.
 We fret at the taxes, and taxes are mony,
 The meal whiles is dear, and we've ill twinning thrang ;
 But daft silly pride is the worst tax o' ony ;
 We'll no be content wi' a guid coat o' blue.

MY MARY AND ME.

Air—"My ain fireside."

When first I met Mary my heart was right fain,
 See modest and bonnie I wished her my ain ;
 I wished her my ain, and my ain soon was she ;
 And wha was sae blest as my Mary wi' me ?

When we baith crap thegither our stock was but sma'—
 Our faithers were dead and our mithers and a' ;
 Nae kind hand to help us nor counsel to gie,
 Yet that never daunted my Mary and me.

We toiled late and early—were carefu' and canny,
 On daft silly falderals wared ne'er a penny,
 And though whiles at nicht unco wearied were we,
 We slept a' the sounder, my Mary and me.

And when round the ingle, like steps o' a stair,
 Wee bairnies sprung up, we just doubled our care,
 Leaned weel to the meal, and but light on the tea,
 And bravely fought through, my sweet Mary and me.

We learned them to work, and we learned them to read,
 Made honour and honesty ever our creed :
 Now braw lads and lassies are under our e'e,
 And that gies delight to my Mary and me.

Nae danger we dread that kind fortune may waver,
 The battle's our ain, and we're richer than ever :
 A spot o' gude ground, and a cow on the lee,
 Is mair than enough for my Mary and me.

And what though the rose on her fair cheek is fading,
And fast o'er my thin locks the gray hairs are spreading ?
A life rightly spent keeps the heart fu' o' glee,
And such has been aimed at by Mary and me.

BRITAIN'S QUEEN, VICTORIA.

Air—"Rob Roy MacGregor O."

Brightest gem of Britain's Isle !
Born to wear the British crown,
Millions basking in your smile,
Crowd around your noble throne,
Rending air with loud applause,
Swearing to defend your cause,
British rights and British laws,
And Britain's Queen, Victoria.

Bravest Britons guard your throne !
Patriots, statesmen, honest men—
Tyrants, traitors, trample down !
Never more to rise again ;—
Let corruption withered parch !
Let reform and knowledge march !
Through perfection's glorious arch,
Led by Queen Victoria.

Equal rights, and equal laws,
Let the people all enjoy,
Peace proclaimed with loud huzzas !
Never more let war destroy :—
Agriculture lead the van ;
Commerce, free to every man ;
Religion pure, complete the plan,
Glory to Victoria.

WILLIAM CAMERON.

1801-1877.

ONE of the best of our lyric poets, the author of "Morag's Faery Glen" and "O Dinna Cross the Burn, Willie," was born at Dunipace on the 3rd of December, 1801. William, like many others, was dedicated to the ministry, and after the rudiments of education had been received, passed to the University to undergo the necessary course of training. He had made considerable progress in his studies when the death of his father precluded him from further attendance at College. He was not now in a position to continue his course of training, and, turning from that walk of life on which he entered with fond hopes, he found a means of existence as a teacher. In his twenty-fifth year he was appointed teacher in a school at Armadale in Linlithgowshire, and in this situation he continued for a term of over ten years. It is to this period of his life that some of the best of his lyrics belong. "Jessie o' the Dell" and "My Willie an' me," both love songs written in his best vein, are the outcome of his residence at Armadale.

On his removal from Armadale in 1836, he went to Glasgow, in which city, following out various callings, he was resident until his death in 1877.

The songs by which Cameron is best known are "Morag's Faery Glen" and "O Dinna Cross the Burn, Willie." His contribution to Scottish song may not have been extensive, but it has been good. His work has a poetic finish that stamps him at once as one of the foremost of our minor poets. Like many others, he was fortunate in

his tunes. He had as his composers Matthew Wilson and Nathaniel, the son of Scotland's fiddler, Neil Gow.

In any collection of Scottish song claiming to be representative, William Cameron's work finds a place. Biographical notices of him are given in "Musical Scotland" by D. Baptie, and in "The Poets and Poetry of Linlithgowshire" by Alex. M. Bisset.

O DINNA CROSS THE BURN, WILLIE.

O dinna cross the burn, Willie,
Willie, dinna cross the burn ;
For big's the spate, and loud it roars,
O dinna cross the burn !
Your folks a' ken you're here the nicht,
And sair they would me blame ;
Sae bide wi' me till mornin' licht—
Indeed ye're no gaun hame.

O bide, dear Willie, here the nicht—
O bide till mornin' here :
Your father he 'll see a' things richt,
And you 'll hae nocht to fear.
Sae dark the lift, nae moon is there,
The rain in torrente pours—
Ah ! see the lightning's dreadfu' glare !
Hear how the thunder roars !

Awa' he rode, nae kindness could
His wild resolve o'erturn ;
He plunged into the foaming flood,
But never crossed the burn :
And noo, tho' ten lang years hae passed
Since that wild storm blew by,
Ah ! still the maniac hears the blast,
And still the crazy cry :
O dinna cross the burn, Willie,
Willie, dinna cross the burn ;
For big's the spate, and loud it roars,
O dinna cross the burn !

MEET ME ON THE GOWAN LEA.

Meet me on the gowan lea,
 Bonnie Mary, sweetest Mary ;
 Meet me on the gowan lea,
 My ain, my artless Mary.

Before the sun sinks in the west,
 And nature a' has gane to rest,
 There to my fond, my faithfu' breast,
 O let me clasp my Mary.

The gladsome lark o'er moor and fell,
 The lintie in the bosky dell,
 Nae blither than your bonnie sel',
 My ain, my artless Mary.

We'll join our love-notes to the breeze
 That sighs in whispers through the trees,
 And a' that twa fond hearts can please
 Will be our sang, my Mary.

There ye shall sing the sun to rest,
 While to my faithfu' bosom pressed ;
 Then wha sae happy, wha sae blest
 As me and my dear Mary ?

WILL YE GANG TO THE BAUGYBURN ?

Will ye gang to the Baugyburn,
 Mary, Mary ?
 O gang wi' me to Baugyburn,
 My ain dear dawtie Mary.

The burnie aye still jumps and jouks,
 Whaur 'mang its flowery, shady nooks
 O monie a fair wee flowerie dooks
 Its sweet face in the streamie.

The woodland warbler still is there,
 Health floating in the balmy air,
 An' a' is fresh, an' a' is fair,
 As there when first I wooed her.

It's no' for a' its beauties rare,
But juist because we courted there,
An' noo for twenty years and mair
 You've been my ain dear dawtie.

We'll twine a wreath o' bonnie flowers,
We'll talk o' auld langsyne for hours,
While high aboon the laverock pours
 Its sang o' love and Mary.

MORAG'S FAERY GLEN.

D'ye ken whaur yon wee burnie, love,
 -Rins roarin' to the sea,
And tumbles o'er its rocky bed
 Like spirit wild and free ?
The mellow mavis tunes his lay,
 The blackbird swells his note,
And little robin sweetly sings
 Above the woody grot.
Then meet me, love, by a' unseen,
 Beside yon mossy den ;
Oh, meet me, love, at dewy eve,
 In Morag's Faery Glen.

Come when the sun in robes of gold
 Sinks o'er yon hills to rest,
And fragrance floating in the breeze
 Comes frae the dewy west :
And I will pu' a garland gay
 To deck thy brow sae fair,
For many a woodbine covered glade
 And sweet wild flower is there.

There's music in the wild cascade,
 There's love among the trees,
There's beauty in ilk bank and brae,
 And balm upon the breeze ;
There's a' of nature and of art
 That maistly weel could be ;
And oh ! my love, when thou art there
 There's bliss in store for me.

MY WILLIE AND ME.

As wand'ring my lane doon by sweet Birkenshaw,
 An' thinkin' on days that are noo gane awa',
 I noticed twa couthie wee birds on a tree ;
 Thinks I, noo that's unco like Willie an' me.
 They lilted about, an' sae blithely they sang,
 They fluttered and courted, I kenna hoo lang ;
 My heart was as happy an' fu' as could be,
 They minded me sae o' my Willie an' me.

I wondered if a' the wee birds o' the dell
 As kindly and fondly their love-tales could tell ;
 I wondered if ony twa mortals could be
 As happy an' leal as my Willie an' me.
 They a' may be happy,—what for should they no ?
 An' lasses fu' meikle may think o' their jo ;
 But naething on earth, in the air, or the sea,
 Can be half sae happy as Willie an' me.

My Willie is guid an' my Willie's sae kin',
 An' then, O thank Heaven, dear Willie is mine !
 In the joy o' my heart the tear draps frae my e'e
 To think we're sae happy, my Willie an' me.
 The hero may sigh for mair laurels—the loon !
 The tyrant may grasp at a kingdom or croon ;
 Contented an' happy I'd live till I dee,
 Tho' they tak' a' the warld but my Willie frae me.

SWEET JESSIE O' THE DELL.

O bright the beaming queen o' night
 Shines in yon flow'ry vale,
 And softly sheds her silver light
 O'er mountain-path and dale ;
 Short is the way when light's the heart
 That's bound in love's soft spell ;
 Sae I'll awa' to Armadale
 To Jessie o' the Dell.

To Jessie o' the Dell,
Sweet Jessie o' the Dell,
The bonnie lass o' Armadale,
Sweet Jessie o' the Dell.

We've pu'd the primrose on the braes
Beside my Jessie's cot ;
We've gathered nuts, we've gathered slaes
In that sweet rural spot.
The wee short hours danced merrily,
Like lambkins on the fell,
As if they joined in joy wi' me
And Jessie o' the Dell.

There's nane to me wi' her can vie,
I'll love her till I dee ;
For she's sae sweet and bonnie aye,
And kind as kind can be.
This night in mutual kind embrace,
O wha our joys can tell !
Then I'll awa' to Armadale
To Jessie o' the Dell.

JAMES MACDONALD.

1807-1848.

JAMES MACDONALD was born at Culcreuch, in the Parish of Fintry, on the 18th September, 1807. It was intended that he should enter the Church, and for that purpose he enrolled himself a student at Glasgow University. He does not appear, however, to have taken holy orders, as we find him engaged as a teacher, first at Drymen and thereafter at Blairdrummond. After he had been engaged for some time in "teaching the young idea" he entered the employment of the publishing firm of Messrs Blackie. His work in his new sphere was that of press reader, and we are told that, by attention and exactness, MacDonald attained to great proficiency in one of those departments of labour which are apt to be overlooked as unimportant. He remained a corrector of the press for some time; but, being offered the charge of a school at Blairgowrie, he left the Messrs Blackie and proceeded thither, where he fulfilled his duties with much acceptance. On leaving Blairgowrie he removed to Catrine, in Ayrshire, where he died on the 27th May, 1848, at the comparatively early age of 41. He was much interested in sacred songs, and more particularly that branch which refers to the Sabbath School, and is the author of many popular hymns for children. His own labours in this direction were gathered into a collection, which he issued under title, "Hymns for the use of Sunday Schools." He contributed quite a number of secular pieces to Blackie's "Book of Scottish Song."

THE THISTLE.

Loo'st thou the thistle that blooms on the mountain,
 And decks the fair bosom o' Scotland's green howes ?
 Loo'st thou the floweret o' Liberty's fountain,
 The emblem o' friendship that guards as it grows ?
 The wee lamb may sleep 'neath its shade wi' its mither,
 The maukin may find 'neath its branches a lair ;
 And birds o' ilk feather may there flock thegither,
 But wae to the wretch wha oor thistle wad tear.

Loo'st thou the thistle ? the broad leaves it weareth
 Are gemmed o'er wi' pearls o' morning's sweet dew ;—
 Lo ! on ilk dewdrop a dear name it beareth—
 The name o' a freeman o' leal heart and true.
 Kenn'st thou the story o' proud fame and glory,
 That's tauld by ilk spike o' its bridled array ?
 Nae wonder our thistle wi' grandeur is hoary—
 It's auld as creation—it's new as the day.

Loo'st thou the thistle ? the rose canna peer it,
 Nae shamrock can smile wi' sae gaudy an air,
 The lily maun hide a' its beauty when near it,
 The star flag is bonnie—the thistle is mair.
 True to the thistle I'll ne'er lo'e anither,
 Whatever my station, wherever I be,
 Its love in my bosom no blighting can wither,
 Auld Scotland's ain darling I'll loe till I dee.

Here's to ilk pillar that bides by the thistle !
 Lang may his roof-tree be kept frae decay ;
 Lang may the voice o' happiness whistle
 In glee round his dwallin' by nicht and by day.
 Here's to the banners that wave o'er the ocean,
 The rose of old England, the brave and the free,
 The shamrock that raises green Erin's devotion,
 The Thistle o' Scotland—hurrah for the three !

THE WOODS o' CASTLE DOUNE.

Ye bonnie woods o' Castle Doune, ye knowes and fairy braes,
 An' a' ye glens an' leafy shades—the haunt of happy days;
 The licht o' heaven disna shine sae sweetly on me now
 As when I saw ye lang, lang syne, amang the silver dew.

Ye summer winds that sang sae sweet alang the broomy hills,
 Ye wee bit flowers that smiled sae glad beside the dancing rills,
 Your sang and smile they canna wile the wrinkles aff my brow,
 For a' my greenerie o' life is brown and faded now.

But yet my e'e can dimly see, amid its gloamin' hour,
 The shadow of a joyous dream—the semblance of a flower,
 An' sic a flower as only blessed the bowers o' Paradise
 When Eden lay beneath the ray o' smiling infant skies.

O safely play, ye breezes, play around that winsome flower,
 And gently fa', ye dewdraps, fa' abune her summer bower;
 For ne'er since bonnie Castle Doune was biggit on the brae
 Did e'er ye fan a fairer flower than lovely Henney Gray.

MARY.

The winter's cauld and cheerless blast
 May rob the feckless tree, Mary,
 And lay the young flowers in the dust
 Whar ance they bloomed in glee, Mary.
 It canna chill my bosom's hopes—
 It canna alter thee, Mary;
 The summer o' thy winsome face
 Is aye the same to me, Mary.

The gloom o' life, its cruel strife,
 May wear me fast awa', Mary;
 An' leave me like a cauld, cauld corree
 Amang the driftin' snaw, Mary.
 Yet 'mid the drift, wert thou but nigh,
 I'd fauld my weary e'e, Mary,
 And deem the wild and raging storm
 A laverock's sang in glee, Mary.

My heart can lie in ruin's dust,
And fortune's winter dree, Mary,
While o'er it shines the diamond ray
That glances frae thine e'e, Mary.
The rending pangs and waes o' life,
The dreary din o' care, Mary,
I'll welcome, gin they leave but thee
My lanely lot to share, Mary.

As o'er yon hill the evening star
Is wiling day awa', Mary,
Sae sweet and fair art thou to me
At life's sad gloamin' fa', Mary.
It gars me greet wi' very joy
Whene'er I think on thee, Mary,
That sic a heart sae true as thine
Should e'er hae cared for me, Mary.

THE LARK AND WREN.

The lark and wren are long awake,
The throstle sings in glee,
The morning breeze sweeps o'er the brake
In joyous liberty ;
The dew-bells sing in beauty bland,
The streamlet chants its lay ;
Then bear a hand, my merry band,
It is our harvest day.

The village maids, all braided fair,
Are tripping o'er the green,
And shepherd lads, wi' floating hair,
Are kissing beauty's queen.
Each happy swain o'er all the land
Enjoys this morning gay ;
Then bear a hand, my merry band,
This is our harvest day.

When evening brings its shady hour,
Then who so blythe as we !
The lamp of love in barn and bower
Lights up a scene of glee ;

Old Time forgets his running sand
 And joins our roundelay ;
 Now bear a hand, my merry band,
 This is our harvest day.

HIE TO THE WOODLANDS, HIE.

Hie to the woodlands, hie !
 The balmy morning breeze,
 And the laughing voice of merry spring
 Are piping 'mong the trees.
 The soft blue sky, the spangled earth,
 The rich green woods, the streamlet's mirth—
 All Nature's voice cries loud—Be gay !
 Oh ! 'tis the flowery month of May.

Hie to the woodlands, hie !
 The lambs frisk on the lea,
 And the little birds are singing blithe
 From every brake and tree.
 In every note that steals along
 Is heard the tale of their sweet song ;
 'Tis love that bids them chant—Be gay !
 Oh ! 'tis the flowery month of May.

Hie to the woodlands, hie !
 And gather honey flowers,
 On mossy bank and brackeny braes,
 The long sweet summer hours.
 The cowslip and the sweet blue-bell,
 The wild rose and the pimpernel,
 And wild thyme too all cry—Be gay !
 Oh ! 'tis the flowery month of May.

The happy hour is nigh—
 I 'll seek the shady grove,
 With her my heart longs for its own,
 And sing my notes of love.
 The purest flower from earth that springs,
 The sweetest bird on tree that sings,
 Are nought to her I bid—Be gay !
 Oh ! 'tis the flowery month of May.

ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

1811-1893.

ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN, or more familiarly "Sandy," was born at the village of Cambusbarron on the 14th April, 1811, and was in due time apprenticed to the weaving industry, which, until recently, gave the village the means of subsistence. For a number of years he worked at this trade, but eventually abandoned the loom and travelled the district round Stirling in the interests of a tea merchant. On the death of his employer "Sandy" struck out for himself, and continued his travels on his own account. Known by his customers as "Curly," he was a welcome visitor, his budget of news adding fragrance to his wares. Although he was never far from his native village, he took an intelligent interest in public matters. He was an ardent Liberal in politics. In church work he took a prominent part, and was ever ready to assist in the promotion of the religious or social welfare of the village. He was of a deeply religious mind, and his verses not infrequently took the form of hymns or "In Memoriam" pieces. These he either contributed to the *Stirling Observer*, or printed in leaflets and circulated among his admirers. His death took place in the spring of 1893, and he breathed his last in the room in which he had first seen the light.

STANZAS ON JUDGMENT AND ETERNITY.

Come, heavenly Muse ! thy wings expanding yield,
And open to my soul a spacious field ;
Oh ! bring the scenes of judgment to my view :

Be this the solemn subject of my mind ;
 And oh ! for calm reflection, may I find
 Sweet profit to my soul while I pursue.

But, ah ! what finite mind can comprehend,
 Or yet to such solemnities extend
 Its finite powers, or picture such a maze,
 When flaming clouds, together thundering hurl'd,
 Pour liquid fire down from the serial world,
 And kindle nature with terrific blaze ?

Hark ! Gabriel's swelling notes, resounding high,
 Proclaim through heaven the dreadful hour is nigh ;
 He, with uplifted hand, is heard to swear
 By the Eternal, " Time shall be no more."
 This awful voice re-echoes heaven o'er,
 That countless legions may themselves prepare.

The trumpet sounds again—then at the word
 Each angel bright girds on his glittering sword,
 And, quick as lightning's dart, each takes his stand ;
 Dark clouds of smoke roll round the eternal throne ;
 An awful voice then bursts with dreadful groan,
 And to the waiting millions gives command.

" Gabriel ! prepare, make ready to descend ;
 Ye angels bright, that round adoring bend,
 Expand your wings—to yonder world away ;
 Ye heavens, ope wide your magazineal store,
 Your wrathful phials, flaming spirite, pour
 Forth in the air, with vengeance thundering play."

Then quick as thought throughout the gather'd throng,
 Or like electric shock the ranks along,
 A mighty angel musters up the clan ;
 Red flashed their glittering swords with flaming ire,
 And down their chariots rolled on wheels of fire,
 The dread procession from the throne began.

Then heaven's wide, pond'rous gates asunder rend,
And into boundless space the hosts descend,
While sparkling worlds at their appearance fly,
Whose bright intelligences that remain
Perhaps come forth to swell the solemn train—
Thus gathering new additions in the sky.

Nearer they come, with banners wide unfurld,
With clashing armour, t'ward the unconscious world,
Alas ! unconscious of the hour that's nigh ;
As yet, they feel secure. No fear, no dread
Breaks on the quick, or yet the silent dead—
A slumbering calmness on them seems to lie.

Ah ! fatal calm, 'tis like the quiet repose
Of a volcano ere it fiercely throws
It's liquid matter down the mountain side :
'Tis like the quiet before the earthquake's roar—
The smooth glass surface near the ocean shore
Before the bellowing of the boisterous tide.

Then in the sudden twinkling of the eye,
Oh ! solemn sight, along the azure sky,
Ten thousand times ten thousand draweth near—
A dreadful God, in awful pomp display'd,
In awful power and majesty array'd,
On flying clouds of grandeur doth appear.

Ah ! solemn thought—Hark ! the archangel sounds
The trump of God, whose echoing note resounds
Throughout the caverns of the slumb'ring dead,—
The folding heavens roll'd like a scroll or book,
The awe-struck earth with sudden trembling shook—
While startled mortals quit their dusty bed.

Ah ! dreadful day, when vivid lightnings flash,
When thunders roar, and fire and brimstone dash
With boundless fury o'er a guilty world :
When shivering mortals from the yawning ground
Shall start to life 'midst flames consuming round—
To life ? Ah, no ; to death eternal hurl'd.

Then heaven's wing'd messengers fly swift abroad,
To cite the world before the bar of God,
And gather all things hence that would offend,
Out of the kingdom of the saints on high,
Whose shining grandeur dazzles in the sky,
Whose sparkling glory does the sun transcend.

Then with delight the saints hear from the throne
The welcome voice of Him who sits thereon—
"Come near, ye bless'd"—then at the high command,
On angels' wings they soar with sweet surprise,
Till near the throne erected in the skies,
They take their place secure at God's right hand.

But ah ! where shall the godless then appear ?
No kindly voice for them salutes the ear,
But wrath and indignation from the throne
Fall on their wretched, horror-stricken souls,
While from above a fiery tempest rolls,
And from beneath hell moves with frightful groan.

Where is the man who scorn'd with high disdain
The Day of Judgment as a thing that's vain,
And set at nought religion with a laugh
Of bitter scorn, and contemptuous jeer ?
Alas ! for him the sentence strikes his ear—
He, to the dregs, woe's bitter cup must quaff,—

"Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire."
Then from the throne stream forth JEHOVAH's ire
Against the sinner, and complete his doom ;
Apostate spirits then, with fiendish yell,
Shall drag them downwards to the lowest hell,
And shroud their spirits in a fiery tomb.

Then to the mansions of celestial light
The saints of God with rapture take their flight,
Adoring harps attend them as they rise,—
Aloft they soar, while sun and stars give way
At their approach—then, then in realms of day
The saints shall bask for ever in the skies.

WILLIAM SINCLAIR.

1811-1870.

WILLIAM SINCLAIR, by whose pen "Stirling Bridge" was produced, was born in Edinburgh in 1811. Of his parents little is known; his father was a trader, and it is enough—they were respectable. After receiving the rudiments of education he was apprenticed, in his fourteenth year, to a bookseller. Fortunately for him, his employer had an extensive circulating library. Of this library the future poet made good use; for he was a wide reader. While yet an apprentice he took to poetry, contributing poems and songs to the newspapers and popular periodicals. Attracting the notice of Christopher North, some of his effusions were granted a place in *Blackwood's Magazine*. After completing his term of apprenticeship he seems to have followed a somewhat divisive course, as we next find him employed as clerk to a Dundee lawyer. Here, however, he seems also to have been at sea regarding an occupation; for, after a short spell of drudgery amid quills, deeds, and red tape, he began to look for employment of a different nature. He soon received the desired appointment, and proceeded to Liverpool to fill a situation in Her Majesty's Custom House. After a short term in Liverpool he was transferred to Leith. While in Leith he gave to the world the bulk of his verse. In 1843 he published "Poems of the Fancy and Affections," the only collected work that came from his pen.

Being of a changeable disposition, he grew weary of the Custom House duties, the consequence being that he relinquished his post and removed to Stirling. During his residence in Stirling he was a reporter on the staff of the *Stirling Journal*, and a frequent contributor to the local newspapers. It was while in Stirling that he published his most famous song. At a demonstration held in connection with the building of the National Wallace Monument on the Abbey Craig, the late Dr Charles Rogers intimated that he would give a copy of his "Modern Scottish Minstrel" for the best song commemorative of the battle of Stirling Bridge. Of the pieces sent in for competition, William Sinclair's was deemed the best, and he accordingly was awarded the prize. The song, set to music by Mr Marquis Chisholm, was sung by Mr Stembridge Ray at the banquet held in connection with the laying of the foundation-stone of the Wallace Monument on the 24th June, 1861. Since then it has become familiar in every clime where Scottish foot has trod.

In 1870 Sinclair died at Stirling, and was interred in Stirling Cemetery, where a suitable monument marks the spot. Sinclair, although his lot has been that of an obscure bard, is much above the average minor minstrel. His poems are characterised by deep reflective thought and powerful imagery; and if the sun of fortune had shone upon him he would undoubtedly have taken place as one of the first of our minor poets.

THE BATTLE OF STIRLING BRIDGE.

To Scotland's ancient realm
Proud Edward's armies came,
To sap our freedom and o'erwhelm
Our martial force in shame.

“ It shall not be,” brave Wallace cried ;
“ It shall not be,” his chiefs replied ;
“ By the name our fathers gave her,
Our steel shall drink the crimson stream,
We'll all her dearest rights redeem,
Our own broadswords shall save her.”

With hopes of triumph flushed,
The squadrons hurried o'er
Thy bridge, Kildean, and heaving rushed
Like wild waves to the shore.
“ They come, they come,” was the gallant cry ;
“ They come, they come,” was the loud reply.
“ O strength, thou gracious Giver ;
By love and freedom's stainless faith,
We'll dare the darkest night of death—
We'll drive them back for ever.”

All o'er the waving broom,
In chivalry and grace,
Shone England's radiant spear and plume,
By Stirling's rocky base.
And stretching far beneath the view,
Proud Cressingham, thy banners flew,
When, like a torrent rushing,
O God ! from right and left the flame
Of Scottish swords like lightning came,
Great Edward's legions crushing.

High praise, ye gallant band,
Who, in the face of day,
With daring heart and fearless hand
Have cast our chains away.
The foemen fell on every side,
In crimson hues the Forth was dyed,
Bedewed with blood the heather :
While shouts triumphant shook the air—
“ Thus shall we do—thus shall we dare,
Wherever Scotsmen gather.”

Though years like shadows fleet
 O'er the dial stone of time,
 Thy pulse, O freedom, still shall beat
 With the throb of manhood's prime.
 Still shall the valour, love and truth,
 That shone on Scotland's early youth,
 From Scotland ne'er dissever ;
 The shamrock, rose, the thistle stern,
 Shall wave around her Wallace cairn,
 And bless the brave for ever.

THE ROSE IN THE BURIAL GROUND.

Meekly thou bend'st thy lowly head
 To airs that lingering breathe around,
 And shedd'st thy sweetness o'er the dead,
 Thy tears on holy ground ;
 And, longing for the blessed light,
 Dost chide the tardiness of night !

Where the serene are lying low—
 The brave their last lone bed have made—
 How passing beautiful art thou,
 In silence and in shade,
 Thou type of fond remembrance set—
 O'er one whom memory treasures yet !

Thou speak'st of long lost memories—
 Of pleasure, in her golden noon,
 Of hopes that blossomed to the skies,
 And withered all too soon ;
 Of the deep anguish of the soul—
 The shattered wheel, the broken bowl.

And gentler thoughts than these—oh, yes !
 The sigh of love, the tear of grief
 Shed o'er thee ; with the tender kiss
 Imprinted on thy leaf ;
 The heart's best blessings, though the grave
 May close on them we cannot save.

An only sister may have brought
Thee in this simple beauty here.
Perchance a sorrowing mother sought
Her lost child's lowly bier ;
She loved him—and she wished to prove
To others how intense that love.

It may be that he sleeps, whose name,
Bright and unsullied, blameless, free,
Might have descended on the stream
Of years—to immortality :
Enough, the final die is cast ;
The dream, the aspiration past !

It matters not : the crowd may pass
Thee by unheeded ; with the wane
And rise of moons, the long lank grass
Shall wreath the stone again ;
And other hearts shall mourn their woes,
Even where the Good and Great repose !

MARY.

If there's a word that whispers love
In gentlest tones to hearts of woe,
If there's a name more prized above,
And loved with deeper love below,
'Tis Mary.

If there's a healing sound beneath
To soothe the heart in sorrow's hour,
If there's a name that angels breathe
In silence with a deeper power,
'Tis Mary.

It softly hangs on many a tongue
In ladies' bower and sacred fane,
The sweetest name by poets sung—
The high and consecrated strain—
Is Mary.

Scotland and Mary are entwined
 With blooming wreath of fadeless green,
 And printed on the undying mind ;
 For oh ! her fair though fated Queen
 Was Mary.

By the lone forest and the lea
 When smiles the thoughtful evening star,
 Though other names may dearer be,
 The sweetest, gentlest, loveliest far,
 Is Mary.

THE VICTOR-CHIEF TO HIS SLAUGHTERED STEED.

Adieu ! the blast—the shot—the shell—
 The pealing cannon's roar—
 The trumpet's note—the clang of arms—
 Shall greet thine ear no more :
 Fast stiffening on the crimson heath
 A thousand foemen bleed,
 And join the phantom ranks of death
 With thee, my gallant steed !

To thee the bugle ne'er shall ring
 Its summoning call to arms,
 Nor the resounding martial peal
 E'er thunder war's alarms :
 No more thy rider on the field
 May rein thy daring speed,
 Nor wield the lance, nor bear the shield,
 My steed—my gallant steed !

Oh ! thou wert gentle as the lamb,
 And fearless as the blast,
 But the iron has subdued thy heart,
 And laid thee low at last :
 But hark ! the notes of triumph swell—
 From danger thou art freed,
 And loud acclaims have rung thy knell,
 My steed—my gallant steed !

THE SPIRIT OF WAR.

Thy banners are crimson, thy vestments are red,
And the fire wreath of vengeance encircles thy head,
Thy corslet is stained with the blood of the free,
And myriads have humbled and bowed them to thee !

The mighty are won by the glare of thy fame,
The coward reels back with affright at thy name ;
Before thee the powerful and impotent kneel ;
Thy banquet is blood, and thy banquet-cup steel.

Thy steed is Destruction ; all headlong he sweeps
When death amid carnage his festival keeps ;
And the high exultation that urges thy steed,
And thy deepest acclaim, is the pause of the dead !

Proud Spirit ! Thou wert on the plains of high Heaven,
Where the en'mies of God from its precincts were driven,
Where the flag of Omnipotent wrath was unfurled,
And thunderbolts dread on the rebels were hurled !

The sabre that gleams in thy sweeping right arm,
How it circulates havoc and signals alarm !
When thy spear is uplifted—thy vizor unbarred—
The groans of the slaughtered and vanquished are heard !

All potent thy sceptre and lofty thy crest,—
The steel on thy forehead—the mail on thy breast—
Thy voice is appalling—thine arrows are fleet—
And empires subjected lie low at thy feet.

NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

1812-1872.

NORMAN MACLEOD, than whom no man was held in greater admiration by the Church of Scotland, was born at Campbeltown on the 3rd day of June, 1812. His father was parish minister there, and in 1811 had been married to Agnes Maxwell. His boyhood was spent in Campbeltown and Mull and Morven, and his early education was received at the Burgh School at Campbeltown. In the year 1825, Norman's father was called to the parish of Campsie, and here, consequently, our poet spent his youth. In due time he was sent to Glasgow University to take his "Arts" course. His career, his brother tells us, was not distinguished by the number of prizes he carried off, Logic being the only study for which he obtained academical honours. He attended the "Arts" classes for four years—the summers of which were spent sometimes in the Highlands and sometimes in Campsie. In 1831 he went to Edinburgh to study theology. While attending the classes he was appointed tutor to the son of Henry Preston, Esq., at that time High Sheriff of Yorkshire. After some time spent on the Continent with his pupil he returned to Scotland in October, 1835, resuming his studies at Glasgow University. After finishing his college course, he was, on the advice of Dr Chalmers, asked to preach in Loudoun parish church. The patroness of the living presented it to him, and he was inducted minister on 15th March, 1838. Norman MacLeod was minister

of Loudoun when the thunderbolt of Secession broke on the Church of Scotland. He manifested much interest in the question, and fought nobly in the struggle; and although he did not, with many of his trusted friends, "come out" in 1843, he may be counted a Disruption worthy. Has not the Church of Scotland her worthies of that Secession as well as the Free Church? During the controversy he published two *brochures*, entitled "Cracks about the Kirk for Kintra Folk," which had a good sale; and after the Disruption he was called to no fewer than eight churches. Of these, he accepted Dalkeith. From 1843 he laboured in his new charge till June, 1845, when he, with others, set out as a deputation from the General Assembly to visit the churches in British North America connected with the Church of Scotland. On his return from America he was one of a deputation sent by the Evangelical Alliance to visit the congregations of the then newly instituted Reformed Church in Poland. On his return from these visits he resumed his work at Loudoun. While there he instituted, in 1849, the "Edinburgh Christian Magazine." In 1851, on the death of Dr Black, Norman MacLeod was called to the Barony, Glasgow, and in the same year was married to Miss Mackintosh, daughter of the late William Mackintosh, Esq. of Geddes.

The most important part of Norman MacLeod's life was his ministry in the Barony parish. He was a familiar personage in the Courts of the Church, and took a leading part in Assembly Debate. In 1857 he instituted his evening services for working people. No one was admitted unless his clothes gave evidence that he belonged to the working classes. These meetings were successful beyond all anticipation. In 1859 he took part in the Burns centenary celebrations, and attended the great public

meeting in Glasgow, he being the only clergyman on the platform. About this time he was appointed editor of "Good Words," and in the pages of that magazine appeared many of his productions. Between 1860 and 1870 he wrote "The Gold Thread" and "The Old Lieutenant," "Parish Papers" and "The Highland Parish," "Character Sketches" and "The Starling," "Eastward" and "Peeps at the Far East." It was while in the western metropolis that he was made one of Her Majesty's Chaplains, and appointed Dean of the Chapel Royal. It was while here, too, that he took up such a prominent position on the Sabbath question. For many years he was Convener of the Indian Mission of the Church, and in 1867 he was appointed one of a deputation to visit India. In 1869 the Church recognised his services, and called him to fill the Moderator's chair. As time passed, the burden of his life told upon him; the long years of unceasing toil in the service of the Master were wearing him out, and he was forced to think of giving up some of his work. Campsie, through all his days, had pleasant memories, and he anticipated retiring thither; but it was not to be. In the city, amid a Sabbath quiet, within sight of the homes of the toiling hundreds whose lives he did his best to sweeten, he passed to his Master on the 16th June, 1872. By his death the Church of Scotland lost the brightest beacon which this century has given it, and the Church of Christ one of the most earnest workers it has ever had. He was buried with civic honours. As the procession passed along the crowded streets of the great city, a working man was heard to remark: "There goes Norman MacLeod; if he had done no more than he did for my soul, he would shine as the stars for ever." But the city to which he had given his life was not entrusted with his dust. He was buried in

the parish churchyard of Campsie. "The spot where he sleeps," says his brother, "is a suggestive emblem of his life. On the one side are the hum of business and the houses of toiling humanity. On the other, green pastoral hills, and the silence of Highland solitudes."

The majority of Norman MacLeod's poems are richly humorous. At times he can be serious. His "Courage, brother, do no stumble" bears witness to that. It has nerved many a sinking soul to duty.

THE WAGGIN' O' OUR DOG'S TAIL.

Air—"The barrin' o' the door."

We hae a dog that wags his tail,
(He's a bit o' a wag himsel' O !)
Every day he gangs down to the town,
At nicht his news to tell O !
The waggin' o' our dog's tail, bow wow !
The waggin' o' our dog's tail.

He saw the Provost o' the town
Parading down the street O !
Quo' he, "Ye're no like my lord,
For ye canna see your feet O !"

He saw a man grown unco puir
And looking sad and sick O !
Quo' he, "Cheer up, for ilka dog
Has aye a bane to pick O !"

He saw a man wi' mony a smile,
Wi'out a grain o' sowl O !
Quo' he, "I've noticed mony a dog
Could bite and never growl O !"

He saw a man look gruff and croes,
Wi'out a grain o' spite O !
Quo' he, "He's like a hantle dogs
Whose bark is waur than their bite O !"

He saw an M.P. unco proud,
 Because o' power and pay O !
 Quo' he, " Your tail is cockit heigh,
 But ilka dog has his day O !"

He saw some ministers fighting hard,
 And a' frae a bit o' pride O !
 " It's a pity," quo' he, " when dogs fa' out
 Aboot their ain fireside O !"

He saw a man gaun staggerin' hame,
 His face baith black and blue O !
 Quo' he, " I'm ashamed of the stupid brute,
 For never a dog gets fou O !"

He saw a man wi' a hairy face,
 Wi' beard and big moustache O !
 Quo' he, " We baith are towsy dogs,
 But ye hae claes and cash O !"

He saw a crowd in a bonny park,
 Where dogs were not allowed O !
 Quo' he, " The rats in Kirk and State,
 If we were there, might rue't O !"

He saw a man that fleeced a lord,
 And flatterin' lees did tell O !
 Quo' he, " A dog's owre prood for that,
 He'll only claw himsel' O !"

He saw a doctor drivin' about,
 And ringin' every bell O !
 Quo' he, " I've been as sick 's a dog,
 But aye could cure mysel' O !"

He heard a lad and leddie braw
 Singin' a grand duet O !
 Quo' he, " I've heard a cat and dog
 Could yowl as weel as that O !"

He saw a laddie swaggerin' big
Frae tap to tae sae trim O !
Quo he, "It's no for a dog to laugh
That aince was a pup like him O !"

Our doggie he cam' hame at e'en,
And scarted baith his lugs O !
Quo' he, "If folk had only tails,
They'd be maist as gude as dogs O !"

PATRICK MACPHUDD.

Hints on District Visiting by good Ladies.

Miss Jemima MacDowal, the parson's sweet jewel,
Is fair and red as a rose coming out of its bud,
But och, "by the powers," what attention she showers
On that thundering blackguard, big Patrick MacPhudd.

She says she is sartin and shure to convert him,
And to lift the ould Catholic out of the mud.
And so she is walking, and every day talking,
To Mistress, or Misses, or Mister MacPhudd.

She's so sweet a bit cratur, and humble by natur,
As to carry down soup, or a cast-away dud ;
A cap for the lady, a frock for the baby,
Or a top-coat for ragged ould Patrick MacPhudd.

" May the saints blessings send you, and always defend you
From pestilence, famine, from thunder and flood ;
May archangels guard you, and Mary reward you,"
Says the oily ould father, Patrick MacPhudd.

Ould Patrick, so grateful, sends out for the naeeful,
And drinks till he lies like a pig in the mud ;
There his wife too is lying, while the children are crying,
And both are well thrashed by sweet Patrick MacPhudd.

Every day he is muddled—every night he gets fuddled,
On pay-day he's fighting and covered with blood ;
He's a Catholic Sunday, and a Protestant Monday—
" Och, I'll not tell a lie," says honest MacPhudd.

" You thundering ould blackguard," says Father MacTaggart ;
 The Priest trembled over with rage where he stood ;
 " Is it true ye 're convert'd, and by swaddlers pervert'd ?
 Look me straight in the face, and deny it, MacPhudd."

" Convert'd ! Pervert'd ! " howled Pat, broken-hearted,
 " I wish I could drink up her Protestant blood ;
 I vow by Saint Peter, I 'd roast her and eat her,
 And crunch all her bones," says sweet darling MacPhudd.

And now all good ladies, who visit bad Paddies,
 Be advised just to let them keep quiet in the mud,
 And spend all your labours on decent Scotch neighbours,
 And not on ould blackguards like Patrick MacPhudd.

CURLING SONG.

Air—" Come under my plaidie."

A' nicht it was freezin', a' nicht I was sneezin' ;
 " Tak' care," quo' the wife, " gudeman, o' your cough."
 A fig for the sneezin', hurrah for the freezin',
 For the day we're to play the Bonspiel on the loch !
 Then get up, my braw leddy, the breakfast mak' ready,
 For the sun on the snawdrift's beginning to blink ;
 Gie me bannocks or brochan, I'm aff to the lochan
 To mak' the stanes flee to the " T " o' the rink.
 Then hurrah for the curling frae Girvan to Stirling !
 Hurrah for the lads o' the besom-and stane !
 Ready noo ! Soop her up ! Clap a guard ! Steady noo !
 Oh curling abune a' the games stands alone !

The ice it is splendid, it canna be mended,
 Like a glass ye can glower in 't and shave aff your beard ;
 And see how they gather, comin' owre the brown heather,
 The master and servants, the tenant and laird.
 There's braw J. O. Fairlie, he's there late and early—
 Better Curlers than he or Hugh Conn canna be ;
 Wi' the lads frae Kilwinnin', they 'll send the stanes spinnin',
 Wi' a whurr and a curr, till they sit roun' the " T. "

It's an unco like story, that baith Whig and Tory
Maun aye collyshangey, like dogs owre a bane ;
An' that a' denominations are wantin' in patience,
For nae Kirk will thole to let ither's alane.
But in fine frosty weather, let a' meet thegither,
Wi' brooms in their hauns, an' a stane near the "T" ;
Then Ha ! Ha ! by my certies, ye'll see hoo a' parties,
Like brithers, will love, and like brithers agree.

MRS BACON.

MRS BACON, the authoress of the deservedly popular song "Half-past Ten," has been resident for many years at Bainsford, near Falkirk. Her maiden name is Catherine G. MacKay, and she was married to Mr James Bacon, who was for a long time engaged as foreman smith with the Carron Iron Company. Mrs Bacon is the authoress of other songs of merit, but none has taken the public ear so well as "Half-past Ten." The production exhibits all the features which go to form a successful song—it is pithy, pawky, and humorous, and will always be regarded as part and parcel of our national minstrelsy. Mrs Bacon was born early in the century, and is now past fourscore years.

HALF-PAST TEN.

I min' whan I courted my ain wifie, Jean—
Tho' often I gaed, she little was seen ;
For her faither, the elder, like a' godly men,
Aye steekit his door aboot half-past ten.

Ae Sacrament Sabbath, I saw Jeanie hame,
Ony lad wi' his lassie wad hae dune the same ;
We crackit sae lang at the cosy fire en',
That the time slipt awa' till near half-past ten.

The worthy man read, syne rev'rently prayed,
And whan he was dune he solemnly said :
" It has aye been a rule—but 'tis likely ye ken—
That we steek a' oor doors aboot half-past ten."

The hint was eneuch for a blate lad like me ;
 But I catched a blink o' Jeanie's black e'e,
 As much as to say, Come ye back to the glen,
 An' ye'll maybe stay langer than half-past ten.

Ae nicht twa-three lads and mysel' did agree
 To gang some place near, juist to hae a bit spree ;
 Quo' I, " What d'ye think o' gaun doon to the glen,
 For we're sure to be hame aboot half-past ten ? "

We a' were received wi' hearty guidwill,
 An' the elder, nae less, broached a cask o' his yill ;
 Syne gaed aff to his bed, and says, " Jean, ye'll atten'
 That the doors are a' lockit by half-past ten."

" Ou ay," says Jean. But the best o' the joke
 Was her slippin' ben an' stoppin' the clock :
 I'm no gaun to tell the hoo or the when,
 But the hauns werena pointin' to half-past ten.

Aboot four i' the mornin' the auld man aroee,
 An' lichtin' a spunk—to the clock straucht he goes ;
 " Gude sauf us, guidwife ! did ye hear me gae ben ?
 Lo'd, the lads are awa' afore half-past ten."

But the cat verra sune was let oot o' the pock,
 By the kecklin' o' hens, an' the craw o' the cock ;
 An' openin' the shutters, he clearly saw then
 We wad a' hae oor breakfasts ere half-past ten.

Ye ne'er heard sic lauchin' a' the days o' your life,
 An' nane were sae hearty's the auld man an' his wife :
 Quo' he, " What'll thae lassies no dae for the men !
 Even cheat their auld faithers wi' half-past ten."

It was a' settled then that Jean should be mine ;
 The wedding sune followed ; an' we've aye sinsyne
 Leeved happy thegither, an' hope to the en'
 We'll aye min' that nicht an' its half-past ten.

An' noo, a wee bit advice I wad gie :—
 " Ne'er stint young folk's time when they gang to a spree.
 I'm a faither mysel', an' brawly I ken
 That the fun juist begins aboot half-past ten."

ALEXANDER MACLACHLAN.

1816-1887.

MANY of our minor songsters, who have in the course of their writings produced compositions worthy the most gifted lyre, are destined to die unknown, and sleep within the shade of an unmerited obscurity. Others, too, who have written considerably above the level of mediocre verse, are hidden within the pale of oblivion. To the latter circle, at least, belongs the subject of the present sketch.

Alexander MacLachlan was born at Pirnhall, near Bannockburn, in 1816, and never seems to have removed from the vicinity of his native hamlet. At the time he was born, nailmaking and weaving formed the industrial life of the district to which he belonged, and to the former business he was apprenticed. Like most other nailers he struck out for himself; and in the manufacture of nails he was engaged at Muiralehouse and Whins of Milton,—villages near Bannockburn. He began the writing of verses while at Muiralehouse, and these, for the most part, were contributed to the *Stirling Observer*. After his poems appeared in the local press, he not infrequently got them reprinted in sheet form, but this was the only means he took for their preservation. He considered his lyric "The Sil'er Burnie" his most creditable production, and frequently signed his effusions, "The Author of 'Sil'er Burnie.'" On his leaving Whins of Milton, he removed to Bannockburn, where he was resident for a short time, after which he went to North Broomage, Larbert, where he died on

the 3rd September, 1887. In a serial work, "The Bards of the Ochils," contributed to a Clackmannanshire newspaper, MacLachlan is included, being admitted to that collection through his having been resident so long within sight of the Ochils. His poems are very pleasing, and give evidence that he tuned the Doric lyre with no uncertain touch.

THE SIL'ER BURNIE.

I lo'e the sil'er burnie ; how sweet its singing din,
As it gently winds alang by ilk fairy nook and linn ;
How dear to me the little flowers, that buak the bank sae braw,
O' the bonnie sil'er burnie that wimples through the shaw !

But there's ae wee blushing blossom that blooms serenely there
I ever view wi' fondness and watch wi' anxious care ;
There's something i' my bosom says, " O bear that flower awa'
Frae the bonnie sil'er burnie that wimples through the shaw."

It's no the modest gowan that sips the e'enin' dew,
It's no the little primrose, nor yet the violet blue :
It's my ain enchantin' Mary, the sweetest flower o' a',
That blooms beside the burnie that wimples through the shaw.

Her cheeks outvie the reddest rose, her neck the lily fair ;
Pure and guileless is her heart, and modest is her air ;
Her een are clear as pearly dew, her lips are like the haw
That grows beside the burnie that wimples through the shaw.

Ilk spot to me seems hallowed where her foot has ever been—
The lanely birken bower, or the flower-enamelled green ;
A pleasant winnin' smile welcomes me aye when I ca'
At the cot beside the burnie that wimples through the shaw.

E'en the dust on which she wanders, I love it for her sake,
And follow her wi' longing e'e by woodland, glen, an' brake ;
Oh ! but to be wi' her, when the shades o' gloamin' fa',
By the bonnie sil'er burnie that wimples through the shaw.

LET US COMFORT ANE ANITHER.

Let us cheer up ane anither
Through this lonely vale of tears ;
Let us share our neighbour's burden,
His sorrows and his fears ;
Nor spurn a needy brither
Wi' hardened look an' sour :
Let us comfort ane anither
In affliction's tryin' hour.

Mair smooth might be the path of life,
Less din and strife, I ween,
If man would but his fellowman
Mair loyally befriend' ;
Aye ready wi' an open han',
An' words baith saft and pure,
To comfort ane anither
In affliction's tryin' hour.

There's few or nane o' Adam's race
But aft feel care's keen thorn ;
The wound that's wrung my heart to-day
May rack yours ere the morn ;
Then, dinna fail to cheer the sad
Whene'er it's in your power :
Let us comfort ane anither
In affliction's tryin' hour.

The langest road will e'en short seem
If cheered by friendship's smile,
A pleasant look or kindly word
Will ease the hardest toil.
As hamely thocht, when richt applied,
Is whiles the safest cure,
Sae, little pity often cheers
Affliction's tryin' hour.

To laugh wi' frien's when they rejoice
Is, nae doubt, unco weel,
But when you see them in distress,
O, dinna turn the heel :

Help is maistly needed
When misfortunes owre us lower ;
Then, be kind to ane anither
In affliction's tryin' hour.

The sacred page maun aye be true,
An' it does plainly tell
To lay oor neighbour's cause to heart,
An' love him as oorsel'.
He wha this noble lesson minds,
His just reward is sure ;
A healin' balm will cheer him through
Affliction's tryin' hour.

ALEXANDER BUCHANAN.

1817-1852.

ALEXANDER BUCHANAN was born in 1817 at Buchlyvie, where his father was engaged as a maltster. He received part of his education in Glasgow, but he was chiefly self-taught. While in his youth he began to write verses, and produced some very respectable poetry. After serving his apprenticeship, he started in business as a draper in Cowcaddens, Glasgow. Here he was engaged for some years; and on his retirement from commercial life he went to reside at Govan, where he died on the 8th February, 1852. He finds a place in the "Modern Scottish Minstrel" and in "Lays of St. Mungo."

KATIE BLAIR.

I've met wi' mony maidens fair
In kintras far awa',
I've met wi' mony here at hame,
Baith bonnie dames an' braw,
But nae e'er had the power to charm
My love into a snare,
Till aince I saw the witchin' e'e
An' smile o' Katie Blair.

She strays by Kelvin's bonnie banks,
Whaur thick the greenwoods grow,
Whaur waters loupin' drouk the leaves,
While merrily they row.

They drouk the lily an' the rose,
An' mony flowerets fair,
Yet they ne'er kiss a flower sae sweet
As winsome Katie Blair.

She is a queen owre a' the flowers
O' garden an' o' lea,
Her ae sweet smile mair cheering is
Than a' their balms to me.
As licht to morn, she's a' to me,
My bosom's only care;
An' worthy o' the truest love
Is winsome Katie Blair.

DAVID TAYLOR.

1817-1867.

DAVID TAYLOR, known in the locality in which he lived as "the St. Ninians Poet," was born at Dollar, and was the child of somewhat unfortunate circumstances. His father, also named David Taylor, was a builder in Auchtermuchty, in Fifeshire. As such, he seems to have met with success, and in the course of time "wooed and won" the daughter of a supervisor in Cupar Fife. Some time after the marriage Taylor eloped with his domestic servant, Janet Eadie by name, and settling down in Dollar (man and wife of course in the eyes of the world), the subject of our sketch was born to them on the 4th April, 1817. Shortly after his birth the family removed to St. Ninians, a weaving village near Stirling, and here the poet spent the greater part of his life. Taylor, after receiving what education was considered necessary, was apprenticed to the handloom weaving, which calling afforded him the means of existence.

During his early years he began to clothe his thoughts in verse, his compositions generally finding publicity in the *Clackmannanshire Advertiser*. While resident in St. Ninians he contributed to the "Poet's Corners" of *The Stirling Observer* and *The Stirling Journal*. He was also a contributor to the *Alloa Journal* during the time he was employed in Alloa. His premier song is undoubtedly "The Proof o' the Puddin's the Preein' o't," and, although perhaps it is

not so generally known now as formerly, it will always be regarded as an admirable specimen of our Doric song.

In addition to his claim as a poet, Taylor deserves some notice as a musician. In the winter months he divided his time and energies between weaving tartan and teaching music. He for a long time conducted a singing-class in the schoolroom at Chartershall, a village a short distance from St. Ninians; and from that school went forth not a few who made names for themselves in the world of music. Taylor was much given to the composing of psalm tunes, and the history of his music is interesting. A choir, which met in Stirling once a week for practice, were the poet's critics. After having written out a piece he set off to Stirling on the choir practice night, manuscript in hand. It was then sung over in presence of the choir and conductor, whereupon corrections were suggested, considered, and, if approved, adopted. One of his song-tunes, and the best—"The Grey Hill Plaid"—finds a place in the *National Choir*.

Taylor died a comparatively young man. In the summer of 1867 he was engaged in a mill at Alva, and it was during this time that he met his death. It was a warm day—the 10th July—his web was completed, and leaving two boys to loom another, he proceeded to the Devon to bathe. Failing to return, the alarm was raised, and after some search his body was discovered in the Devon,—the Devon he had so often mingled with his song.

In 1893 we had the pleasure of collecting his poems, and with a short memoir, notes and glossary, issuing them in book form. The reception accorded to the volume was hearty in St. Ninians, and showed that the poet was remembered with kindly feeling. He finds a place in a work issued some time ago under title "The Poets of

Clackmannanshire." He is also included in D. H. Edwards' "Modern Scottish Poets," while as a musician he is remembered in Baptie's "Musical Scotland."

Taylor's poems and songs evince considerable power. In satire he is strong and forcible, but in his calmer moments, when his lyre is strung for its own sake, his work is characterised by felicity and grace.

THE PROOF O' THE PUDDIN'S THE PREEIN' O'T.

Tune—"Rock and the Wee Pickle Tow."

Young Maggie looks weel, neither foolish nor vain,
 But love keeps folk whiles frae the seein' o't ;
 I'll ken better after I mak' her my ain,
 For the proof o' the puddin's the preein' o't.
 We think lassies at first gentle, modest and kind,
 Like goddesses, lovely, exalted in mind :
 But will we think sae when in wedlock we're joined ?
 The proof o' the puddin's the preein' o't.

I maun tak' the lassie for better for waur,
 My fortune nane need try the spaein' o't,
 For wha can pry into futurity far ?—
 The proof o' the puddin's the preein' o't.
 I'll study to please her as weel as I can,
 And gie her my siller to ware when its wan ;
 I think she will follow economy's plan—
 But the proof o' the puddin's the preein' o't.

She says what is best to do aye she will try,
 But what if she's tryin' the leein' o't ?
 However, I'll come to the truth by and by,
 For the proof o' the puddin's the preein' o't.
 But takin' a wife is a serious joke,
 It's something like buyin' a pig in a pock ;
 She may be a gude ane, she may be a mock—
 The proof o' the puddin's the preein' o't.

OOR AIN SMA' WAY.

We here hae mony changes
Forby the dry and weet,
The cup o' life is mixed wi'
The bitter and the sweet ;
To tak' as fate decrees it,
Nor at it gloom and gley,
Tho' puir, we can be happy
In oor ain sma' way.

Tho' things gang wrang against us
A little noo and then,
To rectify the matter
We 'll do the best we can ;
And when the sun is shinin'
We 'll make oor pickle hay,
An' study to be happy
In oor ain sma' way.

Into the lap o' fortune
Some mortals saftly fa',
While others seem as destined
Thro' life to toil awa' :
But here we needna cavil
'Bout the wherefore and the why,
As lang 's we can be happy
In oor ain sma' way.

What tho' we be neglected
By the purse-prood pampered few,
Wha aiblins think they're made o'
Far better stuff than you ?
They 'll hae their dark December
As weel 's their rosy May ;
Mind that, an' be ye happy
In your ain sma' way.

O Fortune ! fickle goddess,
 We dinna thee implore
 For heaps o' gowd : juist ward aff
 Grim poortith frae oor door ;
 Juist grant as much as moisten
 Oor tenements o' clay,
 An' we'll show the great we're happy
 In oor ain sma' way.

MAMMY'S PET.

A NURSERY RHYME.

My bonnie tottum, Mary,
 I watch ye late and air—
 Ye wee, enchanting fairy,
 Ye're a' your mammy's care ;
 An' though your ain ill-nature
 Mak's peace whiles ill to get,
 I canna flyte, sweet creature,
 Ye're juist your mammy's pet.

Whiles, too, it is provokin',
 Asleep ye winna fa',
 Though I'm the cradle rockin',
 An' singin', "Hushie Ba" ;
 An' when I tak' ye oot o't,
 A hobble ye've to get :
 But, bairnie, wha can doobt it ?
 Ye're juist your mammy's pet.

Few ken the toil and trouble
 That mithers get wi' weans :
 Yet though it e'en were double,
 Ye'd pay me for my pains :
 Your kiss and smile to mammy
 Wad settle a' the debt,
 An' mak' her still say, "Lammie,
 Ye're juist your mammy's pet."

MY AIN GUDEMAN.

Oh dear, dear to me
Is my ain gudeman,
For kindly, frank and free
Is my ain gudeman ;
An' though thretty years hae fled
An' five sin' we were wed,
Few bitter words I've had
Wi' my ain gudeman.

I've had seven bonnie bairns
To my ain gudeman,
An' I've nursed them i' their turns
For my ain gudeman ;
An' aye did early dee,
But the lave frae scaith are free,
An' a blessin' they're to me
An' my ain gudeman.

I cheerie clamb the hill
Wi' my ain gudeman,
An', if it's heaven's will,
Wi' my ain gudeman
In life's calm afternoon
I wad canna toddle doon,
Syne at the foot sleep soun',
Wi' my ain gudeman.

JOHN GREIG AND HIS WIG.

There lived long ago an old Scottish beau,
Not false in heart but in hair,
His name was John Greig, and he sent his wig
To be dressed for a "holy fair"
Somewhere
To be held in the open air.



His barber, the rogue, was as waggish a wag
 As ever dressed wigs for money ;
 Sae, to sort the auld chiel, an' mak' him look weel,
 He sleekit it owre wi' honey ;
 'Twas funny
 That sweet should prove bitter to Johnnie.

When Sabbath came on, in full dress off went John,
 But a travel on foot brings fatigue ;
 Sae, when reachin' the spat, he took aff his new hat,
 There to cool, and to show aff his wig
 Sae trig,
 But the fiends seemed against him to league.

The day being sunny, the scent of the honey
 Brocht bees, wasps, and flees, sma' and big,
 An' when waffin' aff bummers, hale scores o' new-comers
 Danced richt on the tap o' his wig
 A jig,
 To the grief and dismay of John Greig.

When the minister cam' he ga'e oot a psalm,
 John's choir hummed a bass while he sang it,
 But he ga'e them a heave, an' ane waur than the lave
 Lichtit doon on his nose and did stang it ;
 Oh, hang it,
 That ony vile wasp should wrang it.

John heaved like the ocean, in spite o' devotion,
 Shook his heid as he turned the page up,
 Wished the ghost o' King Pharaoh wad come wi' a barrow
 And hurl the plague up to Egypt.
 The sage chap
 Grew fierce as a lion wi' rage up.

Wags on the tent green ne'er enjoyed sic a scene ;
 John on wi' his hat in a flurry,
 While ilk ane there ope'd his een at the prayer,
 An' the serious meeting grew merry—
 Yes, very—
 An' John had to leave in a hurry.

Tho' he flew like a bird, his faes followed hard,
An' seein' they still wad him pyke,
He stampit and swore, an' aff his wig tore,
An' flang 't owre a muckle stane dyke ;
The like
Afore they ne'er gat for a byke.

John at length hame did come, looking unco humdrum,
Tauld name, for a secret he made it :
An' in the calm even he thankit kind Heaven
The bees didna mak' him bee-headit,
Syne gied it
A claw, got a nightcap, and beddit.

But the farce fand its way to the toon the neist day,
An' the barber e'en till 't added lees ;
But after that John wad ne'er put a wig on
For fear o' the swarm o' the bees,
An' flees,
An' the wasps that did him tease.

SIR WILLIAM STIRLING-MAXWELL.

1818-1878.

WILLIAM STIRLING was born at Kenmure, near Glasgow, on the 8th March, 1818, and was the direct representative of the ancient family of Stirling of Keir. The family to which he belonged was for a long course of generations large landowners in the Counties of Lanark, Stirling and Perth. Stirling was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. and M.A. From his early youth he was devoted to literature, and in 1846 he published, for private circulation, "The Songs of the Holy Land." He was for some time resident in Spain, during which he gave much attention to the state of the fine arts in that country, and the outcome of which was his work entitled, "The Annals of the Artists of Spain." In 1852 appeared "The Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles V.," and in 1855 "Velasquez and His Works." William Stirling assumed the additional name of Maxwell on his succession to a baronetcy upon the death of a maternal uncle. Sir William did much to beautify Keir estate, which lies near Bridge-of-Allan. He was member of Parliament for Perthshire for several years, and represented the county in the Conservative interests. He was twice married: first, to Anna Maria Leslie Melville, by whom he had two sons; and second, to a well-known figure in literature—The Hon. Mrs Norton. Shortly after the marriage Mrs Norton died, and was buried in Lecropt Church, in the Keir family vault. Sir William's death took place at Venice in 1878, and he, too, sleeps at Lecropt.

SHALLUM.

Oh, waste not thy woe on the dead, nor bemoan him
Who finds with his fathers the grave of his rest.
Sweet slumber is his who at nightfall hath thrown him
On bosoms that waking had loved him the best.

But freely bewail him, the weary world ranger
Shall ne'er to the home of his people return ;
His weeping worn eyes must be closed by the stranger,
No tear of true sorrow shall hallow the urn.

And mourn for the monarch that went out of Zion,
King Shallum, the son of Josiah, the Just,
For he the cold bed of the captive shall die on
Afar from his land, nor return to its dust.

IN MEMORY OF HANNAH ANN STIRLING.

(On a monument to her memory.)

Sister ! these woods have seen ten summers fade
Since thy dear dust in yonder church was laid ;
A few more winters, and this heart, the shrine
Of thy fair memory, shall be cold as thine.
Yet may some stranger, lingering in these ways,
Bestow a tear on grief of other days ;
For if he, too, have wept o'er grace and youth,
Goodness and wisdom, faith and love and truth,
Untinged with worldly guile or selfish strain,
And ne'er hath looked upon the like again,
Then, imaged in his sorrow, he may see
All that I loved, and lost, and mourn in thee.

JAMES BOLIVAR MANSON.

(GEORGE MURRAY.)

1819-1868.

THERE is always interest attached to a man who, for some reason or other, finds it necessary to change his name. A certain interest attaches to George Murray, latterly and better known as James Bolivar Manson. The reason which necessitated Murray's change of name it is not ours to explain. He was born in 1819, at Kinnoir, near Huntly, where his father owned a small croft. His early years were passed amid rural scenes, far from the reach of society ; but these years were spent in no loose way ; for it was the lad's ambition to become a minister. Accordingly, he engaged in a course of self-instruction as an aid towards his projected studies at the University. In due time he was enrolled a student in Marischal College, Aberdeen, at which Institution he took the Arts classes. After several years' instruction, he left the University with the view of becoming a schoolmaster ; and accepting a post at Inverkeithing, he removed thither. In his college days he was a frequent contributor of verse to the *Aberdeen Herald* and other newspapers. He wrote much ; and, in 1845, selected the best of his effusions, and published them in volume form under title, "Islaford and other Poems : A Book for Winter Evenings and Summer Moods." Although following out the calling of a schoolmaster, Manson still had a yearning for the pulpit, but this he abandoned ere he left Inverkeithing. After being engaged

for some time in Inverkeithing, he vacated his post, adopted the calling of tutor to private families, and, as such, filled several situations. In 1845 he was appointed headmaster of Bannockburn School. While resident here, he entertained the idea of journalism as a profession, and his first position was the editorship of the *Stirling Observer*. After editing this weekly for some time he removed to England, where he was employed as editor of the *Newcastle Daily Express*. In that situation he was engaged until 1862, when he went to Edinburgh as one of the editorial staff of the *Daily Review*. The duty relegated to him in this appointment was that of principal leader writer, and in the discharge of it he was engaged until his death, which occurred in 1868. His end was tragically sudden. Engaged at his ordinary work, he was busy writing a leader welcoming John Bright to Edinburgh, when his death took place. His wife going into the room thought him asleep, but found he had entered into his rest. The unfinished leader was printed; surely of all the welcomes it was the most interesting! Mr Manson's place as a poet is an honourable one, and he is represented in various collections of song—among others, in Rogers' "Modern Scottish Minstrel" and "Edwards' Modern Scottish Poets."

PEGGY RAMSAY.

A birdie sits in yon kirkyaird,
A strange wee bird is he,
For a' the summer time he sat
Upon the willow tree;
And aye he sits and sair he greets,
And sings most mournfully :
 My bonnie Peggy Ramsay,
 O, what has gar'd ye dee?

I chose the mournfu' willow tree
 To hear my notes o' wae ;
 Its lang leaves hinging over
 Hae withered or their day ;
 Already, they 've begun to fa',
 There 's naething lives wi' me—
 My bonnie Peggy Ramsay,
 O, what has gar'd ye dee ?

I loved a flower, a little flower,
 And warbled for its sake ;
 Thought I, nae storm was rude enough
 The gentle stalk to break ;
 I flew awa' and gathered moss
 To big my nestie wi'—
 My bonnie Peggy Ramsay,
 O, what has gar'd ye dee ?

Her een were like twa beads o' dew,
 Or violets flung on snaw,
 They never shed a bitter tear
 Till Airlie gaed awa' ;
 The smile fell frae her wan cheek,
 Her love was on the sea—
 My bonnie Peggy Ramsay,
 O, what has gar'd ye dee ?

She doesna ken her Airlie's voice,
 Nor hear his spirit pine,
 The green, green grass is on her breast,
 The green, green wave on thine ;
 My bonnie Peggy Ramsay,
 My jo, my joy was she—
 But oh, my Peggy Ramsay,
 What could hae gar'd ye dee ?

I CANNA BIDE AT E'EN.

I canna bide at e'en
Frae my ain board-en',
There's a wifie and a wean
At my ain board-en';
And a blithesome, beaming e'e
Blinks across the hameward lee,
And a dish is laid for me
At my ain board-en'.

But though I maun awa'
To my ain board-en',
I'll be blithe to see ye a'
At my ain board-en';
Wit mayna aften flash,
But gossips seldom gash,
And scandals never clash
At my ain board-en'.

I hae aye a jug o' ale
At my ain board-en',
An' mony a canty tale
At my ain board-en';
They are wearin' auld I trow,
But they're better far than new,
When tauld by lips we lo'e
At oor ain board-en'.

I hae twa-three miles to gang
To my ain board-en',
And in troth I'm thinkin' lang
For my ain board-en':
And nane will surely blame,
For gin bliss be worth a name,
It is worth the carrying hame
To oor ain board-en'.

BIRD O' FAIRY LAND.

Oh ! fair is Fairy Land,
And the fields where I was roaming,
For the skies of Fairy Land
Are days without a gloaming !

The dundeer's foot is fleet,
But the elfin's foot is fleeter ;
The mountain air is sweet,
But fairy breath is sweeter.

His world has hillocks green,
And no ploughshare can wrang them ;
And he loves his hillocks green,
For there's no ae grave amang them.

My wing is weet and chill
Beneath your cloudy carey,
And I've come against my will
Frae the pleasant land of Faery ;

Ye have called me by a spell
Into your world sae dreary,
Pain, heart-sick youth, to tell
The tidings o' thy deary.

Youth—Then tell me, bonnie bird,
Whaur is the fause heart roaming ?
Bird—With Errington's young lord
She spends the summer gloaming.

Youth—But what wiled her frae me ?
What tak's she a' her pride in ?
Bird—The hope o' high degree,
And a bonnie coach to ride in.

Youth—And is her e'e as clear ?
Her cheek, is't aye as smiling ?
Bird—Ah, no ! she learns to fear,
And feel her lord's beguiling.

Youth—But, birdie, when the neist
Spring flower unfaulds its blossom—

Bird—There's a baby at her breast
And a worm within her bosom !

Youth—And will the fause lord grieve
That has trained her hopes to wither ?

Bird—Ah, no ! he 'll yet deceive
Another and another.

Youth—And what shall be my doom
For loving her so dearly ?

Bird—The heart-break and the tomb,
A cauld, cauld grave and early.

ANDREW ARCHIBALD.

1819-1869.

ANDREW ARCHIBALD was born at Alva, a small weaving town under the shadow of the Ochils, which was until recently a part of Stirlingshire. He was born in 1819, and resided at Alva for the greater part of his life. Known as "Bauldy," he enjoyed a local reputation as a bard. He was a profuse versifier, and his compositions were read with much interest by the circle in which he moved. His musings are marked by lucidity and decision ; and the Editor of a work on the Poets of Clackmannanshire tells us that, notwithstanding the years that have elapsed since his death, his memory is still fresh and green in the minds of all who knew him. He died at Alva on the 10th October, 1869.

TIME'S FLIGHT : OR, OUR FLIGHT THROUGH TIME.

Time flies with lightning speed, or we
Through time with lightning speed are flying ;
And thousands daily bid adieu
To earth, and all its cares and sighing.
From age to youth is but a glance—
Back even to lightsome days of childhood
We plunge through intervening time,
And roam again through glen and wildwood.

It seems as if but yesterday
In childhood's garb we roamed at pleasure
Among the scenes of other years,
To memory dear—reflection's treasure ;

And yet, how oft yon summer sun
Has beamed in glory far above us,
Inspiring us with trust in Him
Whose very nature is to love us.

Our flight through time, or, it may be,
Time's hastening flight when rolling by us,
Has brought us all in contact with
Heart-rending scenes of woe to try us ;
And yet, these trying scenes of woe—
If they but won us to our duty—
A few short days, or months, or years
Dissolved in scenes of love and beauty.

Why should we mourn life's trials brief ?
Kind Providence forgets us never,
And soon will raise all loving souls
Beyond earth's trying cares for ever.
Yon glorious sun, by heaven's dear law,
May gleam on high ten thousand ages ;
But we, through time, rush fleetly on,
To act our parts on other stages.

Life's pilgrimage is short and fleet,
And every hour the scenes are changing—
No institution permanent,
Always requiring rearranging.
But on we rush through weal and woe
To points of time—no tie can bind us ;
Through cherished hours of love and joy
We fly, and leave them all behind us.

When marching through the vale of time,
O, let it be our high endeavour
To leave impressions as we go,
And benefit mankind for ever.
No word we speak, no deed we do,
No smile of love, or marked impatience,
But will affect for weal or woe
The men of coming generations.



Be careful then of idle words,
And simple deeds of thoughtless folly—
They dwarf our own aspiring souls,
And tinge all round with thoughts unholy.
Come, then, while through time's vale we fly,
Let high aspiring thoughts engage us ;
Their very nature is to bless,
And will delight through endless ages.

ANDREW TEMPLETON.

IT is often said that weavers move the world ; and this statement is based on the fact that many weavers have risen to prominent places in the life—social, religious, and political—of the universe. Paisley is known as the town of shawls and poetry ; and it may safely be said that many of the Paisley poets were making shawls with their fingers while they were weaving songs with their brains.

Andrew Templeton was for some time engaged in this occupation. A native of Ayrshire, where his early days were spent, he was long resident in Bannockburn, where he was known as “the poet.” He was for a time in the employment of the Messrs Wilson, manufacturers in Bannockburn, while at a later period he set up in business as a general merchant in the village. He died at Bannockburn a number of years ago. He was a prolific writer, and in the course of his lifetime published several volumes of verse. A man of keen sensibility, his sympathy seems to have been ever with his afflicted brother ; and many of his poems were written on occasions of bereavement, and were a source of consolation to sorrowing friends. This readiness to console a suffering fellow-man won for Templeton greater admiration in Bannockburn than the outer world would have bestowed on his verse. He very rarely harped on a secular string ; but when he did so his efforts were more successful than when he wrote in a religious strain.

THE LASS O' BANNOCKBURN.

My dearest lassie blooms sae sweet,
 She charms my soul at every turn ;
 And a' my fond affections beat
 Towards the lass o' Bannockburn.
 Her locks are like the raven's wings,
 Her air is like the spring's return ;
 Her cheeks are like the rose that hings
 Upon the braes of Bannockburn.

I met her where the hawthorn blooms ;
 The mavis sung his gloamin' sang,
 The scented thorn and flowery brooms
 Hung o'er the cliffs where echoes rang.
 She pressed my hand in love, and sighed ;
 I pressed hers gently in return :
 And aye her loving looks replied—
 “There's nane like you at Bannockburn.”

The moon shone o'er the Ochil hills,
 And peaceful was the starry night ;
 And there the falling dew distils
 Her pearl drops to morning light.
 And there I vowed I would be true ;
 She pledged her honour in return ;
 And still our love the stronger grew
 Upon the braes of Bannockburn.

THE HUSBAND'S SONG.

I love her weel—have loved her long—
 She's constant, kind, and cheerie, O ;
 And aften she has cheered me on,
 When a' was dark and dreary, O.
 She's been my wife for twenty years,
 Has had ten bairnies bonnie, O,
 And still to me as young appears
 As when she ne'er had ony, O.

Our love is no the wild romance
That youthfu' dreamers cherish, O ;
Nor like the lightning's hasty glance,
That brightens but to perish, O.
'Tis like the fountain rising pure,
Or like a flowing river, O ;
Our mutual love shall aye endure,
And grow and bloom for ever, O.

JOHN BLAIR.

1819-1889.

JOHN BLAIR was born at Stirling; but for the greater part of his life resided in Edinburgh. Shortly after his birth the family removed to the Capital, and there he received what schooling his father could afford him. The death of his paternal relative brought his educational course to a close when he was only eight years old; as at that early age he had to apply himself to work. He was engaged in various occupations for some time, but was permanently settled as a typefounder with the Marr Foundry Coy. when he was sixteen. After serving his apprenticeship to this craft, Blair sought his fortune in London, where he worked for some years. Returning to Edinburgh, he was re-employed by the Marr Foundry Coy. During his residence in Edinburgh he was an occasional contributor to the columns of the daily newspapers, many of his themes being found in the advocacy of the rights of the people. That he was one whose aim in life was the bettering of his fellow-men is evidenced by the fact that he was one of the leaders in the Chartist movement. He figured for some time in prose, he being the principal leader-writer on the staff of the now defunct *North British Express*.

In his more immediate avocation, that of typefounding, he was well known by having taken a prominent part in the discussion on the advisability of a system of interchangeable type bodies. Blair argued strongly against the

change. After some years' service he was promoted to the post of manager, and latterly became part-proprietor of the Marr Foundry Coy.

Blair was well known in Friendly Societies. He was the Laureate of the Order of Oddfellows, and was also a prominent Freemason. In 1888 he collected his compositions and published them, with the title, "Masonic Songs, Oddfellows' Songs, and Other Rhymes." The publication of his volume was the binding of the sheaf. He died at Edinburgh in the following year. His poems mirror to some extent their author: they are marked by kindness and sympathy.

THE SCOTCH BAWBEE.

While "money makes the mare to go,"
And tax on tax is piled,
While gain and profit only show
Extravagances wild ;
While credit boldly rides the wind
And men say trade is free,
A Scotchman never fails to mind
The power of the Bawbee.
In native modesty
The power of the Bawbee
Is known by land and sea,
The ever true Bawbee.

The Sovereign in its golden power
Much empty pride betrays,
The mighty Dollar of the hour
Its rounded strength displays ;
But both depend for strength and weight,
Whate'er their pomp may be,
On items anything but great,
Such as the wee Bawbee.

It lays the found, it builds the walls
 Of Fortune's wondrous pile ;
 The nest-egg of those stately halls
 Where opulence doth smile.
 When waste hath neither robbed nor ruled,
 But thrift a lesson learned,
 The wee Bawbee thus all hath schooled—
 “Live on the means you 've earned.”

No miser spirit prompts the song ;
 It gives but honest praise
 To whom of right it doth belong,
 True sterling worth to raise.
 Though upper structures grace the land,
 They may take wings and flee,
 If their foundations do not stand
 True as the wee Bawbee.

CHARITY.

Charity in goodness lies—
 Strong in purpose, ever wise ;
 Brother thus to brother cries,
 Hail to charity !
 Charity is great of heart,
 Charity's a noble part,
 Charity can aye impart
 Love and purity.

Hand in hand the Lodges go,
 Motives worthless to o'erthrow,
 And to give, without a blow,
 Truth and victory.
 Charity—in fullest sense—
 Charity's a power immense ;
 Charity shall vanish hence
 Pride and jealousy.

Mark its power on men and things,
Bondmen up to mighty kings !
Mark the blessing that it brings
 In adversity.
Charity shall aye endure,
Charity is sweet and pure,
Charity is ever sure—
 Kind 'twill ever be.

Purifying, raising all ;
Never deaf to mercy's call,
Justice metes to great and small—
 All to this agree.
Charity fair play demands,
Charity, the first of grands !
Charity hath open hands :
 Hail to charity !

A MASONIC TOAST.

Here's a health to the Craft, whose friendship we've quaffed,
 May it ever be found in good fettle ;
Success hath well crowned its efforts all round,
 And its ring is the ring of true metal.

As can easily be traced, its heart is right placed,
 Though controlled by clear-headed decision ;
Yet it never was known a mean thought to own,
 Nor to put a good cause to derision.

Success often brings the spirit that clings
 To meanness and notions close-fisted ;
But the Craft knows no case, for 'twould be a disgrace,
 Where its open hand hath not assisted.

Through a much-chequered life, 'mid business and strife,
 It hath held its "put" good 'gainst all comers ;
And though we are told its records are old,
 'Twill live crowds of winters and summers.

ROBERT FERGUSSON.

1819-1895.

ROBERT FERGUSSON, a most enthusiastic descendant of his clan, was born at East Stronvar, in the Parish of Balquhidder, in 1819. Here, amid the scenes of the exploits of the immortal Rob Roy, his early years were spent. His education was begun in the parish school, which at that time was situated close to the churchyard in which is interred the dust of Rob Roy and Helen MacGregor. At this school Fergusson distinguished himself in various tasks, especially in the study of Gaelic; and when, in 1834, a competition in this subject was held, open to the pupils of the three schools of the parish, he carried off the first prize. On his removal from Balquhidder he came to Stirling, where he continued his education. Resolved on becoming a teacher, he took up the work at Dalveich, Locearnside, then removed to Strathyre, after which he returned to Stirling to fill an appointment under the now defunct "Stirling and Bannockburn Caledonian Society." Under the auspices of this society a class of boys, numbering thirty, was instructed in the Trades' Hall, Stirling, in various branches of education. As tutor to these lads Mr Fergusson remained in Stirling for four years. Leaving here he proceeded to Dunfermline, where he was engaged for ten years. From Dunfermline he went to Edinburgh, and after passing through the Free Church Training College, was appointed teacher in a mission school in connection with the Free Church, near Fordoun. While

acting at this place, in the capacity of schoolmaster, he was frequently called upon to undertake pulpit service. In his pulpit ministrations he preached with much acceptance ; and on one occasion a congregation had resolved on giving him a call ere it learned that he was not a licensed preacher. In 1863 he left Fordoun and came once more to Stirling, this time as schoolmaster of the little village of Raploch, which nestles beneath the gray towers of Stirling town. Here he continued the "delightful task" until the end of June, 1886, when, having completed his jubilee, he retired from office. His love for all things Highland was intense. He was instrumental in raising a monument to Dugald Buchanan, whose spiritual songs are well known to all lovers of Gaelic poetry. His poems appeared from time to time in the columns of the Stirling newspapers ; and several of his songs, wedded to music, have been published in the *National Choir*. He translated with much success some of the poems of Dugald Buchanan and Mary MacPherson—two of the bards who help to keep aglow the flame of Celtic song. A notice of him is given in Edwards's "Modern Scottish Poets." After his retiral from teaching he was resident in Stirling ; and there, after a short illness, he died in 1895. He lies in Balquhidder Churchyard.

MY MARIANNE.

My Marianne is sprightly,
She's young and fu' o' glee ;
Her heart is light and joyful,
Her mind is gay and free.
The bee upon the blossom,
The lambkin on the lea,
The morning lark upspringing,
Nae blither is than she.

My Marianne is lovely,
 Love sparkles in her smile ;
 She looks sae kind and winning,
 She's frank and free o' guile.
 I love the blushing roses,
 I love the budding tree ;
 They mind me o' my lassie,
 Sae sweet and dear to me.

Lang, lang may she be happy,
 Nae cares her heart to sear :
 Nae grieves her brow beclouding,
 But ilka bliss to cheer.
 O may her bark glide gently
 O'er life's oft troubled sea,
 And land 'midst lasting pleasures
 Which time can never gie.

THE ISLE OF THE MIST.

(From the Gaelic of Mary MacPherson.)

Though trials great, and sorrow,
 My gray head now enshroud,
 And my life's sun is setting
 Behind a darksome cloud,
 Yet still I'm fondly longing—
 O, would the day were come !—
 To see my wingèd Island,
 My native Highland home.

'Tis forty years and more now
 Since out from home I set,
 And in the city's waters
 Cast forth my fishing net ;
 And though I got a fisher
 To fill my house with store,
 Yet still I ne'er forgot thee,
 My native home of yore.

All who have ears to hear it,
Or tongues the tale to tell,
Come join with me in singing
The woes that us befell :
How thousands of our people,
From hill and glen were torn,
And far across the ocean
From their loved isle were borne.

Farewell, dear friends and kinsfolk,
Wherever you may roam,
Both young and old in exile,
Far from our island home.
And oh ! remember Mary,
When laid her sires among ;
'Twas cruel wrong and sorrow
First woke her soul to song.

THE DREAM.

(From the Gaelic of Dugald Buchanan.)

As I reclined in sleep's embrace,
And idly dreamed as others do,
I seemed to grasp sweet pleasure's cup,
But ah ! it vanished from my view !
Methinks that one beside me stood,
Who to me said, " O fool thou art
To think that thou canst hold the wind,
Or that the world can fill thy heart.
'Tis vain for thee to look for rest
In anything or place here given ;
No peace for thee this side the grave,
Nor for thy soul this side of heaven.
Some crook is in thy every lot,
But hope bespeaks relief for thee ;
'Tis just at hand, 'tis almost thine,
Yet 'tis not thine, and ne'er will be.

No test nor trial will thee warn
From trusting in the false and vain ;
A thousand times it has thee mocked,
Still thou wilt trust it once again.
Each peat has its own little smoke,
And pain will aye to pleasure cling ;
The roses grow on prickly stems,
Close to the honey lies the sting.
Think not the folk who roll in wealth
Are happier than their brother man ;
Some dregs are seen to rest beneath
The clearest spring that ever ran.
When God sent manna from above,
His people gathered less or more ;
Who gathered little had no lack,
Who gathered much had nothing o'er.
'Tis thus with every worldly bliss
That mortal man on earth can share ;
Set o'er 'gainst wealth and courtly rank
Stands cankering and corroding care.
Though gold thou in thy scale shouldst pile,
The opposing lead will grow as fast ;
Nor will the scale e'er lowered be
Though kingdoms should in it be cast.
Each one his proper portion has ;
And though he seek a larger share,
Yet will the greater never help
To free him from his load of care.

WILLIAM BRUCE ROBERTSON, D.D.

1820-1886.

WILLIAM B. ROBERTSON of Irvine, one of the most prominent men of the United Presbyterian Church, was born at Greenhill, in the parish of St. Ninians, on the 24th May, 1820. His boyhood was spent there, and his early education received at a school at "The Camp," which is a row of colliers' houses in the vicinity of Greenhill. In his eighth year he left school at "The Camp," continuing his studies under his brother; and such progress was made, that in 1832, at the age of twelve, he was enrolled a student of Glasgow University. In the various studies he acquitted himself with credit, distinguishing himself in the Greek class for metrical translation. After some sessions at Glasgow he went to Edinburgh, and while there made the acquaintance of Thomas De Quincey and Dr John Brown. After taking the prescribed curriculum, he resolved, on the advice of De Quincey, to study for a year at one of the universities of Germany, and was thus the means of reviving a custom which, among Scottish students, had fallen into disuse. Proceeding to Halle, he was there for a year, at the expiration of which he determined on a journey up the Rhine, through Switzerland, and thence over the Alps into North Italy. He kept a journal of this travel, which conveys his impressions of the men and manners he met and saw.

In the spring of 1843, a few months after his return to Scotland, he received license at the hands of the Secession

Presbytery of Stirling and Falkirk. It was at this time that he adopted the surname "Bruce," as a means of distinction from another William Robertson, then also a probationer of the Secession Church. Immediately he was licensed he received a call to Irvine, and, after due consideration, accepted it. He was ordained to the charge on the 26th December, 1843. He laboured faithfully in his work, taking a special interest both in Home and Foreign Missions. He was beloved by his people, and requited it in such measure, that when, twelve years later, he received a call to a Glasgow church, he refused it. In 1854 he published a collection of hymns under the title of "Hosanna." It is manifest, says his biographer, that the compiler had a high ideal, and that he was seeking gradually to educate the Church in Scotland to a worthier service of praise. In that revival in church life which made its influence felt in Scotland in 1859, Robertson took a prominent part, and engaged in aggressive evangelical work. In 1861 two calls came from Glasgow, but both were refused. In the spring of 1869 the University of Glasgow conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. In 1871 Dr Robertson was laid aside by serious illness, and this so far interfered with his labours, that it was found necessary, after some years, to appoint a colleague to share his work. During his illness, the respect in which he was held by his church at large took tangible form, and he was the recipient of a gift of five thousand guineas. From this illness Dr Robertson never recovered sufficiently to again enter on his work. For some years he travelled in search of health; but the reinvigorating influences of scenery and climate were counteracted by successive bereavements. In 1878 he formally retired from the work of his charge, vacating his "manse," but still retaining the position of

senior minister. He then removed to Bridge of Allan, where his closing years were spent, and where he died on 27th June, 1886. He was interred in the churchyard of St. Ninians. His poems are usually of a religious character, and bear the impress of the high worth of the man. Occasionally, however, he strings his lyre in a different key, when his verses are characterised by a pleasing humour.

“TALL AND ALONE.”

Tall and alone, on the flat headstone,
Where her sailor husband lay,
She stood looking down o'er the sloping town,
To the harbour and the bay,
With face set fast 'gainst the biting blast,
And the freezing sleet and spray.

The only son of this widowed one
Was toiling to cross the bar,
And she saw his boat to the leeward float,
With the breakers stretching far ;
And she held her breath, for she knew that death
Must be where the breakers are.

Still' slowly he rowed ; oh ! pitiful God !
The widow and orphan's stay !
A strange hour passed, and the bitter blast
Still drove the boat away
To the leeward far of the harbour bar,
And the entrance to the bay.

And there she stands with her praying hands,
Like sculptured marble form,
Statuesque on the tomb of the husband, whom
They had laid in the earth one morn ;
While her boy to save, from a watery grave,
She prays, and he fights the storm.

Darkness came down over bay and town
 As the steeple clock struck three,
 A heavy rain-squall so blackened all
 That nothing could she see,
 And a hollow roar went down the shore
 Where the hollow breakers be.

But still she stands, with her praying hands,
 That succour from Heaven sought,
 Till after the rain, when it cleared again,
 Oh God ! where is the boat ?
 Gone down a wreck—and only a speck
 Is seen on the waters afloat !

She did not shrink, she could not think,
 She stood, like marble, dumb ;
 Only tears to her eyes in silence rise,
 Not floods of tears—but some,
 While the spirit moans with the speechless groans
 That with deepest anguish come.

They brought her down to her house in town,
 And laid her on a bed ;
 She never spoke, for her heart it broke,
 And no more tears were shed ;
 But, like marble still, as pale and chill,
 Next morning she lay dead.

On the brown seaside, at the ebb of tide,
 A breathless form was found
 When the hollow roar went down the shore ;
 Had the noble boy been drowned !
 So not alone, by the flat headstone,
 They rest in holy ground.

I hope all three, where there's no more sea,
 Have met before the throne,
 And that the twain, now living again,
 Shall hear Christ say to the one,
 Behold thy mother ! and to the other,
 Woman, behold thy son !

STAGE SCENERY.

Scenery, nothing more I ween,
Painted on a shifting screen,
Painted river, wood and hill,
Painted city, sun and star,
Things that rather seem than are—
Nothing real—hearts to fill,
Mere illusion for the eye,
Stage play and stage scenery !

Stage griefs are not really sad,
Stage joys are not really glad,
Real bargains are not made
On the streets of masquerade.
Crowned kings, when the play is ended,
Lay aside their robes of pride,
Sceptred, throned, and slave-attended,
Yet poor men enough outside.

Weddings on the stage ! No ! Both
Bride and bridegroom plight their troth,
Endless as the ring between :
Yet full soon the marriage oath
Comes dissolved behind the screen ;
For these stage brides are not wed,
And their dead, too, are not dead,
Though across the stage with pall
Sadly borne by mourners all
In a doleful funeral.

Then—"the time is short"—the time
Shut in by a second coming,
Deeds of long years, deeds sublime
In a little night play summing ;
And droll little Pantomime
Playful plucks, in passing by,
Thy black robe ! grim Tragedy !

On—the mystic drama moving—
 Hoping, fearing, hating, loving,
 And the angel over all,
 With the trump of God down-bending,
 At whose blast the screen shall fall,
 And another curtain rending,
 'Twixt the seeming and the true,
 Brings the Eternal Real to view.

How then does the lesson run ?
 "Having wives as having none,
 Weeping as not weeping be,
 And rejoice not merrily.

"Buy—thy grasp on bought things loosing,
 Use this world as not abusing" ;
 For, as actors well should know,
 It is all mere passing show—
 Passing show, and seeming all,
 And the curtain soon to fall
 On things seen and temporal !

Weep ! weep truly, for dead souls,
 Lest when bell of judgment tolls,
 Darkness, with her hearse and pall,
 Gives them dismal funeral ;
 For the rest refrain from weeping,
 For they are not dead but sleeping.

Rachael weeps no more at Rama,
 In the last act of the drama ;
 For her children's shroud and clay
 Are the things that pass away.

MARGARET.

A BIRTHDAY WISH.

Minstrel monks in days of old
 Sang some quaint conceits and pretty,
 Of those twelve pearls set in gold,
 That make gates into the city.

Such a gate among us set,
 Such a pearl and fairer yet,
 Mayst thou be pearl Margaret !

Jasper,¹ like the earth, is green,
 Sapphire,² azure like the sky ;
 And like fires that glance between,
 The pale-flamed chalcedony.³
 Such like pearl, or fairer yet,
 All pearl beauties in thee met,
 Mayst thou be pearl Margaret !

Emerald,⁴ greener than the spring,
 Black sardonyx,⁵ red and white ;
 Sardius,⁶ with its crimson ring,
 And the gold-flamed crysolite.⁷
 Such like pearl, or fairer yet,
 All pearl beauties in thee met,
 Mayst thou be pearl Margaret !

Beryl⁸ hath tears that sunlight hold,
 Topaz⁹ flashes dazzling blaze,
 And with sprinkled drops of gold
 Shines the purple chrysoprase.¹⁰
 Such like pearl, or fairer yet,
 All fair beauties in thee met,
 Mayst thou be pearl Margaret !

Jacinth,¹¹ changing with the sky,
 Vies with rose-flamed amethyst ;¹²
 But what pearl can ever vie
 With young lips no guile has kissed ?
 And all stars must wane and set
 Where pure eyes dawn, Margaret !

¹ Betokens, they say, evergreen faith. ² Heavenly-mindedness.

³ Humble and earnest prayer. ⁴ Great faithfulness.

⁵ Grief for sin, and purity. ⁶ Cross-bearing. ⁷ Charity.

⁸ Hope in sorrow. ⁹ Holiness. ¹⁰ Love or charity amid suffering.

¹¹ Adaptation to circumstances. ¹² Spiritual beauty.

Good, be thou then—more than fair,
 For mere beauty may befool,
 Though our hearts to temple prayer
 Go best through “Gate Beautiful.”
 So to the holy, nearer yet,
 Through thee, pearl gate ‘mongst us set,
 May we come pearl Margaret.

THE GUID AULD KING.

The guid auld king went a May wooing,
 And oh ! but the beggar lass was bonnie ;
 The auld king said, My very pretty maid,
 I'll marry you rather than ony ;
 Marry you, marry you, marry you, marry you,
 I'll marry you rather than ony.

The bells did ring, and the choirs did sing,
 And they rade to the kirk on the causeway,
 And the guid auld king had a merry wedding,
 When he married the bonnie beggar lassie ;
 Married, married, married, married,
 When he married the bonnie beggar lassie.

The guid auld king was a waefu' man—
 And oh ! but he lo'ed her rarely !—
 When aff she ran wi' a gaberlunzie man,
 And the auld king grat fu' sairly ;
 Grat, grat, grat, grat,
 And the auld king grat fu' sairly.

She hadna been but a fortnicht a queen,
 When the bonnie beggar lassie grew weary ;
 She took aff her croon, and she laid it doon,
 And she said, “ Whaur's Jock, my dearie ? ”
 Jock, Jock, Jock, Jock,
 And she said, “ Whaur's Jock, my dearie ? ”

Oh ! there comes Jock, wi' his auld meal-pock,
It was in the mornin' early ;
And afore the king rase and had gotten on his claes,
She's up and she's aff wi' him fairly ;
Aff, aff, aff, aff,
She's up and she's aff wi' him fairly.

Oh ! whaur are ye gaen, my bonnie, bonnie wean,
But Jock said, "Never to mind him" ;
So aff they ran, the gaberlunzie man,
And his ain true luve behind him ;
Luve, luve, luve, luve,
And his ain true luve behind him.

JAMES HENDERSON.

Born 1824.

A NATIVE of Denny, James Henderson was born on the banks of the historic Carron, on the 2nd of November, 1824. His childhood days over, he removed to Glasgow, where he was engaged in mercantile pursuits. Strongly influenced by sentiments of patriotism, and deeply imbued with life and nature in its ever-varying shapes, says Rogers, he found relaxation from business in the composition of verses. In 1848 he collected his effusions, and published them under title, "Glimpses of the Beautiful, and Other Poems." This volume was favourably received by the press. In 1849, having proceeded to India, he became engaged as a commission merchant, and after a few years abroad returned to Glasgow, where he settled as an East India merchant.

THE SONG OF TIME.

I fleet along and the empires fall,
And the nations pass away
Like visions bright of the dreamy night
That die with the dawning day.
The lordly tower and the battled wall,
The hall and the holy fane,
In ruin lie, while I wander by,
Nor rise from their wreck again.

I light the rays of the Orient blaze,
The glow of the radiant noon ;
I wing my flight with the sapphire night,
And glide with the gentle moon.

O'er earth I roam, and the bright expanse
Where the proud bark bounds away,
And I join the stars in their choral dance
Round the golden orb of day.

I fleet along and the empires fall,
And the nations pass away
Like visions bright of the dreamy night
That die with the dawning day.
The sceptre sinks in the royal hall,
And stilled is the monarch's tread ;
The mighty stoop as the meanest droop,
And sleep with the nameless dead.

ANDREW MARSHALL.

1824-1892.

THERE have been few sadder lives than that which in this sketch we have to record. Andrew Marshall was born in the village of Walkertown, near Leslie, in Fifeshire, in 1824. At the time of his birth his father was employed in a woollen mill in Walkertown, but removed to Alva in Stirlingshire, where he was long engaged in the manufacture of shawls. Marshall received his early education at the village school, and the aptness for his studies which he displayed gave much promise for the future. When the time came that he should leave this parochial seminary, his parents determined to supply him with the means of developing his talents, and he accordingly was sent to Glasgow University. He at once proved himself an apt student, and frequently appeared in the honours' lists of different examinations. In his third year he was successful in winning the gold medal for Logic—the subject set being "The Kingship of Christ." His liking for this study, coupled with his achievements, induced him to still further prosecute it, and he accordingly passed two sessions at Edinburgh. After the two sessions at Edinburgh he resolved on taking holy orders, and returned to Glasgow. In due time he entered the Divinity Hall, where he maintained the brilliancy of his earlier career. Opportunities occasionally presented themselves for preaching, and, in anticipation of his being called to the ministry, he availed himself of these. He lectured on several

occasions at towns in the West of Scotland, and, once at least, performed pulpit duty as a preacher. It was in the Parish Church at Rothesay, when he delivered a powerful sermon, thereby evidencing that that ability apparent in his college career was likely to accompany him into ministerial life. It is at this point that the sad side of his career comes into view. Beyond the restraining powers of the paternal roof for the greater part of each year, as one has sympathetically said, he had abundant opportunities for gratifying the cravings of an unnatural appetite. He gave way to drink. With time his fondness for it increased, till at length it interfered with his progress as a theological student. This made itself so felt that, when within a few months of the completion of his divinity course, he was compelled to sever his connection with the University.

At this turn of affairs he proceeded to Alva, where he entered the business of shawl manufacturing, which was then being extensively promoted by his father. Here he continued for some time taking an active interest in the management of affairs. On the death of his father he was deprived of an influence which had helped to stem the tide of misfortune, and from this time may be said to date the hopelessness of his life. The business which had flourished under his father's supervision was sold, the money realised from it supplying him with the means to indulge in his besetting sin. A few years sufficed to squander what he possessed; but, by the death of an uncle, his purse was re-filled. Under this relative's settlement he received a large sum of money. It too, however, was spent, and Marshall stood penniless. Finding that he must live, he turned to weaving. Sinking from bad to worse, he at length discarded the loom, and for the last twelve years

of his life was indebted for his existence to the charity of friends. As old age crept on and he found himself less able to brave the storms of life, he seems to have become resigned to his fate, and lost all self-respect, as he spent his closing years in the lowest of common lodging-houses.

A few months previous to his death he was so far reduced in bodily health that he could not go out of doors on his mission of soliciting charity, and when he applied to the Parochial Board of his parish for assistance he was offered the poorhouse. He had no alternative, and accordingly entered that institution in Stirling. Here he spent some months in suffering, and here, in the summer of 1892, he laid down the burden of his life. It is a sad story—from the pulpit to the poorhouse.

Sunk as he was, he still maintained his intellectual ability. He was a frequent contributor to local newspapers, his writings exhibiting freshness and originality. His most extensive work was a series of sketches of poets of the district around him, which appeared in a local journal. He, himself, was a poet of considerable merit, and appears in "The Poets of Clackmannanshire," and Edwards's "Modern Scottish Poets."

THE SUBLIME.

Not always in the brightest hour
 The plant expands its bloom,
Not always in the fairest bower
 Distils its sweet perfume ;
Not always in the gayest scene,
 Where youth and mirth abound,
Not always in the proudest halls
 Can perfect bliss be found.

The flower will shed its richest sweets
Within the lowly vale,
And in the woodland's calm retreats
The sweetest songs prevail ;
So shall the pure and humble soul,
Upheld by saving grace,
Bloom brightest in the heavenly field,
Where shines the Saviour's face.

THE RIDICULOUS.

The maiden's eye was wet with tears,
The crystal drops coursed down her cheek :
Her bosom heaved with many a sigh,
And told a grief she could not speak.
Her slender fingers pressed her head,
With frantic steps she paced the floor,
And in the transports of her grief
Her bosom smote, and hair she tore.

Young Corydon beheld her plight,
And melting pity thrilled his breast ;
And tenderly his art he tried
To soothe her troubled mind to rest.
The maiden heard his gentle words,
And said, with peevish voice and shrill,
"Sir, if you'd dae me ony guid,
Be quick and bring me in a gill."

LOVING WORDS.

Loving words, like sunlight shining
On some drear and lonely spot,
Cheer the heart when sad, repining
O'er life's dull and cheerless lot ;
Dispel the dismal clouds of care,
Wake the soul to bursts of song,
Make the earth all bright and fair—
"Happy as the day is long."

Loving words are ever fruitful,
Doing good while dwellers here ;
Let them be but pure and truthful,
Springing from a heart sincere.
By their power the weak grow stronger,
Braver face the trials of life,
The hoary head of age makes younger,
Firmer buckled for the strife.

Loving words—they cost but little,
Yet their power for good is great ;
Brace the heart for life's hard journey,
Steel the nerves for any fate.
Grudge not loving words, then, brother,
As along life's path you tread ;
They will bloom and live for ever,
Shedding incense when you're dead.

A DOMESTIC LOSS.

I've lost my little May at last,
She perished in the spring,
When earliest flowers begin to bud,
And earliest birds to sing :
I laid her in a rural grave—
A green and still retreat—
A marble tablet at her head
And violets at her feet.

I would that she were back again
In all her childish bloom ;
My joy and hope have followed her,
My heart is in her tomb.
I know that she has gone from me,
I know that she has fled,
I miss her everywhere, and yet
I cannot think her dead.

I wake the children up at morn,
And breathe a simple prayer,
And draw them round the morning meal,
But one is wanting there.
I see a little chair apart—
A little pinafore,
And memory fills the vacancy
As time will nevermore.

I sit within my quiet room,
And think and think for hours,
And miss the little maid again
Among the window flowers,
And miss her with her toys, beside
My chair in cheerful play ;
And then I turn and look for her—
But she has flown away.

I drop my idle pen, and hark,
And catch the faintest sound—
She must be playing hide-and-seek
In shady nooks around.
She'll come and climb my chair again,
And peep my shoulder o'er ;
Methinks I hear her laugh—but no,
She cometh nevermore.

'Twas only yesternight, alas !
When evening prayers were said,
I lingered for my idol's kiss
Before she went to bed,
Forgetting she had gone before,
In slumbers soft and sweet—
A monument above her head
And violets at her feet.

SONG.

How can I cease to love her,
My brightest and my best?
How can I quell the passion
Warm glowing in my breast?

Love always has its sorrows
To mingle with its bliss,
And often mars the sweetness
That marks the first fond kiss.

But till this life be ended
My darling shall be mine ;
Mine by the love I bear her,
By all its art divine.

I'll never cease to love her
Until my latest breath ;
I'll guard her and I'll bless her
Till life be closed in death.

THOMAS LEARMONT CHAPMAN.

Born 1824.

THE author of several pleasing lyrics, Thomas Learmonth Chapman, first saw the light in the little village of Beancross, in the parish of Falkirk, in 1824. The rudiments of education were received in Polmont Parish School. When eight years of age his parents went to occupy a small farm in the parish of Bothkennar, and Thomas continued his studies at a school there for a period of two years. During these years he was employed as a herd-boy in the mornings and evenings; and, when he was deemed sufficiently educated, he left school and entered country service. He was engaged in this work till 1852, when he was called upon to succeed his father in the farm of Bridgehouse, on the Craigengall estate, in Torphichen. After some fourteen years as farmer there, he leased the farm of Wester Hillhouse on the same estate, and there he is at present resident.

Mr Chapman has identified himself to some extent with local public affairs. He always manifests a keen interest in the welfare of the community, and for some time has been a member of the Torphichen School Board. He possesses, writes one who knows him, a fine fund of dry, pawky, Scottish humour, which generally enriches his public appearances, and enlivens the social hours in the circle of friendship.

Although known as a writer of prose, he was not until recently known as a poet. At least, it was not until the

publication of "The Poets and Poetry of Linlithgowshire" that his poems were given to the world. He was favourably known as a contributor of interesting prose sketches to the columns of the district press, although his natural modesty led him to write anonymously. It is chiefly in the lyric that Mr Chapman woos the muses. His lyrical productions are marked by felicity and tenderness, and are worthy a place in Scottish Song.

BONNIE JESSIE GRAY.

Some love to roam the banks o' Clyde
Wi' a' its haughs sae fair,
While ithers like to wander on
The bonnie banks o' Ayr ;
But dear to me's yon shady walk,
When, at the close o' day,
I wander up the Briggie-side
Wi' bonnie Jessie Gray.

How gaily green yon leafy beech
Whaur hums the toiling bee !
And sweet the laverock's ev'ning sang
On Martin's flowery lea ;
But dearer to this beating heart,
And sweeter far than they,
Is the music frae the honied lips
O' bonnie Jessie Gray.

The noble in his lofty ha'
May woo his gentle bride,
Or lord it owre his vassals a'
In a' his stately pride ;
I'm happier in my russet-plaid,
And blyther far than they,
When roaming on the Briggie-side
Wi' bonnie Jessie Gray.

Now I maun lea' my native land
For yonder foreign shore,
And bid adieu to Scotia's strand
To cross the ocean o'er ;
I'll ne'er forget, whate'er betide,
Though I am far away,
The happy hours on Briggie-side
Wi' bonnie Jessie Gray.

COME AWA', LASSIE BRAW.

Can ye lo'e, my dear lassie, yon wild mossy fells
A' blooming in pride wi' the sweet heatherbells ?
Or the green-tufted heath whaur the crawberries grow ?
Then come awa', lassie braw, dinna say No.

Can ye lo'e the burn, lassie, that fa's o'er the linn ?
Or the craig a' bedecked wi' the bright yellow whin ?
Or the deep woody dell whaur the primroses blow ?
Then come awa', lassie braw, dinna say No.

Can ye lo'e, my dear lassie, yon green plantin' side ?
Or the coo o' the cushat when wooing his bride ?
Or the sang o' the lintie a-courting his jo ?
Then come awa', lassie braw, dinna say No.

Can ye lo'e the flocks, lassie, that graze on the lea ?
Or the wee blushing flow'rets whaur sporteth the bee ?
Or a walk in the gloam, when the sun it fa's low ?
Then come awa', lassie braw, dinna say No.

Can ye lo'e, my dear lassie, my hame on the brae,
That the smile o' my Jessie wad aye mak' sae gay,
Wi' a bonnie wee yairdie whaur simmer flowers blow ?
Then come awa', lassie braw, dinna say No.

Can ye lo'e the lad, lassie, that lo'es nane but thee,
Wha lives on the light o' your saft rolling e'e ?
Or break a fond heart should your answer be No ?
Then come awa', lassie braw, dinna say No.

MY AIN.

O were I the lord o' yon gay gilded mansion,
 Yon fine flowery terrace although it were mine,
 Compared wi' my Lizzie I'd count them but little,
 And freely wad lose them to ca' her my ain.
 How dear to me now is yon seat in the wildwood !
 And fondly I lo'e the sweet walk in the glen ;
 But dearer by far is the smile o' the lassie,
 And welcome the hour when I meet her again.

How sweet is the green o' the wild mountain foxgloves
 Wi' their cup-shaped blossoms a' glist'ning wi' dew !
 And saft is the lay o' the amorous ringdoves
 As they meet in the gloamin' their loves to renew ;
 But fairer than a' the wild flowers o' the forest,
 Mair true than the wild birds that mate in the glen,
 And dearer to me is the voice o' my dearest,
 Wi' her saft-fa'in' whispers that speak her my ain.

A PRAYER.

O Thou that dwellest in Heaven high
 And rulest all things here below,
 Do Thou direct the perfect way—
 The humble way that we should go.

Thou formed us in the mother's womb,
 Thou watched us in our cradle bed ;
 In early youth and manhood's bloom
 By Thee our steps were safely led.

And now when our meridian 's past
 And night of age doth on us fall,
 Thou wert our first, be Thou our last,
 Our life, our hope, our all in all.

JOSEPH MACDONALD.

1827-1893.

JOSEPH MACDONALD, the author of a small volume of poems entitled "The Poetic Storehouse," was for a number of years resident at Falkirk, and was well known in Freemason circles. He took a keen interest in all matters pertaining to Freemasonry, strung his lyre frequently in the cause, and was for a time "Provincial Grand Bard of Stirlingshire." He was a voluminous writer of verses, and his subjects were very often found in the history of his native land. When well up in years he collected his effusions, and in 1893 had them published at Glasgow. In his preface he says his poems are the outcome of an active mind, penned as occasion and inclination dictated. The publication of his volume was the crowning act of his life: he died in the same year. In the "Square and Compasses" column of the *Glasgow Evening News* his death was thus related: "'Found dead,' is the brief record that marks the end of Brother Joseph MacDonald. When, how, or with what thought passing through his mind, is a secret, silent as he is now himself." The neighbours in the place in which he lived had missed him for some time, and, on instituting a search, found him dead. The death of his wife, which occurred in the previous year, had led him to live in close retirement. He was for over thirty years a Freemason, having joined the Order in 1859. A friend of MacDonald, to whom we are indebted for the foregoing information, says that his character was complex:

he had the best emotions of a Hebrew prophet, the daring heart of a Roman soldier, and the haughty spirit of a Scottish chief.

THE MAN WHO LIVES FOR SELF.

The man who lives for self alone
 Forgets he lives but to the end ;
 What has he gained, when life is gone,
 That history will forward send ?
 The gold may glitter on his crown,
 And he may with his millions buy
 The smile of thousands, and renown—
 Yet what are these ? He has to die !

He can but gaze upon the gold—
 It for the hour may pleasure give—
 And he may look both proud and cold,
 But pride will not behind him live.
 The poor man, true, may taste of joy
 Beyond the power of untold wealth,
 And live, but by his hard employ
 With gift of God's abundant health.

The humble, poor, out-laboured wight
 May cheerful do his mortal round ;
 Tho' life to him is all a fight,
 With him a brother's love is found.
 Tho' all may fight and strive for gold,
 And hoard their o'er-abundant gain,
 Yet oh ! how feeble is their hold
 When laid upon a bed of pain.

He who can share a brother's woe
 Upon this sad, uncertain way,
 Is best prepared to meet the blow
 When he has nature's debt to pay.
 The king and beggar well may share,
 They know not what awaite beyond,
 Or which may have the most to spare,
 As what they've here is only loaned.

What leave we here besides the dust ?
As gold and all must crumble down ;
The mind alone is all our trust
And its production is our own.
The starving wretch you treat with scorn
May suffer with a noble soul ;
Although his fate may be forlorn,
He may attain the highest goal.

SONG TO THE LARK.

Sweet lark, thine own enchanting song,
By far the sweetest of the throng
That rise to greet the morning air,
Is Nature's pure and richest prayer.

As to the rising orb of day
Thou welcome giv'st with heavenly lay,
Thou bid'st the drooping spirit rise
With thee and charm the morning skies.

Poet of morn on angel's wing !
'Tis Nature's anthem thou dost sing ;
My unskilled voice would soar with thee
And join in thy serenity.

But no, the gift can ne'er be mine
To tune a lay so sweet as thine ;
Yet I will sing, and with my song
Thy heavenly melody prolong.

The power that toned thy mellow voice
Has raised high thy favourite choice,
So that thou might'st enchant the air,
And ever sing God's glory there.

DONALD MACLEOD, D.D.

Born 1831.

DONALD MACLEOD, the youngest of a family of eleven, was born in the manse of Campsie, in 1831. His father was parish minister of Campsie, and there his early days were spent. In 1835 his father was called to St. Columba's Parish Church, Glasgow, and the family accordingly removed to that city. Like his eldest brother, Norman, Donald was intended for the church, and for this purpose studied and graduated in Glasgow. After graduation he travelled for some years abroad; and, on his return, was for some time assistant to his brother in the Barony Parish, Glasgow. After a year's assistantship he was called to the parish of Lauder, in Berwickshire, and at the end of four years received a call to Linlithgow. He was for seven years parish minister of Linlithgow, and at the end of that time was invited to the Parish of the Park, in Glasgow, to succeed Dr Charteris, who succeeded Principal Caird. He is the minister of that charge at the present time, esteemed by his parish and very many outside it.

In 1872, on the death of his brother, he was called to the editorial chair of "Good Words," which he still occupies. In 1874, the honorary degree of D.D. was conferred upon him in recognition of the Memoir of his brother which he had written. In 1895, he was Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

Dr MacLeod, in addition to the Memoir of his brother, has written "Christ and Society," and "The Sunday Home Service." He has also contributed articles and poems to *Good Words*.

A DAY ON BROADLAW.

(The highest Mountain in Peeblesshire.)

A burst of glorious August weather,
The moorland that I love so well,
Ridge on ridge—a sea of heather,
Rolling up the mountain swell.

O joy to leave the sweltering masses,
Mammon-driven o'er grimy street,
For streams that glide through nibbled grasses,
For cushat's croon and pastoral bleat !

See ! far down on level meadow,
How green the depth of rushy hay ;
See ! shadow softly chasing shadow
O'er all the breadth of hill and brae.

Summer clouds above us hover
Floating from the western sea ;
Scream of whaup and plaint of plover
Make our moorland minstrelsy.

Plunge through golden-dusted heather,
Breast the corrie grey and brown,
Mount where heath and moss together
Lie bare upon our monarch's crown !

Ha ! There's Manor, Meggat, Tala,
Sweet St. Mary's silver gleam,
Hills that look on Ettrick, Gala,
Melrose fair and Yarrow stream.

Skene Loch, open to the heaven,
Lies jewelling its heathy bed,
Deep-throated gameshop, lightning-riven,
Raven Craig and Hart Fell Head.

Beneath us, Tweed, old music singing,
Hurries from her grassy "well";
There Clyde, her flashing waters bringing
'Twixt Tinto Top and Culter Fell.

There's not a burn or streaming "water"
But murmurs some historic tale;
Old song and ancient ballad scatter
A pensive charm on every dale.

The spirit of great days departed
Lives on "Hope," and "Shaw," and "Glen,"—
Homes of the heroes mighty-hearted,
The men who made our Scottish men.

Then drink the draught of Freedom, blowing
From heights which Freedom's battle saw,
And hie you gladly homewards, knowing
You've had a day on high Broadlaw.

MRS MERRYLEES.

Born 1834.

RACHAEL BATES, better known as Mrs Merrylees, is a daughter of the late Dr Bates of Glasgow, and granddaughter of the late Dr Paul of Carrickfergus, one of the leading Covenanters in the north of Ireland, both of whom were highly respected ministers in connection with the Reformed Presbyterian Church. Mrs Merrylees has written many songs, and these are characterised by deep reflective thought and fine musical rhythm. She has been a frequent contributor to the *National Choir*, "The Dayspring," and other magazines. Her marriage with Mr James Merrylees brought her into union with one who could wed her songs to the music they deserved, and the collaboration of poet and musician was invariably a happy one. Mrs Merrylees was for some time resident at Milngavie, and from there went to Dullatur, where she sustained a great bereavement by the death of her husband, which took place on the 31st October, 1891. Mrs Merrylees's songs and poems have met with kindly reception, and many will doubtless be pleased to hear that she anticipates giving them to the world in the more permanent form of a volume.

SWEET ROSE !

Sweet rose ! Sweet rose, who took thee ?
Did summer shower, for love that shook thee ?
Did Autumn gale too rashly prove thee ?
Or " silv'ry lapse of time " remove thee ?
Sweet rose, sweet rose !

Sweet rose ! How much we miss thee !
 So meek, the lowliest breeze might kiss thee !
 The bee (thou didst not once reprove her)
 Took all thy sweets, yet thou didst love her,
 Sweet rose, sweet rose !

Sweet rose ! Thy love, thy duty
 Made thee forget thy peerless beauty,
 And kept thy perfume prayer ascending
 To sunny heaven above thee bending,
 Sweet rose, sweet rose !

Sweet rose ! 'Twas Love who took thee ;
 'Twas no swift rain nor storm that shook thee ;
 A hand came down, lest thou shouldst wither,
 Came down from heaven and took thee thither,
 Sweet rose, sweet rose !

BEAUTIFUL IN FADING.

Leaflets of the ling'ring year,
 Touch'd with Autumn shading,
 Lie with other mem'ries here,
 Beautiful in fading !
 Did the sunbeams of the past,
 Where your happy lot was cast,
 Kiss your lives away at last,
 Beautiful in fading ?

Thus in pages of the heart,
 Dim with twilight shading,
 Mem'ries group themselves apart,
 Beautiful in fading !
 Shining days of silv'ry flow,
 Hours of heaven on earth below,
 Caught away thro' sunset glow,
 Beautiful in fading !

There low beams of Autumn suns,
Tinged with mournful shading,
Shone upon belovéd ones,
 Beautiful in fading !
When the dark and wintry day
Came with icy sceptred ray,
Love had kiss'd their lives away,
 Beautiful in fading !

Still their memories are ours,
Touch'd with tender shading,
Sweetest of love-scented flowers,
 Beautiful in fading !
Till the heavenly Spring of springs
Give us back our precious things,
Radiant with the light love brings,
 Beautiful, unfading !

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

1835-1875.

ROBERT BUCHANAN, who still lingers in the memories of many natives of East Stirlingshire, was born at Falkirk in 1835. He was educated at the Parish School, and when his school days were over was apprenticed as a currier. During his apprenticeship he was studiously engaged in supplementing what education he had received ; and when twenty-two years of age was nominated to H.M. Customs, and soon thereafter received an appointment as an outdoor officer at Grangemouth. A year after this appointment he was married to Miss Margaret Rankine, a Falkirk "bairn" like himself. After serving for about ten years at Grangemouth, and passing the necessary examination, he was transferred to Dublin, and there appointed examining officer. Fully five years' service here brought him promotion, and he was removed to Londonderry. In 1874 he sustained a great loss in the death of his wife. Shortly after his removal to Londonderry he caught a severe cold. This, neglected at first, settled into an illness he was never able to throw off. He was more or less an invalid till the 31st December, 1875, when his ailments terminated in death. His remains were conveyed to Falkirk and there interred beside those of his wife. Mr Buchanan was a frequent contributor of verse to the local press. "His productions are distinguished," wrote one through whose hands they passed, "for that light fanciful grace and rhythm so conspicuously absent in what are now

termed songs and verse." Like all true poets, says Mr Buchanan's friend, ex-Bailie Christie, J.P., of Falkirk, to whom we are indebted for these particulars, he found sufficient to awaken his muse in his immediate surroundings. His native town and district had natural beauty enough, and his fellow-townspeople sufficient humanity to afford material for his poetic genius.

THE ROYAL BONSPIEL.

Dedicated to a' keen Curlers.

Owre the upland, day is glinting
Wi' a pawkie, lauchin' e'e,
And his crimson streaks are tinting
Festoon'd snawbank, bush and tree.
Kingly winter, crisp and hoary,
Rides the Ochil taps supreme,
While the mantle o' his glory
Spreads awa' owre plain and stream.

Wauken, Laird ! Laird, are ye hearing ?
Heist ye, half the morning's lost
(Guidsake, keep a man frae swearing,
But he's maist as deaf's a post).
Loch and dam and pond are frozen
Hard as nails the kintry roun',
Yet, amang the blankets dosin',
There ye sooch, ye cauldrie loon.

Up ! for grand auld Sauls o' curling—
Anakims wi' hearts o' steel—
Lang to vie the war-dowg's hurling
In the warld-famous spel.
Up ! for, wheest, my man, I hear ye,
And like curler keen obey ;
Heart and hand, and sowl ne'er fear me ;
Thousand broom cowes !—redd the way.

On Blackford's royal fields of ice, whaur curling kings in battle
 Ha'e aft hilarious roared, amid the hoolish boorder's rattle ;
 Frae east and west, frae north and sooth, the curling clans are
 meeting,
 And roun' about gaes merrily a curler's hearty greeting.

The pick an' wale o' sire an' son—auld Scotia's men o' mettle,
 Frae 'yont Dunbar to brig o' Ayr, in famous curling fettle,
 Ha'e crossed the Forth to meet the North and fecht for curling
 glory,
 Wi' Ailsa Craig and Crawford John renowned in curling story.

The North has sent her gallant knights o' broom and speckled
 granite,
 Led on by sturdy Atholl men, wi' Atholl brose and bannet ;
 While Perth and Doune and douce Dunblane aroon the standard
 rally,
 Wi' mony ither curling clans frae hillside and frae valley.

Up thro' the mists on towering hills the red, red sun is gleaming,
 And doon upon the stirring scene his cheerfu' rays are beaming ;
 The frosty air is keen and snell, heart-heezing and inspiring,
 The young wi' courage for the spel, the auld wi' vigour firing.

Soop the rink an' mak' the rings ; weel dune, my hearties, steady !
 Set the crampets, draw the lines, oor motto, "aye be ready" ;
 This day we maun uphau'd oor fame, and place on gouden pages
 The record o' oor douchty deed for yet unborn ages.

Hurrah ! the starting signal booms (noo, billies, mind the scorin'),
 And up the rinks, wi' ne'er a curve, a hunner stanes are roarin'.
 "Pat lid," "weel drawn," "jist fled the tee," or "lazy, laddie, lazy,"
 Resounds aroun' in every key, eneuch to ding ye crazy.

Grandly played, my dainty cock, my blessings aye be wi' ye ;
 There's ne'er a curler in the land could haud the can'le to ye.
 Noo "hirsel" cautious up the ice and lie beside the winner ;
 He's raging ! peuch ! an' owre a' ice, as I'm a leevng sinner.

Brush up, my hearts of oak, lay broom and baird thegether ;
Soop, soop ! she's owre : weel may they claw their puzzled pows
and swither ;
We're lying shot afore the gairds, sae snug and cunnin' happit,
And no a "weke" within the rings for skilfu' hand to chappit.

Noo up the "frost" wi' heels, my lad ; O dinna spare the poother ;
Swing high owre hip the polished rock, an' yerk her frae the
shoother ;
Attend her, men, she comes ; ha ! ha ! she's on, I'se wad a guinea,
Ay, an' scattered desolation like a stirk amang the cheenie.

An' thus the spel gaes bravely on, and keen, keen is the clamour ;
Here's "crack an egg" or "lay a gaird," and there "lay on the
hammer" ;
This clan is up, anither's doon, a third is deep in wrangle,
Till bearded men are like to fecht, and owre a hair-breadth cangle.

The sun gaes doon owre hoary "Ben" and gloaming shades are
nearing,
And weary curlers quit the ice, some girning and some cheering ;
But visions bricht o' beef and greens, wi' mony a reaming cappie,
To ane an' a' come up to view, and mak' them croose and happy.

Hurrah for Scotland's manly game ! her glorious game o' curling !
Whaur peer and peasant meet alike wi' brooms triumphant swurling ;
It nicks the craig o' canker'd care, gi'es life, new hopes and vigour ;
Gae try its power, for jist ae hour, when King Frost reigns wi'
vigour.

JAMES KIRKWOOD.

Born 1837.

JAMES KIRKWOOD was born at Garth Farm, Denny, on the 30th August, 1837. His great-grandfather came from Linlithgowshire, early in the last century, to Kirkland Mill, Dunipace, and about the year 1756 removed to Garth. Since then this farm has remained in the hands of the Kirkwoods, the subject of this notice being a representative of the fourth generation in occupancy. James's mother, Mary Bowie, who was a native of the parish of St. Ninians, was wont to repeat to him pieces which she had composed in her youth, and it is to her that he attributes his love for poetry and his own inclinations towards verse writing. James was educated at the Denny parish school; but, like many other farmers' sons, his attendance was broken when harvest operations were being carried on, as he was invariably called upon to lend a helping hand. He has a fondness for poetry, Burns being his favourite, while Ramsay, Campbell, Goldsmith and Gray are the others he admires most. He is also fond of history and biography, and is an ardent antiquarian, having quite a collection of ancient relics which he delights to show to those who may have similar tastes.

ON A WATERLOO VETERAN.

At last from pain and poverty set free,
And all the various ills of life, is he,
The limping veteran, once his country's shield,
Who faced her foes on many a blood-stained field;

Who stood undaunted when the tubes of death
Were slaughtering thousands with their blasting breath ;
Who saw companions stricken by his side,
And groaning, die, immersed in war's red tide ;
Yet strode o'er carnage with courageous zeal,
And charged Britannia's foes with pointed steel,
Till the great Tyrant from his throne was hurled,
Who kept repose and peace from half the world.
With many a scar, but with a victor's smile,
When he returned to Albion's sea-girt isle
To claim the care he merited so well,
Mark how she served him, while I blushing tell :—
Severely wounded in an arm and leg,
To starve on sixpence daily or to beg ;
A helpless cripple all unfit to toil,
With not one yard his own of British soil,
She left her mangled hero to his fate—
Yes, Britain did, though Britain's wealth is great.
Oft when in boyhood have I heard him tell
His warlike tale, and felt my bosom swell
With various passions as he warmly told
Of battlefields and deeds of heroes bold,
Of routed foes, of glorious victories won,
Of peace restored, and tyranny undone ;
But ah ! now mute is that once rapid tongue
Which loud in praise of British valour rung ;
All-conquering Death, humanity's last foe,
Hath laid at length the valiant warrior low.
No more shall aching wounds disturb his rest,
Nor an ungrateful country grieve his breast ;
His many triumphs he'll recount no more,
Nor tell of raging battle's awful roar.
With no gay, martial pomp was he interred—
Not e'en a farewell shot was o'er him fired ;
And where he lies shall early be forgot,
Since there no carved memorial marks the spot.
O Britain ! why dost thou so ill provide
For thy old heroes of the land and tide ?

Save for their glorious deeds thy honoured name
 Would have been lower on the list of fame.
 Trafalgar's glory, Waterloo's renown,
 Are wreaths they won, which dignify thy crown.
 No bold invaders since the Norman host
 Have dared to drive them from thy rocky coast ;
 Their might in arms has made thee happy smile,
 A peaceful country, a commercial isle :
 Then why so little of thine ample store
 Dost thou, O Britain ! on thy veterans pour ?

POOR LILLIE.

Poor Lillie, thou shalt have no cause
 Thy master's death to mourn ;
 Though he is gone his son remains,
 And thou shalt have thy corn.

Yes ! thou shalt have the kindly care
 My father did bestow,
 Thy willing strength shall ne'er be taxed,
 Nor urged with cruel blow.

He brought thee from beyond the Forth,
 When thou wert young and trig,
 From off Balquidder's sunny braes,
 When fleet was every leg.

Though age and lameness curb thee now,
 Thy mind is willing still ;
 Thou hobblest on with spirit yet,
 In cart, in plough, and mill.

Ah ! many a time he led thee forth
 In summer, at the dawn,
 And watched thee crop the daisies white
 That decked the dewy lawn.

And when cold winter's bitter blasts
Went scudding o'er the plain,
He kept thee, in the stable close,
Secure from wind and rain.

Oft did he dust thy dappled skin,
And lead thee to the well,
And oft thy beauty did he praise,
And all thy merits tell.

For years thou wert his boast and pride,
His servant and his friend ;
So, for his sake, I'll thee respect,
And all thy wants attend.

Should I survive thee, thou shalt have
At last a reeting-place ;
Thy noble frame shall not be torn
To feed the canine race.

Well worthy art thou of a grave,
Yea ! and memorial stone
To mark the spot, and tell thy worth,
In letters 'graved thereon.

PATRIOT SONG.

Ye sunny lands, beyond the main,
Where plenty smiles in store,
Thy charms may tempt our roving sons
To leave their native shore ;

But sunny shores and smiling scenes,
And flowers and fruite, though fine,
Are charms which ne'er shall have the power
To tempt me to leave mine.

Auld Scotland's howes and brae my knowes
Are dearer far to me
Than gold beneath a burning sun,
In lands beyond the sea.

Ambition's restless sons may seek
For wealth beyond the wave;
I'll court contentment in the land
That owns my father's grave.

Nay, I shall never leave that land—
The land where Wallace trod :
The land where Burns the minstrel sang,
And Knox revered his God.

Dear mountain land, though cold thy clime,
And sterile too, thy soil,
Still ! still ! I'll love thee while I live,
Mine own dear native Isle.

JAMES MONTEATH MACCULLOCH.

(JACOB MONTEATH : JAMES SAINT-BLANE.)

Born at Falkirk, March 14, 1841.
Living 1896.

MR D. H. EDWARDS, of Brechin, in the closing sketch of his Fifteenth (and concluding) Volume of "Modern Scottish Poets," was "privileged to reveal the identity of one who has hitherto written songs and composed melodies under various pen-names." The identity revealed was that of James Saint-Blane, author-composer (*inter alia*) of the well-known song, "Maggie, Queen o' Avondale."

We have received permission to print the following selections from the writings of this Stirlingshire Poet, whose latest pen-name—Jacob Monteath—has for twenty years been appended to all his contributions to the National Collection of Music and Song.

THE BRAES AROUND DUNBLANE.

O fair was life as first survey'd
By dear old Allan stream !
No hope beguiled nor trust betray'd
Disturb'd my soul's young dream.
Then love was leal, sans artfu' wile—
Nor knew discord nor wane ;
And friendship lit wi' sunny smile
The braces around Dunblane.

Amid the glitter and the glare
 O' dazing city life,
 My heart is often dull wi' care
 And weary waefu' strife.
 Oh, then, o' faithfu' friends bereft,
 I fret and sigh alane ;
 And wish that I had never left
 The braes around Dunblane.

But wishes now are a' in vain !
 The Fates ha'e made decree :
 In some lone spot across the main
 A rover's death I'll dee !
 Though I maun ne'er old ties renew
 Wi' scenee o' days bygane,
 My mind's fond e'e afar will view
 The braes around Dunblane.

MAGGIE, QUEEN o' AVONDALE.

There's not a gem so rich and rare,
 Nor blooms a flower surpassing fair ;
 There's nane in beauty may compare
 Wi' Maggie, Queen o' Avondale.
 She's free o' fause and artfu' wile,
 Her heart is innocent o' guile,
 Nor shares deceit the winsome smile
 O' Maggie, Queen o' Avondale.
 Maggie, Queen o' Avondale ;
 Maggie, Queen o' Avondale ;
 No gem so rare, nor flower so fair
 As Maggie, Queen o' Avondale.

To win the love o' sic a gem
 Is mair than worth o' diadem :
 The richest gear I wad contemn
 For Maggie, Queen o' Avondale.

Though highest honours a' were mine,
Their loss my heart wad ne'er repine,
Nor sigh ilk pleasure to resign

For Maggie, Queen o' Avondale.

Maggie, Queen o' Avondale;

Maggie, Queen o' Avondale;

No gem so rare, nor flower so fair

As Maggie, Queen o' Avondale.

Gi'e honours to the silly knave,
And wealth to them wha riches crave ;
For me, I'm blest abune the lave

Wi' Maggie, Queen o' Avondale.

And gin she'll no my love disdain,

To take her to the kirk I'm fain ;

Wi' gowden ring make her my ain,

Fair Maggie, Queen o' Avondale.

Maggie, Queen o' Avondale ;

Maggie, Queen o' Avondale ;

Make her my ain at kirk I'm fain,

Fair Maggie, Queen o' Avondale.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

An unco flirt the fair amang,
Yet with a right good true heart ;
The lassie lives na he wad wrang,

The roving Jamie Stuart.

He'll steal a kiss or gi'e a squeeze

In daffing hours o' e'enig ;

The lassies keep their minds at ease—

They ken he's nae ill-meaning.

He's fu' o' funny anecdotes

And wise men's pithy sayings ;

Frae Timbuctoo to John o' Groat's

He kens the hale world's daeing's.

Although to learning deep and great

He makes but scant pretension,

Some fact worth hearing he can state

On any theme you'll mention.

He's great amang the auld Scots sangs—
 Sangs ever new and charming :
 Sae saft he sings o' love's sweet pangs !
 Sae bold o' brave men arming !
 Wi' " Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled "
 He fires our blood right rarely ;
 In sorrow gars us droop our head
 Wi' " Wae's me for Prince Charlie."
 Wi' " Why left I my hame ? " he sways
 'Mang scenes o' youth to tarry ;
 And weel the lover he portrays
 Wi' " Bonnie Annie Laurie."
 Good company, say ane and a',
 The lads as weel's the lassies—
 When Jamie Stuart gi'es a ca'
 A lang night quickly passes.

A REVERIE.

I fain wad hie to Stirling toun—
 The " Bulwark o' the North " ;
 And I wad deem it highest boon
 To see the Links o' Forth.

To climb Dunmyot's rugged side
 Wad mickle pleasure yield :
 What bliss to ramble far and wide
 The famed auld battlefield !

Aweary toil—aweary books—
 Aweary haunts o' men—
 I'd seek repose amang the nooks
 O' peacefu' Jerah Glen.

Through shaggy wood—through village lone—
 Anon by shady lane,
 Wi' lichtesome step I'd wander on
 Till I wad reach Dunblane.

For hours I'd breathe the Lichel air,
 And at the wellhouse rest :
 Then to the auld kirkyaird repair—
 The spot o' a' lo'ed best.

Nor wad I care to farther gang,
 Nor mair o' Scotland see ;
 But there I'd rhyme my last bit sang,
 Then "lay me doun and dee."

IN MEMORIAM—MRS H. M. M.

Born at Sheriffmuir, Scotland.
 Died at London, November 11, 1877. Aged 71.

My mother is dead ! my heart's unco sair
 To think the auld body's awa' :
 O' husband bereft, her bairns a' her care,
 She weel did her pairt to us a'.
 When ane after ane was laid in the grave,
 "God gi'es and God takes," she wad say ;
 "Though heavy my loss, my heart maun be brave
 For them wha are wi' me this day :
 Be brave—be brave
 For them wha are wi' me this day."

Did sorrow's saut tear my e'e erewhile dim,
 Or dark disappointment oppress,
 My mother wad say, "Aye look up to Him
 Wha'll help you through a' your distress."
 Did time bring a change, the wrang be made right,
 Or honours around me e'er fa'—
 Did friends gather near wi' faces fu' bright,
 My mother's was brightest o' a' :
 O' a'—o' a',
 My mother's was brightest o' a'.

You're dead and awa'—farewell, mother dear !
 I'll miss you, but winna repine ;
 For happier far, sans sorrow and tear,
 You're now wi' the loved o' langsyne.

As days slip awa', and years swiftly wane,
 Come want or come woe or come weal,
 I'll pray that wi' you and a' wha are gane
 I'll meet in the Land o' the Leal :
 Wi' you—wi' a'
 I'll meet in the Land o' the Leal.

LIZA, STIRLING'S QUEEN.

A' ye wha lo'e a bonnie face
 And twa soul-piercing een ;
 Ye wha admire an artless grace
 And sweetly modest mien ;
 Ye wha prefer the pure and wise,
 And virtue care to see :
 A' ye wha truth and goodness prize—
 Come join in sang wi' me :
 Your voices raise and sing the praise
 O' fairest maid e'er seen :
 I've never yet the equal met
 O' Liza, Stirling's Queen.

Chorus.

Our voice we raise to sing the praise
 O' fairest maid e'er seen :
 We've never yet the equal met
 O' Liza, Stirling's Queen.

Now, in the spring-time o' her years,
 May cauld blast never blaw,
 To nip the bud and cause sad tears
 To see her fade awa' ;
 But life's resplendent summer days
 May she be spared to view,
 And bask beneath the gladsome rays
 O' love and friendship true.
 Blest be her lot—she's worthy o't—
 The fairest maid e'er seen :
 I've never yet the equal met
 O' Liza, Stirling's Queen.

Chorus.

Blest be her lot—she's worthy o' t—
The fairest maid e'er seen :
We've never yet the equal met
O' Liza, Stirling's Queen.

FERNIE GLEN.

Farewell, sweet Glen o' Fernie Hill !
Afar frae thee I now must hie :
Thy fragrant shades and dancing rill
Mayhap again I'll ne'er espy.
But wheresoe'er my lot is cast—
Whatever fortune I may ken—
I'll often wander o'er the past,
And rest awhile in Fernie Glen.

When Nature a' her works survey'd,
Her grand design fain to fulfil,
She gave the word : the rocks obey'd,
And cleft in twa was Fernie Hill !
When dull wi' care, or tired wi' toil,
Or weary o' the haunts o' men,
I'll close my e'e on life's turmoil,
And dream I'm back in Fernie Glen !

A HEARTY LAUGH.

Let those who will the wine-cup quaff,
Or disagree o'er Whig and Tory :
Give me a right good hearty laugh
O'er some rich joke or well-told story.
A hearty laugh—none dare gainsay—
Will blunt the edge of keenest sorrow :
Help man enjoy his life to-day,
And courage give him for the morrow.

A hearty laugh is better far
Than drugs some folk persist in buying :
With nature they wage constant war—
No wonder 'tis they're always dying.

This homely hint—if you are wise—
 You'll look upon with certain favour :
 The salt of life is exercise—
 A hearty laugh that salt's best savour.

IN MEMORIAM—G. M.

Born October 27, 1870.
 Died February 25, 1880.

Again the May-flowers sweetly bloom—
 Again the birds sing merrily ;
 But, ah, my soul is wrapt in gloom—
 The summer brings nae joy to me.
 I wander here, I wander there,
 And vainly try my grief to ease,
 Then sit me down in blank despair,
 And tell my sorrow to the breeze.

Anon a gentle voice I hear :
 It bids me look toward the sky ;
 And there “the loved, to mem'ry dear,”
 I fondly ane by ane espys.
 I listen to the angel-voice—
 It whispers comfort in my ear :
 “Oh, dinna grieve—be glad—rejoice ;
 For we are safe wi' gran'ma here.”

IN MEMORIAM—W. F. M.

Born February 17, 1875.
 Died September 3, 1878.

Wee Walter's ta'en awa'
 To the Land o' the Leal—
 He's joined the loved anees a'
 In the Land o' the Leal :
 This time 'tis a young soul
 Has reach'd the happy goal—
 Nor pain nor grief he'll thole

In the Land o' the Leal.

He's wi' the angel-band
In the Land o' the Leal,
That round the White Throne stand
In the Land o' the Leal :
I'll dry my tearfu' e'e,
Wi' patience bide a wee—
He's gane to wait for me
In the Land o' the Leal.

ISOBEL.

From Cherubland she came
With us to dwell :
To her we gave the name
Of Isobel.
But, loving not this sphere,
She closed her eyes ;
And hurried far from here—
Beyond the skies.

“ Not lost, but gone before : ”
At Glory's Gates,
Upon the Shining Shore
For us she waits.
But, ah ! the tear will start—
Though silent, tell
How dear to soul and heart
Was Isobel.

MY LAST DAY-DREAM.

Stirling—London. 1865—1880.

Recalling youth's resplendent day,
A childish form appears :
From her afar I pass away,
Through “ strange, eventful ” years.
Now here I pause—indulge a dream :
A fall succeeds my pride :
Again I hurry with the stream
Till lost in ocean wide ;

The sport of fitful winds, I drift,
Now hopeful, now deprest,
Until a dark cloud shows a rift
O'erhead a hav'n of rest.

And now at close of manhood's year,
When friends, alas, are few,
The child—now woman-grown—is near,
To bid me hope renew.
With sympathetic ear she lists
To tales of loves now cold :
And while I call from mem'ry's mists
Those forms that charm'd of old,
In her, I own, their spells combine—
In her their virtues blend—
The Poet's last song-heroine,
The Man's leal-hearted friend.



WALLACE MAXWELL.

Born 1841.

WALLACE MAXWELL, who is well known in Falkirk district, and who has been for a number of years a frequent contributor to the local press, was born at Falkirk in August, 1841. He received his early education at Falkirk Grammar School, after which he went to Edinburgh, and entered the Donaldson Hospital. On the expiration of his school days he returned to his native town, and received employment with Messrs Russell and Son of Blackbraes and Boghead Collieries and Almond Ironworks, with whom he remained for thirteen years. Then he was for five years in the service of the Callander Coal Company, after which he removed to Carron, where he has been resident for over twenty-four years. Mr Maxwell had reached middle life before he began the writing of verses, but since his commencement he has written a good many poems. These have been contributed to the *Falkirk Herald* and the *Falkirk Express*. In 1887 our poet was successful in carrying off the prize in the Falkirk Burns Anniversary Competition; and at the Burns Centenary Competition, held in the same town in the present year (1896), his poem took second place.

THE TELEMELLEMICROPHONOSCOPE.

Among the new inventions that this year have been brought out,
That many have been useless ones there is no room to doubt;
But for the good of our old town, there's one gives me much hope,
And it is called the Telemellemicrophonoscope.

This is an instrument, its name may lead you to suppose,
 Just like an elephant's long trunk, you fasten on your nose ;
 It minimises nasty smells, and magnifies all sweet,
 And armed with one you can invade the dirtiest lane or street.
 While walking in the garden, you need never leave the track,
 But smell the smallest flower that blows and never bend your back ;
 The blossom on the highest trees it brings to smelling distance,
 While to discover gas escapes, it renders great assistance ;
 To smell the breath of Councillors, it also can be used,
 Though without some experience, this use may be abused ;
 For whisky smells the same as gin, hot-tom or ginger-pop,
 When they're smelt through the Telesmellemicrophonoscope.
 Of course when first the instrument the Councillors are using,
 To crowds of little boys and girls it will be quite amusing ;
 "Twill put the water question in the background without hope
 When first they use the Telesmellemicrophonoscope.
 Just think of our new Provost with his trunk upon his nose,
 The Bailies and the Councillors all following in rows ;
 Wee boys crying, "here's a show"—"a menagerie I hope,"
 "Get out, it's just the Telesmellemicrophonoscope."
 If any of my readers should be curious to see
 The way this instrument is used upon a flower or tree,
 Let him buy a *Punch's Almanack* in Charles Jeffrey's shop,
 And there they'll see a Telesmellemicrophonoscope.

LINES ON THE FALKIRK "BAIRNS" WHO FELL AT TAMAI.¹

Oh, war ! thou offspring of a fallen world,
 Another host of victims thou hast found ;
 Thy flag, on Egypt's sandy plains unfurled,
 Waves o'er a patriot band with honours crowned.

¹ At the battle of Tamai, in the Soudan Campaign in 1884, a number of soldiers from Falkirk district fell. They fought bravely, and died maintaining the glories of the regiment to which they belonged—the 42nd.—*Ed.*

The palm of victory has been dearly bought,
And shouts of triumph drowned the parting sigh
Of noble hearts, who for their country fought
And shed their blood at fatal Tamai.

And well has Scotland for this victory paid,
While Falkirk o'er her sons heaves many a sigh,
Though laurels such as theirs can never fade,
For died they not as soldiers wish to die?

Yes, though to many a home the victory brings
Sorrow for sons who will return no more,
A cloud of glory round their memory clings,
And sheds its lustre on old Scotia's shore.

For when, at duty's call, did Scotland fail
To lead to victory her Highland band?
Or how can earthly power hope to prevail
O'er Freedom's sons from an unconquered land?

Yes, Falkirk well may feel a thrill of pride
Mingle with sorrow for brave Aitken's fall;¹
While for the six² who now lie side by side
The British flag was not too good a pall.

So when returning peace with triumph brings
The Forty-second to their native shore,
Remember those whose fondest memory clings
Round brave young sons who will return no more.

¹ Major Aitken of the 42nd Highlanders—a native of Falkirk.

² C. Kelly, Bainsford; J. Blackhall, Camelon; F. MacPherson, T. Scott, and J. Miller, Falkirk; and J. Marshall, Grahamston.

WALTER TOWERS.

Born 1841.

WALTER TOWERS, the subject of our present sketch, belongs to a family which was long engaged in agricultural pursuits in Stirlingshire. The farm of Closs, near Bothkennar, was held by succeeding generations of Towers for many years, and was occupied by one of the family until so recent a year as 1865. At that date an uncle of our poet, who was the last to hold the lease, retired from farming, and with his retiral ceased the time-honoured connection between the name of Towers and the farm of Closs. The father of our poet was apprenticed as a joiner and cabinet-maker at Grangemouth, and for some time was engaged in business on his own account at Carronshore, where Walter was born on the 20th November, 1841.

After our poet had received the schooling considered necessary, he resolved on following out the occupation to which, from the joiner's bench, his father had passed; and so was apprenticed as a pattern-maker, in which employment he has been for many years engaged. He early evinced a liking for poetry, and one of the first books he bought with his own savings was a modest edition of Burns's "Poems and Songs," which cost a shilling. Attached to the poetry, he was no less devoted to the airs to which the songs were wedded. His father was accustomed to sing to him and the rest of the family the finest of our Scottish songs, with (strange as it may appear)

the exception of Burns's and Hogg's. After having procured and read his copy of "Burns," it strengthened his desire for similar reading. He obtained Chambers's "English Literature," read it, and with the reading of it began his career as a bard. Writing at intervals, his compositions increased; and in 1885, while resident in Glasgow, he resolved on giving his productions to the world. They were accordingly issued, by Messrs A. Bryson & Co., with the title, "Poems, Songs and Ballads." Since the publication of his volume he has written a number of songs, some of which have appeared in the *People's Friend* and the *Falkirk Herald*. He has also been an occasional contributor to *The National Choir*. In that miscellany have appeared his "Hark! hark! Cuckoo!" and "The Sunny Side of the Ochil Hills." He has also written two operettas, both of which have been published by Messrs J. Curwen & Sons. The one was entitled "Handsel Monday," the other "Bonnie Prince Charlie; or, The Gathering of the Clans." The former enshrines a fast dying national custom; the latter is no unworthy addition to Jacobite song. Mr Towers is at times pleasingly humorous, but his work is generally thoughtful and reflective, showing a calm and meditative mind.

THE WAYSIDE FLOWER.

Beside the common road I saw,
Amongst the trodden grass,
A little flower, and somehow there
I could not thoughtless pass.
No startling beauty met my eyes,
Yet, wondering much, I stood
To think upon its matchless faith,
And daring fortitude.

Its hue was of the purest gold,
 And free from cank'ring rust,
 Only its little opening bell
 Was coated with the dust.
 With willing breath I blew it off ;
 It then looked fresh and neat,
 And for my trouble paid me with
 A fragrance rich and sweet.

And so, the lowly son of toil,
 With sweat and dust begrimed,
 May prove a dull exterior
 Oft hides a shining mind.
 When nations in distress shall cry
 For one to lead the van,
 The Lord will wipe all dust away,
 And point the proper man.

The culprit in his narrow cell,
 Acquaint with many a sin,
 May have what those who shun him lack—
 A kindly heart within.
 And if there be one chord in tune
 To harmonise the whole,
 Who dare deny the right of heaven
 To that benighted soul !

Ah, little, smiling, tender flower !
 The world will still despise
 The common things, the common men,
 That daily meet its eyes :
 For oh ! how seldom native worth
 Is meted out its due !
 But rather trodden under foot,
 As some have trodden you.

No matter ; toiling ones, take heart,
 And be not passion's slave ;
 Nor ever sink the man, and turn
 A coward or a knave :

Think of the vast eternity,
 With all your deeds made known
 Before the great Omnipotent,
 Who amply can atone.

ADDRESS.¹

(PRINCE CHARLIE.)

Faithful heroes, tried and trusted,
 In King James's rightful cause,
 Such beloved, stanch devotion
 Earns the wide world's just applause.

Daring sons of dauntless fathers,
 Now for ever gone to rest,
 Let your deeds crown their endeavours,
 Let their ardour fill each breast.

For the soldier 'neath this standard,
 Who shall act the hero's part,
 Well may trust his every action
 Shall be graven on my heart.

Have I not from early childhood
 Prayed for this auspicious hour,
 When the Scottish clans would rally
 Round me in their pride and power?

I have stood with hands uplifted,
 As you see me standing now,
 Bidding powers celestial witness
 This my fervent solemn vow.

Hear me, saints, and holy angels!
 I shall give what justice claims,
 By the help of righteous heaven,
 Britain's sceptre to King James.

¹ This Address is taken from the operetta, "Bonnie Prince Charlie; or, The Gathering of the Clans"—*Ed.*

Thus I spoke, and still believing
That my wish is heaven's will,
Proudly call on chief and vassal
Their appointed spheres to fill.

Those for freedom, king, and country,
Those who wish our cause good speed,
Those who would see Britain prosper,
Let them follow where I lead !

Dread not mercenary foemen,
They shall tremble at the sight ;
Though they come in countless legions,
Right shall ever conquer might.

Oh ! our enemies shall marvel
When they meet us in the field,
Arm'd, arm'd with our claymores,
And each naked breast a shield.

Then the crashing blows shall echo
From the wonder-smitten rocks,
Till the beaten foe is scattered
Like dumb, thunder-frightened flocks.

How the pealing pipes shall herald
Our achievements at the fray,
When the braggart foe is vanquished,
And the valiant hold the day.

Courage ! true and trusted clansmen ;
Courage ! half the battle's won ;
Courage ! nations yet shall bless us,
When the glorious work is done.

Think, oh ! think on all the triumphs
Of our fathers in the past ;
Scotsmen ! justice rules in heaven !
We shall conquer to the last.

THE DEAR DAYS o' LANGSYNE.

Air—"Oh! why left I my hame?"

Oh, leeze me on the days,
The days sae lang gane by,
When I was but a bairn
Wi' a' a bairn's joy,
When a' the world was fair,
And a' the folk divine;
But that was in the days,
The dear days o' langsyne.

Then fairies filled the woods,
And hermits roamed the dales,
Where far-off echoes tauld
The wanderin' warlocks' tales;
While laverocks lived on high,
And stars frae heaven did shine;
But that was in the days,
The dear days o' langsyne.

Oh for the trusting heart
That filled each bairnie's breast!
Oh for the priceless faith
That made each shepherd blest!
And a' the sweets o' hame,
Where love aye saw us dine,
Contented in the days,
The dear days o' langsyne.

I hate the gaudy show
And glitter o' the town,
Where pomp and poortith meet
Ilk ither wi' a frown.
Gae me life's simple ways
And joys that aince were mine,
For glints o' heaven bleseed
The dear days o' langsyne.

THE WOOIN' O'T.

When Jockie first saw the beard sprout frae his chin,
 His e'en never tired wi' the viewin' o't,
 He washed it and brushed it, below and abune,
 And ne'er gaed owre twirlin' and pu'in' o't ;
 Shortsyne but a laddie and noo quite a man,
 Wi' hat cocked agee, and a cane in his han',
 He dreamt o' some lady wi' houses and lan' ;
 And a' to be had for the wooin' o't.

And O ! sic a fash owre each steek o' his claes,
 Something wrang wi' the shape or the sewin' o't ;
 His mother, pair body, maist ended her days
 Wi' his ruffled sark, bleachin' an' bluein' o't ;
 But a' wadna please him, he girned and he spat ;
 It was stiff, it was limp, it wae this, it wae that.
 His mither cried, " Laddie, what wud ye be at ?
 Gin 't's a wife that ye want, fa' to wooin' o't.

" But dinna tak' ane o' your Frenchified dalls,
 Or in sax weeks ye 'll fa' to the ruein' o't ;
 Wi' their debt, and their dirt, and their fine falderals,
 And the clash they 're sae guid aye a-brewin' o't ;
 Tak' ane like yoursel', though she hasna a steek ;
 Ane to wash, mend or bake, ony day in the week ;
 That's what ye maun look to, and no a smooth cheek,
 Or better ne'er start to the wooin' o't."

In less than a month, on a blythe Hallowe'en,
 Jockie fell to a billin' and cooin' o't,
 Wi' the toast o' the town, a dandified queen ;
 And O ! sic a beckin' and booin' o't :
 He ca'd her the sweetest lass ever was born,
 And slaverin' kissed her till ane in the morn ;
 And when they were parted Jock felt sae forlorn,
 He sighed to be back to the wooin' o't.

On auld Handsel Monday the waddin' took place,
And great was the din at the doin' o't ;
The only ane there wi' a sorrowfu' face,
His mother, wha shook wi' a gruein' o't.
" Puir Jockie," she sabbed, " maun hae been in a craze
To marry a lass canna wash her ain claes ;
It's the stupidest thing e'er I kent a' my days ;
Wae's me ! but he'll rue sair the wooin' o't."

Ere New'rday cam' round my lady had twins,
But Jock prayed for nae mair renewin' o't ;
Wi' makin' the parritch, and washin' the weans,
Jock flate, while she sat a-boo-booin' o't.
And sae wi' her greetin', the bairns wad squeal,
Then Jockie sent baith her and them to the deil,
Syne aff to his mither as fast's he could reel,
And banned baith the waddin' and wooin' o't.

But alas ! for puir Jockie, his mither she died ;
So his life he began the reviewin' o't ;
And he saw unco weel that the counsel defied
Had bred him mair pleasure pursuin' o't ;
But bairns that tak' na a mither's advice
May some day find oot that they were na sae wise
As the auld pow that kent baith the outcome and price
O' a waddin', and beddin', and wooin' o't.

JAMES RAE.

Born 1842.

JAMES RAE, or more familiarly "Jeems," was born in the vicinity of Stirling, in 1842, and his early days were spent at Causewayhead, under the shade of the Abbey Craig. When of school age, he was sent to the village seminary to be instructed in the rudiments of learning. These were imparted by a teacher, who, owing to his inability to walk, had to be carried to and from the schoolroom. From Causewayhead our poet removed to Kersemill—a village about a mile south from Stirling. While resident there he attended Allan's School in Stirling, and subsequently went to the Academy at Bannockburn, which latter school was at that time under the supervision of Mr Wilson. When his school days terminated, and when about sixteen years of age, he was apprenticed to a carriage-builder at Stirling. Here he was employed for some time, after which he removed to Glasgow for the further prosecution of his craft. Entering the establishment of Mr John Robertson—which is one of the largest in Scotland—he was engaged at the bench for a period of something like sixteen years. On his leaving Mr Robertson's service he was appointed overseer of the buildings and plant of the Glasgow Tramway and Omnibus Company, in which situation he remained for a number of years. As a tradesman, Mr Rae did not confine himself to the bench. He was an apostle of what Mr Gladstone calls "individual

workmanship," and this is seen from the different inventions he has made. While in the employment of Mr Robertson he was engaged in devising improvements on the existing vehicular action, and many of his improvements have been turned to practical account. For this work he was elected a fellow of the Society of Science and Art (London). Leaving Glasgow, he was for about seven years resident in Stirling engaged in photography, but at the end of that time he returned to Glasgow.

It was while resident in "St. Mungo" that he began verse writing—his compositions appearing in the "Poets' Corners" of the Stirling newspapers. It is, however, more to his "Jeems' Papers" than to his poetical effusions that Mr Rae owes his publicity. The "Jeems' Papers" are squibs in which are hit off the doings of the magnates in municipal life both in Glasgow and Stirling. Written in a terse, humorous strain, and in the broadest Doric—some of them redolent of the atmosphere of the "Sautmarket" and all that clings to the immortal Bailie Nicol Jarvie; others breathing the life of the not less boisterous nor less dignified Stirling Town Council—they were warmly received in the various prints in which they appeared. In 1885 Mr Rae was tempted to book publication, his maiden volume being "Prose and Rhyme o' Leisure Time." The enthusiasm with which the serial publication of the "Jeems' Papers" were received led him to issue them in volume form. The first series was issued in 1886, the second or "Jubilee" series in 1887, the third—an illustrated series—in 1890, and the fourth in 1894. Mr Rae has also been prolific in the production of music, three folios having seen the light. In 1887 he issued "The Jubilee Collection of Songs," a year later "The Exhibition Collection," and immediately thereafter "The Christmas Collection." In 1890 he issued a

collection of his poems under title "Songs and Ballads," and in 1894 a second series under the same title.

His verses are written in a quietly humorous vein, often displaying a keen insight into human life, and where he fails to instruct he does not fail to amuse.

BIRKENSHAW.

Ye ken whaur Avon water runs
 Alang thy glen wi' pride,
 And meanders owre thy rocky bed
 To join the bonnie Clyde.
 The trees they meet on ilka side,
 The bonniest ere I saw ;
 There never was a fairy glen
 Like bonnie Birkenshaw.

Chorus—O bonnie, bonnie Birkenshaw,
 My bonnie Birkenshaw,
 There never was a fairy glen
 Like bonnie Birkenshaw.

The birdies sing among the boughs,
 The trout loup frae the linn,
 The rabbits gambol on the knowes,
 And through the brushwood rin.
 The pheasants in thy fastness roost,
 And on thy rocks the daw,
 While wand'ring in thy fairy glen,
 O bonnie Birkenshaw !

The lovers, too, they seek thy quiet
 To tell the oft-told tale,
 And breathe oot tender words o' love
 In thy sweet scented vale.
 And mony vow's been pledged in thee,
 And mony a tear let fa',
 While wand'ring in thy fairy glen,
 O bonnie Birkenshaw !

MARY'S DESPAIR.

Mary at the window sat,
Her heart was sair and aye she grat ;
For Jamie he had gane to sea,
And leafless was the trystin' tree.
Mary to the sea-beach went
To watch the good old schooner Trent—
The ship that took her heart away ;
She looks for 't back day after day.

Tides have come and tides have gone,
And still she walks the beach alone,
And o'er the sea with anxious eye
Watches each sail that passes by.
Fierce and bitter is the gale,
Far, far distant is the sail,
Deep, deep sunk in the watery lea,
And Mary ne'er her love will see.

BANKS O' TWEED.

Upon the bonnie banks o' Tweed
I wandered wi' my dearie, O ;
Upon a bonnie summer day
When everything looked cheerie, O.
The birds sang sweetly 'mang the boughs,
The lambs skipped o'er the green, O ;
The hawthorn blooms were snawy white,
The bonniest e'er were seen, O.

We gathered berries from the beds,
They like her cheeks were ruddy, O ;
And whiled awa' the sunny day
Amang the trees sae buddy, O.
Mony a tale o' love we've told
On thy banks sae grassy, O ;
Mony a happy hour I've spent
Wi' my bonnie lassie, O.

NORLAN' BONNIE LASSIE, O.

I met her first by Wharrie Glen,
 A buddin' bonnie craitur, O :
 No made by ony 'prentice hand,
 But ane weel skilled in nature, O.

My wee lass, my bonnie lass,
 My Norlan' bonnie lassie, O ;
 I wadna gie my wee lass
 For a' that's in Coomassie, O.

Her rosy cheeks, her raven hair,
 Her cheery mou' sae saucy, O,
 She fairly won this heart o' mine,
 This Norlan' bonnie lassie, O.

I looked at her, and she at me,
 Her grey een sparkling finely, O,
 I set her doon upon a bank,
 And O, she spoke divinely, O.

I spiered if she wad marry me,
 She looked down in a swither, O,
 And said that I wad hae to gang
 And spier that at her mither, O.

Says I, " My lass, I doobt, I doobt
 That wadna be sae cannie, O ;
 D'ye think your faither ever socht
 Your mither frae your grannie, O ? "

THE CAPTIVE EAGLE.

The captive eagle sat and viewed his prison house,
 And looked upon his scanty fare with proud disdain,
 His noble mind soared far above his dull abode,
 He longed to see his native mountains once again :
 'Mong beetling cliffs where mountain torrents roar,
 Where Freedom shines on every hill and crag,

And lightnings flash across the deep ravines,
Where trembling stands the stately antlered stag ;
Where the shrill pibroch echoes through each glen ;
Where rosy maidens sing sweet Gaelic strains,
And sheep roam o'er the hills to nip the pasture sweet,
Where nature wild in pleasant grandeur reigns.

NEW-YEAR.

The old year is off and left us,
His old son has come instead ;
Evergreens a' round his mantle,
'Mang his hair the holly red.

Come to me, my little children,
I have brought you all good cheer ;
Happy let us be in season,
Let us sing a good New-Year.

Strike the harp, let all be gladness,
Vibrate sweet the golden string ;
Strike the harp, away with sadness,
Make the woods and valleys ring.

Let 's be sad when aucht 's to grieve us,
When we 're gay let 's join the ring ;
Give unstinted to the needy,
And in chorus let us sing.

Think on those who 've gone before us,
Here 's to those who 're far away ;
Breathe a prayer for those in sickness,
Let us sing with all to-day.

THE WORLD GAED VERY WEEL THEN.

Why do we want everything to be new ?
Wi' auld things we noo canna fen',
Though things gaed as weel as e'en they dae noo ;
Yes, the world gaed very weel then.

O the world gaed very weel then ;
Yes, the world gaed very weel then ;
I'll no gi'e the auld in exchange for the new,
For the world gaed very weel then.

I mind auld grannie aye gaed to the kirk
On Sabbaths, come drouth or come rain,
Wi' shawl owre head and new pipit mutch,
And the world gaed very weel then.

We fed on parritch and guid butter milk,
And o' bairns I'm sure there were ten ;
Nae ailments had we, but as happy 's could be,
For the world gaed very weel then.

My grannie's now dead, my mither is auld,
An' the bairnies ha'e a' grown men ;
My heart warms up when I think o' oor youth,
For the world gaed very weel then.

Mither's a grannie an' keeps a bit coo,
She bides in a snug but and ben ;
She'll no gi'e the auld in exchange for the new,
For the world gaed very weel then.

JOSEPH CROSTHWAITE.

Born 1842.

JOSEPH CROSTHWAITE, son of Henry Stainton Crosthwaite and Mary Moodie, was born at Carron on the 10th June, 1842, and was resident there for six years, after which the family removed to Carronshore. When twelve years of age he was apprenticed to the pattern-making at Lock 16, near Falkirk, and thither from Carronshore he had to travel every morning, returning every evening. When about sixteen years of age he began verse writing, being encouraged in the art by an elder brother, who also at times wooed the muses. About 1861 Mr Crosthwaite removed to Glasgow, and in 1864 was married to Margaret MacLean, eldest daughter of Captain MacLean of Carronshore. Shortly after his marriage he returned to Falkirk, where he was engaged first in Burnbank Foundry, and subsequently in Union Foundry. In 1871 he was induced to enter the partnership of the Bank Foundry Company at Bo'ness, and after passing through the inflated period of the Iron Trade was on the fair way to success. An unfortunate land-title trouble with the Duke of Hamilton, however, and a consequent dispute with the Dock and Harbour Commissioners of Bo'ness, which led to a serious complication of matters, were the means, after eight years' incessant trouble, of the Company being wound up; and this proved disastrous to the fortunes and anticipated success of Mr Crosthwaite. At this turn of affairs the subject of our sketch had once

more to look for employment, and, after filling various temporary situations, he was engaged in 1886 as traveller to the firm of Messrs M. Cockburn & Co., Falkirk. In 1888 he was appointed Manager of Works, in which situation he remained until 1893, when he again was appointed foundry traveller. Mr Crosthwaite has been a voluminous writer, but has never sought to save his productions from the ephemeral existence which a newspaper or leaflet affords. Under various pen-names he has written on political, social, and other subjects to *The Falkirk Mail*, *The Falkirk Herald*, and *The Bo'ness Journal*. An ardent Liberal and Temperance Reformer, he often holds forth in these causes, and his verses are marked with the enthusiasm of their author.

MY DEARIE.

Sweet Nature may revive wi' spring,
The wee birds a' may blithely sing,
But joy to me they canna bring
Unless thou be my dearie.

The sun may rise in simmer pride,
And owre the hills at e'ening glide,
But if thou art nae by my side
"Twill a' be dull and drearie.

Though autumn smile and plenty reign,
And fields wave rich wi' golden grain,
Yet harvest time will come in vain
If wanting thee, my dearie.

Cauld winter wind may fiercely blaw
The drivin' sleet or driftin' snaw;
But, blest wi' thee, I'll love it a',
My ain, my artless dearie.

O COULD I TUY PRAISES SING.

HERE, WHAUR KELVIN WIMPLES CLEAR.

Here, whaur Kelvin wimples clear
 Far frae a' the din and steer,
 Nature's charms are doubly dear
 Wi' thochts o' thee, my bonnie lassie !

Chorus—O, my bonnie blue-e'd lassie,
 My bonnie, blooming, blue-e'd lassie,
 Nature's charms are doubly dear
 Wi' thochts o' thee, my bonnie lassie !

Flowerets deck the verdant lea,
 Beauty blooms on ilka tree,
 And my heart is fu' o' glee
 Wi' thochts o' thee, my bonnie lassie !

Lambkins bleat and birdies sing,
 Woodland echoes blithely ring,
 Sweetly charming, but they bring
 Nae thochts like thee, my bonnie lassie !

Nature's face sae fresh and gay
 Blossoms only to decay,
 But till death 'twill charm me aye
 Wi' thochts o' thee, my bonnie lassie !

TO THE MEMORY OF A NIECE.

Oh ! is she dead ? It seems so strange
 That I can scarcely think it true,
 That she has undergone that change,
 The mortal change of death's chill hue.

And has her gentle, merry heart
 For ever ceased its mortal throbs ?
 A father's grief in tears may start,
 A mother's anguish burst in sobs.

Can tears, or sighs, or sobs avail,
Or all the agonies of grief,
To bring her from beyond the veil ?
Ah, no ! but, there 's a grand belief.

Too pure, too sensitive for earth !
Her gentle spirit, so refined,
Was fitted for its *Second Birth*,
And could not be to clay confined.

Accept the blessed comfort given,
That Jesus lived and died to teach,
That she is raised to life in heaven,
Free from the world's polluting reach.

Free from a world of weary cares,
And much that may corrupt the mind ;
Free from Temptation's baneful snares,
She leaves the worthless dross behind.

And in the mansions of the blest,
Think' st thou she lacks a parent's care,
Or that earth-life, even at its best,
Has tithe of joys like children there ?

Jesus, while here on earth, proclaimed
The grandest, sweetest solace given :
Truth, of all truths ! the noblest named !
'Tis such as she who people heaven.

HENRY SHIRLEY BUNBURY.

Born 1843.

HENRY SHIRLEY BUNBURY was born at Waterford, Ireland, 6th April, 1843, and received his education at Magdalene College School, Oxford; King's School, Ely; and King's College, London. Entering the Civil Service, he was engaged in the Chief Inspector's Department at Somerset House from 1862 to 1871, when he was promoted to the Head Office, in Dublin. Here he was engaged till 1875, when he went to Monmouth. Five years' service was given here, and then he was appointed to a post at Cheltenham. Leaving Cheltenham in 1883 he went to Newton Abbot, where he was resident until 1891. From Newton Abbot he went to Bristol, and in January, 1892, left Bristol and came to Stirling.

Mr Bunbury began the writing of verses at an early age, and has contributed to the principal newspapers in Cheltenham and Torquay. He wrote several poems for a magazine, "The Pioneer," with which Walter Crane and Ernest Rhys were associated. Several of his songs have been set to music, and two or three of them have been published.

For nearly thirty years Mr Bunbury lived with an aunt, Miss Selina Bunbury, a well-known authoress, who wrote many books of travel, novels, and stories for children. She was an intimate friend of Robert Chambers, and enjoyed the acquaintance of most of the literary people between 1845 and 1865. In the company of his aunt Mr Bunbury

travelled a good deal. He was in Russia just after the Crimean War in 1856, and saw the emperor's coronation. He has also travelled in Italy, Germany, and Denmark. During the years he was in Dublin he was very intimate with Sir William and Lady Wilde. Their house was the literary centre and resort of Dublin. Their son Oscar, famous afterwards as a novelist, *et cetera*, was then a student at Trinity College.

Since coming to Stirling, Mr Bunbury has contributed many songs and poems to the local press. In the *Stirling Journal* appeared his "Songs for the Services," a series of songs on the army and navy. His verses are smooth and melodious, reminding one of the grace and beauty of his great countryman—Moore.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

They drank the wine of summer and the sun
From burnished cups of sunset and sunrise,
Now dying, drunk with sunshine, while the skies
Loom leaden o'er them, and all life's undone,
Some fevered reflex of the glow they won
These leaves give back, whose burning hues are shed
On that rich funeral pyre of woodland, widely spread,
Whose sovereign summer, still in state lies dead.

THE ROYAL ARTILLERY.

Chorus—Fill up a glass of Sillery,
Comrades, take a hand,
Here's to our Artillery,
May its records stand
Bright and clear as ever in the annals of our land.

The Foot may boast of many a field,
Of many a battle won ;
But why to them did the enemy yield ?
Just through the might of the gun.

The Horse with sabre and lance and plume
 May dash like a torrent down ;
 We clear the road and we make them room,
 And theirs is the whole renown !

In Horse, and in Foot are gallant men,
 And brave as a man may be,
 But there are fellows as fine again
 In our own Artillery.

A SONG OF TIME.

There's a time to laugh, and a time to weep,
 A time to sigh or sing,
 A time to sow, and a time to reap,
 A time for everything.
 Time flows—life goes—
 Love, like a bird, takes wing.

There's a time to wander, a time to rest,
 For winter a time, for spring ;
 A time for sorrow, a time for jest,
 A time for everything.
 Time flows—life goes—
 Love, like a bird, takes wing.

There's a time to labour, a time to woo,
 And a time to fit the ring ;
 But never a time, if love be true,
 When love, like a bird, takes wing.
 Time flows—life goes—
 Love to its own will cling.

TRUTH.

Perchance it lies beyond our ken,
 Lures and eludes for evermore,
 The searching of the souls of men
 Set for that shifting misty shore,
 Half shown, then vanishing again.

Shall it be said, if we despond,
Fold sail, and leave the deeps untracked,
'Twas fortitude and faith they lacked,
And ease whereof they were too fond?

The "Fortunate Isles," our fathers' dream,
Has melted as the morning mist,
Yet far above, by sunrise kissed,
The peaks of some new land may gleam.

Wide continents of Truth outspread
With hints and secrets for the wise
Say no land shows, no light is shed,
'Tis in the path we nobly tread,
Not in the goal the guerdon lies.

BETWEEN TWO FIRES; OR, HOW HAPPY COULD I BE WITH EITHER!

By maidens twain am I undone,
Both are so dear, so charming;
The thought of losing either one
Is equally alarming.

For one has eyes whose deeps ensnare,
Whose secret still invites me,
And when my heart's a captive there,
Captivity delights me.

And one gives me a smile so sweet,
Love's set to music in it;
All other joys endure defeat
In that divinest minute.

If I should marry one, I fear
Of t' other I'd grow fonder;
Farewell to you, and you, my dear,
Away from both I wander.

A SUMMER DREAM.

By the river roses blow,
All along the lilies gleam,
Clouds sail in the blue below,
Like a dream within a dream.

Lightly moves the meadow grass,
Slowly sway the clustered reeds,
Where the gurgling waters pass
In among the waving weeds.

Underneath the heavy shade,
In a passionate repose,
By the amorous boughs delayed,
Caught and kissed the river goes.

Would, O love ! our lives might run
Swift and sweet, drawn through like this,
Respectful shade and radiant sun,—
Ruffled only by a kiss.

JAMES MACADAM NEILSON.

1844-1883.

JAMES MACADAM NEILSON was born at Milton of Campsie in 1844, and his early days were spent under the shadow of Campsie Fells. The chief industry in this district is calico printing; and after his school days were over, and that at the early age of seven, he was sent to calico printworks at Lennoxmill. Here he gave evidence of no ordinary mental ability; and from this trade he was taken and soon after apprenticed to the art of engraving. He was a devoted wooer of the muses, and contributed largely to various newspapers. In 1877 he collected his verses and published them in volume form, but like many other minor bards he failed to attract attention. He was employed for some time at Thornliebank, and there he died in October, 1873. His friend, William Freeland of the *Glasgow Evening News*, edited a posthumous volume of his works, which was published under title, "Songs for the Bairns."

THE BAIRNS A' AT REST.

There was din, as ye ne'er heard the like,
'Mang oor bairns the nicht roun' the fire-en' ;
A' were busy as bees in a bike ;
A' were blythe as the birds in the glen :
What, wi' castles an' kirks built wi' stools,
What, wi' rhyming at spellings a' roun',
What, wi' playin' at ba' an' at bools ;
But there's peace now—they're a' cuddled doun.

Noo the bairns are asleep, an' a calm
Has fa'n roun' like a saft gloamin' shade,
An' a kind hand unseen sheds a balm
Owre their white limbs in weariness laid.

On their fair chubby faces we see
 Sic' an evenly sweetness o' rest,
 That ye'd doubt but they'd borrow'd a wee
 Frae the far-awa' realms o' the blest.

Like wee birds in a nest they do cower
 By ilk ither sae cosy and kin';
 Oh, their bed's like a rose-bed in flower,
 An' oor glances o' luve on it shine.
 Sae awa' wi' your glairy gowd crown
 Frae the cunning cauld fingers o' art;
 But hurrah for the bairns that ha'e grown
 Like a living love-wreath roun' my heart!

Ha! let's wheesht! As we warm in their praise
 We nicht wauken some flaxen-haired loon;
 See, already shot oot frae the claes,
 Juist as lithe a wee limb's in the toon!
 Hap it owre, hap it owre, bonnie bairn,
 Whaur awa' may that wee footie pace!
 The richt gait o' the world's ill to learn,
 An' fair Fortune is fickle to chase.

There are hid 'neath the lashes sae lang
 The full een that are stars o' the day;
 There lies silent the nursery sang
 On thae lips, fresh as morning in May;
 An' there beats in thae bosoms o' life
 Mair o' promise than spring buds are givin',
 That maun meet the world's favour and strife,
 And shall make them or mar them for heaven.

Will ye guard them, ye angels o' peace,
 In this haven in the curtains o' night?
 Will ye guard them when dangers increase,
 Heaving oot in their day-ocean flight?
 For, oh, whaur, frae the bairnie sae wee
 To the bairnie the biggest o' a',
 Is the ane we'd first part wi', an' see
 To a bed in the mools ta'en awa'?

JAMES AITCHISON.

Born 1846.

JAMES AITCHISON, the author of "The Chronicle of Mites," was born at Glasgow in 1846, and has risen from the humble occupation of message boy to a worthy place in the ministry. His father, who was by trade a potter, was an ardent Radical, was an earnest supporter of the disastrous Chartist movement, and was served with a measure of that misfortune which followed in the wake of the attempted reform. By 1848 he found he was being boycotted, and resolved on emigration. Early in 1849 he arrived at New York, but failed to find employment. Proceeding to Brooklyn the same ill-luck followed him, and while going south from Brooklyn he was stricken by sunstroke. Carried to an hospital in Philadelphia, he died there shortly afterwards, bowed down by failure and worn out by disease.

Our poet received a few years' tuition in Glasgow, after which he was engaged as a message boy till his fourteenth year, when he was apprenticed to a watchmaker. After leaving school he continued his studies, acquiring a knowledge of Latin, French, and Mathematics. Resolved on adopting the Law as a profession, he entered Glasgow University in his twenty-first year, and took the Arts course. His college career led him to abandon the law for the ministry, and at the end of his Arts course he passed to the Divinity Hall. While taking Divinity he was engaged first as a missionary and afterwards as a teacher,

and in this way was enabled to continue his studies. After the necessary course of training Mr Aitchison was licensed in 1873, and shortly thereafter was called simultaneously to Eaglesham and Falkirk. Accepting the latter, he was ordained to the Erskine Church there in 1875, and in this charge he still labours. In addition to his duties as minister he is identified with other church offices in the way of synodical, committee and deputation work. He also occupies a prominent position in educational affairs, and, as a member of the School Board, was chiefly instrumental in the erection of the Falkirk High School.

Mr Aitchison's literary work began while he was yet a boy, and his productions were published in various magazines. In 1887 he published his poems under title "The Chronicle of Mites," and these were so favourably received that he was induced to further publication; and in 1890 issued a volume treating of the evidences of Christianity as seen in the person and work of Christ, entitled, "Signa Christi."

DIRGE.

Wilt thou never be still, O sea ?
I am weary of thy complaining ;
On the rocky-ribbed shore for evermore
Must the spray of thy surf be raining ?

Oh, fain would my heart be at rest,
But the ceaseless sound of thy beating,
By day and by night, in darkness and light,
Keeps the old sad story repeating.

Ah ! 'tis many a year ago
Since the tone of thy music changing
Turned thy joyous swell to a sullen knell,
All its peace from my heart estranging.

In the gladsome days that are gone,
 Thy voice, to my rapture replying,
 Loud-echoing, thrilled the soul-chords, and filled
 With delight that appeared undying.

But a night of horror came down,
 O'erwhelming the day of my gladness ;
 Thy waves to my ear brought tidings of fear,
 Ringing dirges in notes of sadness.

Far away on the foamy deep
 Thy billows roll over my treasure ;
 When the winds were loud, thy waters a shroud
 Enswathed round the soul of my pleasure.

Wilt thou never be still, O sea ?
 I am weary of thy complaining ;
 Must I ever weep, and vain vigils keep,
 Whilst thy surf on the shore is raining ?

REALITY.

I looked through the vista of former years,
 And the shadows of the past
 Came trooping before my straining eyes,
 As mists from the sleeping valleys rise,
 Where the sun's warm rays are cast.

And I asked myself, " Is there anything real
 In all that has passed away ?
 Is life but a vain delusive dream,
 And the things of earth not what they seem,
 But only a false display ? "

" Look not on the past," cried a warning voice,
 " But turn to the time untold ;
 For there you may read in letters clear
 A truth that shall bid away your fear,
 And your riddle dark unfold."

I turned, and the light of the morning star
 Shone full on the opened scroll ;
 And thus the words of the answer ran :
 " The things of the earth shall fade, but *man*
Has a never-dying soul."

REDBREAST.

A little redbreast on the gravel,
 A tiny pulse of life :
 It has home and mate in its little estate,
 And is subject to fortune or else to fate,
 As well as you or I.

A little redbreast on the gravel,
 A tiny pulse of life :
 It has grief and joy, in a wondrous alloy,
 And has duties its daily life to employ,
 As well as you or I.

A little redbreast on the gravel,
 A tiny pulse of life :
 It has place and pale in the universe' scale,
 And has rights of its own over hill and dale,
 As well as you or I.

A little redbreast on the gravel,
 A tiny pulse of life :
 Woe unto the hand that would loosen the band
 Of its hold on life ; it might vengeance demand,
 As well as you or I.

CITY AND TOWN.

BALLADE & DOUBLE REFRAIN.

Let them prate of the joys of a city life,
 Of the pleasures of strutting up and down,
 Where fashion is flaunting and "dudes" are rife,
 But give me the life of a country town,

With its lusty lads and its maidens brown,
And its scent of woodland and garden bloom,
And my sweetheart fair in her simple gown—
Away with the city, its flare and fume !

Let others sweat in the sweltering strife
For the wreath of fame, and the world's renown,
With temper as keen as the edge of a knife,
But give me the life of a country town :
And not the hope of a monarch's crown,
Nor the dazzling gleam of a victor's plume,
Shall lure me, though fortune should fawn or frown—
Away with the city, its flare and fume !

Let them march to the music of drum and fife,
They are arrant fools, be they sage or clown,
Who 'list for the battle, leave home and wife :
But give me the life of a country town ;
For I fail to express in verb or noun
The sweets of its quiet, its freedom from gloom—
No need of carousals dull care to drown—
Away with the city, its flare and fume !

Envoy.

Where the breeze will freshen, the sun embrown,
And vigour the flickering lamps illume,
Oh, give me the life of a country town !—
Away with the city, its flare and fume !

FRANCES GAIR, L.L.A.

Born 1848.

FALKIRK, the birthplace of many other songsters, claims Frances Gair as a "bairn." Miss Gair was born at Falkirk on the 4th July, 1848. She was educated first at home and afterwards at a Ladies' School. When she was sixteen she went abroad for a year, spending the winter in Italy and the summer in Switzerland. During this period abroad she learned French and Italian. These languages completed her first education. After some years Miss Gair resumed her studies, passed the Edinburgh Local Examinations and obtained the St. Andrews L.L.A. Degree. She also studied in the classes of the Edinburgh Association for the University Education of Women. Her chief subject was philosophy, and she was a prize student in Professor Campbell's classes, and also in Professor Calderwood's classes. For the further study of philosophy Miss Gair went to Oxford in 1891. After passing four very pleasant terms, she got a bad attack of influenza, which brought on a delicacy of the chest. This obliges her to winter in the south. At Mentone, the hottest corner in Europe, Miss Gair has found a pleasant winter abode; but, in spite of its damp climate, "the dear auld hame wi' gray spire crowned" draws her north in the summer.

Miss Gair's productions are such as one naturally expects from a cultured mind. She frequently employs a vehicle not common among versifiers, but she never uses it

in vain. Her poems have appeared in "The Scottish Church," and she has been an occasional contributor to the Falkirk journals.

EASTER DAY.

O ! Easter dawn arising o'er creation,
Shine on my soul till all the shadows flee.
O ! Light, that lightens every land and nation,
Enlighten me.

See the glad earth awake from winter slumber,
And clothe herself in all her green array !
Hear the great choir no tongue of man can number
Rejoice to-day !

Long by the evil powers of darkness holden,
In deepest gloom frost-bound my spirit lay ;
But spring awakes, I hail the sunshine golden,
This joyous day.

Let all the past suffice of doubt and error,
Of sin and self and sore temptation's sway ;
And in His grave leave all the wrong and terror,
On Easter day.

Death has no sting, nor can the grave imprison,
Now the eternal gates stand open wide :
Nature revives, and Christ our Lord is risen,
'Tis Easter-tide.

IN THE HOLLOW BY THE SEA.

Down in the hollow, by the ever-sounding sea,
I met with the lad who is faithful to me ;
The lad who sailed away, for a year and a day,
And left me here to wait till he came again for me.

Down in the hollow, by the ever-sounding sea,
The thyme bloomed sweet, and the larks sang free ;
With kisses o'er and o'er, so tenderly he swore
To love me and cherish me faithfully.

Down in the hollow, by the ever-sounding sea,
 I sat as the day dawned drearily,
 When he sailed across the main ; but I know he 'll come again,
 And smile with joy and pride to find his baby boy and me.

Down in the hollow, with his babe upon my knee,
 I wait here and watch by the ever-sounding sea ;
 I never shed a tear, though it 's weary waiting here,
 For I know my love is coming o'er the waves to me.

THE GREAT REFUSAL.

Here will I stay and let the world go by
 For aye, said I,
 Here, where the mellow sunlight softly falls
 On crumbling walls,
 And autumn blossoms shed their faint perfume
 Through cloistered gloom.

Here shall not worldly pleasures e'er intrude,
 Nor, yet, more rude,
 Here shall not daily strife for daily bread
 Vex heart and head
 Here, if at all, tired soul and anxious breast
 Find peace and rest.

Give me, nor count the sacrifice dear bought,
 The life of thought ;
 So shall the foaming tide, that ceaseless flows
 Without repose,
 Bear honours, love, fame, joy beyond recall—
 I scorn them all.

WILLIAM PENMAN.

1848-1877.

FEW of our minor minstrels have strung the Doric lyre with greater fervency than William Penman, the author of the songs and poems which go to form the little volume issued some nineteen years ago, under title, "Echoes from the Ingleside." Penman, whose father was a spirit-dealer at Port-Dundas, was born at Carronshore on the 19th July, 1848. Here his boyhood was spent; but on leaving school he removed to Glasgow, where he was apprenticed as a blacksmith at the Etna Foundry. After serving his apprenticeship he continued working at this foundry for some time, but was subsequently engaged in the Star Foundry, Glasgow, in which place he was occupied until his death. He gave early evidence of a leaning towards literature; reading was his favourite pastime, and he would often sit far into the night until he had finished perusing some interesting book. Like many others, whose productions have intrinsic merit, Penman never thought himself worthy the title "poet." He was well known and pleased to be called by the *sobriquet*, "Rhyming Willie." A victim of apoplexy, he was stricken down in the prime of life. He died on the 21st January, 1877, at the early age of 28, leaving a widow and family. He was a consistent total abstainer, and was a member of the Good Templar Brotherhood. He also belonged to the Order of Freemasons. His writings were collected and, prefaced by a short memoir, issued in 1878, with the title,

"Echoes from the Ingleside." Penman almost invariably uses the Doric in his versification. His writings are characterised by that felicity so common to Scottish song. His place has been that of an obscure minor poet; but had he been given a longer lease of life, there is no saying what altitude he might have attained. This much may be said, and we feel that it is borne out by the specimens of his muse which we give, that he tuned his lyre as few of our Scottish poets have done, and that he follows among the first of that great band who march in the wake of Robert Burns. He has a rare fund of humour and a kindly sympathy, and is a keen student of human nature. His effusions are marked by a finish which entitles him to take place with the author of "Morag's Faery Glen" as among the best of the minstrels of the shire.

THE CHEERIE INGLE LOWE.

Air—"Nae luck aboot the house."

O cauld an' eerie is the nicht,
 Hear how the snell win's blaw !
 Guidwife, put on a rousin' fire
 To keep the cauld awa'.
 The burn is chockit up wi' ice,
 The snaw has hid the knowe ;
 Let us be thankfu' that we hae
 A cheerie ingle lowe.

But simmer days will come again,
 The hardest frost maun thowe ;
 Draw in your chair and let us share
 The cheerie ingle lowe.

The bairnies a' are snug in bed,
 I hae steekit a' the doors ;
 Oot bye the nipping northern wind
 In savage anger roars ;

The withered leaves frae aff the trees
 It drifts owre hedge and howe ;
 But faith, guidwife, it canna reach
 Oor cheerie ingle lowe.

Rake up the fire again, guidwife,
 An' gar the faggots bleeze ;
 See hoo the sparks flee up the lum
 To perish in the breeze.
 Let blustering Boreas roar and blaw,
 We'll never fash oor pow ;
 But thank the Lord for gien us
 A cheerie ingle lowe.

RINGIN' OOT THE AULD YEAR AND SINGIN' IN THE NEW.

"RHYMING WILLIE'S" LAST LILT FOR THE YEAR.

Come on, guidwife, bring oot your bun ;
 An' whaur's your muckle cheese ?
 Put on another shule o' coals,
 An' gar the faggots bleeze.
 Anither year o' life, my lass,
 We've warstled safely through ;
 Let the bells ring oot the auld year
 And we'll sing in the new.

Mony a Scottish heart this nicht
 Will loup and dance fu' fain,
 An' mony a heart-drawn tear be shied
 For freens far owre the main ;
 But God abune, that guides us a'
 Fu' tenderly an' true,
 Tho' He pairs freens i' the auld year,
 Can join them i' the new.

An' mony a lad an' lass this nicht
 Will bide oot far owre late ;
 An' I'm no sure but some o' them
 May gang a waeosome gait.

The puir auld year is deein'
Wheest ! there 's its hind
Like it we, too, maun gang
Hoo sune, we canna tell.
An' tho' we haena muckle g
Oor pleasures arena few ;
We've warstled through the
We'll bravely face the ne

LOOKING FOR A WIFE

Eerie soughs the wintry win
An' my heart is wae and wan
I've raked owre a' an' canna
A lass to be my dearie.
Though I be twa-score year a
My heart is nane the cauld
I'd like to wed some bonnie lass
Ere I be muckle aulder.
Oh ! I 'm tired looking for a
The lassies a' gang by
I 'm wearied o' a single life
Will nae braw lassie tr

I hae a trig wee dwallin' cot,
A' plenished snug and cosy

An' poortith cauld she needna fear,
For siller, I hae plenty ;
And she maun stevely haud the gear,
An' o' her man tak' tent aye.
My claes maun a' be clean an' hale,
Fit for my wark on Monday ;
An' I maun hae guid sheepheid kail
For denner every Sunday.

If nane will hae me for a man,
I'll dee wi' fair vexation ;
But no—I've thocht me o' a plan
That offers consolation.
I winna seek an early tomb,
Nor will I join the sodgers ;
But I'll juist tak' an' let my room
To single women lodgers.

WILLIAM WATSON.

Born 1852.

WILLIAM WATSON, a Glasgow merchant whose leisure moments are engrossed in literature and poetry, was born some forty-four years ago at Rosebank, Bowling. After receiving a school education he passed to the University, where he took a good position in the Scots Law and Conveyancing Classes, and a prominent position in English Literature. Mr Watson was for a number of years resident in Milngavie, first at "Clairinch," and subsequently at "The Grange." During these years he was what might be considered the perpetual President of the Milngavie Burns Club; and the yearly address which he gave at the anniversary celebration was characterised by fresh study. He always chose a new and special theme. He is a devoted Burns student, and has delivered frequent lectures on such subjects as: "Burns and his Songs," "Burns as a Letter-writer," "Burns as a Farmer," "Burns and the Deil," and "Burns and his love of Flowers." Mr Watson is connected with many societies. Charitable institutions have at all times received his assistance, and he has done much to benefit suffering humanity. He was twice President, and for fourteen years Treasurer of "The Kintyre Club," and is a member of the "Argyllshire Society," "Renfrewshire Society," and very many others. Mr Watson is a writer of graceful and melodious verse, and many of his productions will live in Scottish song. His works evince a keen discrimination of character, and

are just such as sing themselves into our very life. His songs have been set to music by Signor a De-Gabrielle, Henry A. Lambeth, and others. In addition to verse, Mr Watson gives his attention to prose, and the facility of his pen has been frequently known in editorial and reviewing columns.

SCOTLAND.

Music by Henry A. Lambeth.

Oh sing some songs of Scotland, that land of great renown,
The home of martial heroes, that land I call my own ;
The land our fathers loved so well, our mothers sang when young,
And left a grand inheritance of love and living song.

Hurrah for the land of Burns and Scott,
Of Wallace, Bruce and Charlie,
Land of the flood and Highland blood,
That fought and bled sae sairlie.

I sing the songs of Walter Scott, the Chieftain of romance,
The loves of Mary Stuart with all her thoughts of France,
The wanderings of Prince Charlie among the western isles,
The daring of our Highlandmen, and lovely Flora's smiles.

From Burns and beauteous Ayrshire, her lassies and her farms,
With happiness and tender thoughts from fair Jean Armour's
charms,
Lives lasting fame, brought through his name, to Scotia and her
hearth,
Where freedom, maid, and patriot shine the fairest on the earth.

THE SEASONS.

Music by Signor a De-Gabrielle.

Winter.

Blow loud the tempest, rage the wintry blast,
Sad let your wail be till destruction's past,
Weary though hearts be through the dark lone night,
Waiting, ever watching, for returning light.

Token of life on earth and of length'

Summer.

Hail ! happy Summer with sunshine,
Welcome the song of birds, love and
Shrubs and trees and blossoms delighl
With gratitude for beauteous gifts w

Autumn.

See with glory blending Autumn's go
Heaven and earth resplendent preach
How our eternal Father bids the seas
Cheering the soul of man from north

MOTHER'S Lov

A mother sat croonin' her wee
Wi' love and endearin' sweet
The father, contented, was read
And watchin' her motherly w

How simple the act ! yet how c
Could the love from that mot
Ah no ! not on earth. How we
" For of such is the Kingdom

Lowlandmen listen to songs of the south,
Where brave border-men fought for freedom and truth,
Where lawless attacks on fair Scotia were stayed,
And Lowland and Highlandmen shared the same plaid.

Countrymen listen to songs of the west,
Where brave fishers strive by all that is best
To conquer the waves by an energy rare—
Those sons of the ocean to Scotland most dear.

Listen Celt and loved Gael, listen bard, listen seer,
Echo wisdom and worth, echo culture and lear,
Let our seamen protect us, our soldiers maintain
The ocean for conquest, the land as our ain.

JEAN.

The voice of spring like some sweet dream
Rests lingering with me here,
And summer's song the whole day long
Dispels all doubt and fear ;
Still autumn tints with glowing glints
Lend beauty to the eye,
As wintry blast like desert waste
Leavee oft behind some sigh.

Yet bright sunshine in this soul of mine
Is constant in my breast,
By lingering thought, or incense brought
From the lass that I love best.

Cheering our road through the realm of God,
Nature and wife are there,
Charmingly bright to a soul's delight,
Lovingly happy and fair ;
Creative power, midst many an hour
Of dool as dark as night,
Changes in time, like this heart of mine,
To joy's increasing light.
So bright sunshine, etc.

The song of bird like the lilt of maid
Is cheering day by day,
And our thoughts of love, like the heaven above,
Grow warm with the sun's bright ray.
So thoughts of Jean, though by her unseen,
Dispel each fleeting mood,
And like summer's wind leave only behind
The fragrance of perfect good.
Thus bright sunshine, etc.

SAMUEL REID, R.S.W.

Born 1854.

SAMUEL REID is one of the bards of "Bon-Accord"; he was born in Aberdeen in 1854, and is a brother of Sir George Reid, P.R.S.A. He was first educated at the Trades' School in Aberdeen, and afterwards at the Grammar School of the same city. He early showed a liking for art, and received his first instructions at the hands of his brothers George and Archibald. In his twenty-first year he passed to the Royal Scottish Academy, and there took a course of training which extended over the winters of five years. While Mr Reid was studying at Edinburgh he occasionally contributed verses to the local and Glasgow newspapers. About this time a monthly magazine was started in Elgin, entitled *The Grey Friar*, and to the pages of this he contributed both prose and verse. The merit of Mr Reid's compositions has gained for him admission to the first class magazines, and, among others, he has contributed to *Blackwood's*, *Chambers's*, *Cornhill*, *Life and Work*, and *Hood's Comic Annual*. In 1882 he joined the staff of "Good Words" as one of the artists, and his illustrations are a pleasing feature in that magazine, many of them being accompanied by verses from his pen. It is perhaps more as a painter than as a poet that Mr Reid is known. He is represented annually at all the principal exhibitions, and his work has been highly commended by critics whose judgment is entitled to respect. Many of the pictures of this variously gifted artist, writes one,

are at once a tale, a poem, and a work of art, the threefold fruit of his genius. In order that he might find scope and fostering influences for his talent, Mr Reid used to spend his summer months in Alloa, returning to Glasgow for the winter. He subsequently, however, removed to Stirling, where he was resident for some years prior to his removal to England. At the request of his friends, Mr Reid collected his poems and published them in a little volume for private circulation. So warm was the reception accorded the book, and so many were the enquiries made for it, that its author was tempted to place it within the reach of a still wider circle of readers, and in 1892 it was re-issued. The volume bears the not inappropriate title, "Pansies and Folly Bells." The division bearing the title "Pansies" is devoted to poems written in a grave strain, while that of "Folly Bells" is given to those in a lighter vein. The volume bears witness to the fact that its author is a poet entitled to high rank in the bardic brotherhood. His verse has a rare fascination alike in the quiet sympathy and pathos of the "Pansies," and the merriment and jingle of the "Folly Bells."

MENDELSSOHN'S "DUETTO" BY MOONLIGHT.

To-night the sea is sleeping, and the air
Sleeps on its bosom. 'Tis the mild mid June,
And never saw I yet a scene more fair
Beneath the shining of a summer moon,
Or purer moonlight flood a purer sky.
And never, sure, did ripples softlier shed
Recurrent lengths of pearl and amethyst,
Quiv'ring to flash and die,
Along the margin of an ocean bed
Whose stainless sands were worthier to be kissed.

An hour ago, the burden of the days
Bore on me, and my rebel heart was sad,
Because the earth seemed all of thorny ways
Whose labyrinth nor end nor meaning had.
And evermore I heard the weary cry
Of human nature, and the answering moan
Of earth and sea; "Whence are we? Wherefore come?"
And the old sad reply:
"Out of the void, into the void—alone,
From the dead Past, into the Future dumb."

So, restless, ere the lighting of the lamp
I left the threshold, and my outstretched palm
Brushed from a jasmine spray the odorous damp,
And all my soul drank in the tranced calm
Of the high moon, and the wide, windless night.
And under dreaming trees I crossed the turf
To where, beneath their level browsing-line,—
A thread of glimmering white,
I saw the 'broidered fringes of the surf
Heave to the breathings of the slumbering brine.

And now, to brim the measure of delight,
A strain that from yon open casement floats
Seems strangely pertinent to this sweet night.
Yet well I know whose fingers wake the notes
And each full sequence of melodious tone
In that duet of passionate hopes and fears,
Where 'plainings love with love's fond chiding wars.
Divinest Mendelssohn!
Thy songs are only wordless to the ears
Which never heard the voices of the stars.

Oh, wearers of the ever-verdant bays!
Why have ye told us your delicious dreams
To fret us, groping in these grimy ways,
With airs from long-lost vales and vanished streams
And pipings of departed Arcadies?

Or thou, whose touch the immortal marbles bear,
 Why didst thou set us in a world like this—
 Godlike Praxiteles!—
 Peerless ideals, stony shapes more fair
 Than ever passed beneath a lover's kiss?

Oh for a breath of God's omnipotence,
 To mould the world to this one perfect hour
 For ever! and in this calm heaven's immense,
 As in the folded petals of a flower,
 Enclose it. Never more should the chill morn
 Flash at reveillé upon haggard eyes,
 And waken misery to all its needs.
 Never, by mad winds torn,
 The billows of this lisping sea should rise
 To tear a helpless prey that grasps and bleeds.

Still should the skies be cloudless, and the sight
 Trust the safe guidance of a light like this
 Serenely pitiful, unmindful quite
 If ugliness exists, or evil is,
 But rich in tender hint and sweet suggesting.
 And ever thus the charmèd earth should sleep,
 And each tired heart of all her seething throng,
 Its fevered pulse arresting,
 Beate as mine own does now—content to keep
 Time to the rhythmic cadence of a song.

Oh foolish heart! God sets His times and places,
 Like these thou art so loth to quit to-night,
 Not as abiding homes, but breathing-spaces
 Wherein anew to gird thee for the fight.
 Already falls a change on earth and ocean—
 The music ceases, and the awakening main
 Crisps its fresh billows to a breeze of dawn;
 In ever-circling motion
 The round moon sinks. Wherefore should I complain
 Who of His peace one full, deep breath have drawn?

SCOTLAND'S DEAD.

(Written in the Old Churchyard of Culross.)

Who, being Scotsman, has not somewhere known
 Some holy haunt like this, remote and still—
 Some kirkyard neetled on a ferny hill,
Some quiet burial plot, retired and lone—
And found, in after years, his mem'ry keep
 Its picture still unfaded in his breast,
 The fixed ideal of that place of rest
Where, if God willed it so, he too would sleep ?

Few are the dead who mix with kindred clay
 In these "God's-acres" of their native land,
 Lulled by the waves around the granite strand,
Soothed by the winds from heath-clad mountains gray ;
Wherever keel can cleave or herbage wave,
 Wherever air can waft, or sunlight falls.,
 Where enterprise invites or duty calls,
The wide-strewn records mark the Scotsman's grave.

Their bones lie buried under Arctic snows,
 Laved by the Ganges, bleached beside the Nile,
 Hid by the palms of many a tropic isle,
Lost in far jungles where the banyan grows ;
Their graves are guarded by the cactus spear
 In western woods where hoary mosses hang,
 And the Red Indian on his swift mustang
Sweeps in the traces of the flying deer.

Yet in God's book their bones are numbered,
 And scattered thus He holds the tale complete,
 Till once again with brothers, brothers meet,
When the great Sea hath rendered up its dead.

THE IRONY OF IF.

The stranger stretched him where a white-tongued sea
 Licked an eroded cliff;
 A spell came o'er his spirit dreamily,
 And all earth's myriad voices seemed to be
 One universal "If"!

He heard the sound in surf and shore and sky,
 And swoop of circling bird :
 Each hollow roller had the same low cry,
 And dripping rocks behind him lisped reply
 In that one pregnant word.

If!—hissed the spray that lashed around the stone,
 If!—said each foaming mass ;
 If!—was the downward dragging shingle's moan ;
 The wind's reiterated monotone,
 Along the bleached sea-grass.

And as he lay and listened to their speech,
 There, where his trusty skiff,
 With half his keel above the rude wave's reach,
 Fretted its grapnel in a crumbling beach,
 And made a sound like "If"!

He sighed, "Oh, woful word with sorrow rife,
 Small word that stands so stiff,
 The very sound is like a keen-edged knife ;
 As the old riddle says : Three-fourths of life
 Is lie, and one-half—If.

"If Jones had failed before he got that loan,
 Things might have all gone straight ;
 If little Partington had only known,
 Or if that prowling bagman had not blown,
 Duke would have won the plate.

“ If Uncle Dick had never met Miss B.,
 Of if he’d stayed away ;
If Susan’s mother had been drowned at sea—
It would have made a difference to me,
 In divers things to-day.

“ And if—ah, if! my little Loo had had
 What is described as ‘means’ ;
And if her brother had not been a cad,
Or Aunt Jemima—ah, it was too bad !
 Caused those disgraceful scenes.

“ And if I’d sold those bloated mining shares
 That Tuesday afternoon,
I might—who knows?—have bid adieu to cares,
And lived a millionaire ‘mid millionaires,
 Wielding a golden spoon.”

But here he thought another voice did call,
 Filling him with dismay ;
Straight from the topmost heaven it seemed to fall
As if it echoed down the beetling wall
 To blast him where he lay.

A raucous voice, which cried, “ Yer bloomin’ ass,
 The tide has took yer skiff !
You’re in as nice a fix as never was—
If yer can’t swim, by gum ! ye’ll have to pass
 A night upon the cliff !”

MARY BOWIE GILLESPIE, L.L.A.

Born 1854.

MARY BOWIE GILLESPIE, whose kindly and sympathetic poems are well known in the local press, was born at Springfield, Denny, on the banks of the historic Carron, on the 22nd of May, 1854, and here her infant days were spent. In her sixth year she went to Haddington, and while there attended the Burgh School, then under the rectorship of the Rev. William Whyte. When she was fourteen years of age she returned to Denny, and was for a time a pupil teacher in the Denny Public School. From here she proceeded to Glenartney, in Perthshire, to take charge of a school of the Baroness Willoughby D'Eresby. After some time in Perthshire she went to England, where she was resident for eight years. It was while in Worcester, "the ancient and faithful city," with its historic associations, its old battlefields and its gorgeous cathedral, that, in addition to her school work, she studied for the St. Andrews L.L.A. The centre of examination which she attended was the University College, Bristol, and she graduated L.L.A. in 1883. She has never seen the gray old *Alma Mater* of the north, the "City of the Scarlet Gown"; but she found Bristol a very pleasant place, and thoroughly enjoyed the pilgrimages paid to its shrine of learning, notwithstanding the terrors of examination. On her return to Scotland she was engaged for two years at Grangemouth, and in 1888 returned to Denny, where she has since been resident. Miss Gillespie very

often finds her themes in history, and writes in a manner not unworthy some of our balladists. Her verses mirror a thoughtful mind and show their author to be one who looks below the surface of things with keen penetration. Miss Gillespie has hitherto been content with the column of the newspaper; but she looks forward to book publication at no distant date, being at present engaged on two collections of her verses.

STIRLING CASTLE.

"Ye towers within whose circuit dread
A Douglas by his sovereign bled."—Scott.

"O why should you weep so, my lady fair?
Or why should you grieve at the king's command?
He calls me in peace; if it were not so,
Are not power and might in the Douglas' hand?
Would not trenchant blades from thine scabbards start
To avenge a wrong to the Bleeding Heart?"

"That the king is all-powerful well we know,
And thine enemies are not few, I fear."
"Now hush, Lady Beatrice, say no more,
For the sound falls coldly on mine ear;
Did any one else dare that word to say
The Douglas his hand on his sword would lay."

"If I have done aught that may be amiss,
O pardon me now, my good lord," said she,
"Or if I have said what I should not say,
I trust that my fault you will here forg'e;
It springs from the love that I bear to you,
O Douglas, Douglas, so tender and true."

"Speed me with a smile on my way," he cried,
"And come let me dry up these woman's tears;
Buckle on my sword with your own fair hands,
And banish away all your foolish fears."
The lady smiled with a tear in her eye
As she girt the sword by her husband's thigh.

From the walls of Stirling Castle so high
 King James viewed the land over dale and down,
 Till he saw good Lord Douglas and his men
 As they came a-riding into the town ;
 Right noble they looked as they swept the plain,
 As gallant a band as the king's own train.

"O Douglas, before you go forth again,
 The lot must be cast betwixt you and me ;
 Come weal or come woe, come life or come death,
 But one of us twain shall the master be,
 But one of us twain, either you or I,
 For as Scotland's king I will reign or die."

But ne'er did the Douglas ride out again ;
 He talked with the king by himself apart,
 Till the deadly die was between them cast,
 And a dagger sheathed in a Bleeding Heart ;
 At that moment dread 'twas the king's to feel
 Remorse that was cruel as edg'd steel.

"O Douglas ! proud Douglas ! woe worth the day !
 Thou hast been the reed that has pierced mine hand ;
 Woe worth this sight, and woe worth the day,
 For no braver knight was in my land.
 The best of my halidom would I gi'e
 Could I bring back the breath of life to thee."

A masterless steed in the stable neighed,
 Impatiently tossing his flowing mane ;
 And a lady moaned in her deep despair
 For a noble knight who was lying slain :
 "The light of my life is all gone with you,
 O Douglas, Douglas, so tender and true."

CARRONSIDE.

"By Highland hills and Lowland plains,
 Through the Lothians broad and wide,
 No one but Jeanie Livingstone
 Will I seek to be my bride.

“O I have lands, both gold and gear,
And my castle is right fair;
Whatever dowrie you may ha'e,
I will gi'e you ten times mair.”

“Though great and fair your gold and lands,
And though braw your castle be;
At hame by bonnie Carronside
I would rather wander free.”

But constant rubbing wears the stone;
And the old lord in his pride
At last took Jeanie Livingstone
To Warriston as his bride.

Her lightsome youth she left behind,
For love's altar cold and bare
Could shed no gleam of happiness
On her gold and grandeur there.

O, dowie she gaed butt the house,
And so dowie she came ben;
She cared not for her castle fine,
For her maids and servingmen.

The tears fell on her silken seam
As it lay upon her knee;
She wept to think on Carronside—
O, were she but once more free!

Lord Warriston sat with his guests
A-drinking the red, red wine;
And first and fairest in the hall
Lady Warriston did shine.

But O, a sad heart beat beneath
Her rich robes of cramasie:
For in her lord's stern bosom reigned
The demon of jealousy.

With sparkling zone of gold and gems
Though her slender waist was spanned,
Alas ! her jewelled bracelet hid
The mark of a cruel hand.

The screech owl cried at Warriston ;
But the midnight brought no rest,
In wakeful pain the lady lay
With forebodings dire oppressed.

“ What brings you here, Janet, my nurse ?
O what is it you would hide ?
Why come you at this hour o’ nicht,
Like a ghost, to my bedside ? ”

The moonlight through the curtain stole
On the old crone kneeling there,
She whispered till her lady cried,
With a shudder, “ Nurse, forbear ! ”

Next day no Warriston appeared
When the guests sat down to dine ;
’Twas whispered in the company
He had taken too much wine.

They ranged themselves about the board,
Round Warriston’s vacant chair ;
And none but Lady Warriston
Saw a shadow sitting there.

And O, it grew like Warriston,
She could trace each ghostly line—
She saw the marks about his neck
More livid than those of wine.

Alas ! for Lady Warriston,
She sank to the floor as dead ;
Alas ! that Jeanie Livingstone
To the Tolbooth should be led.

The sun shone on the gruesome pile,
With its walls so strong and high,
A hapless lady knelt within,
So young, yet condemned to die.

“O Warriston, I little dreamed
The weird that we baith should dree ;
I wish I ne'er had seen your face,
Or died ere you wedded me.

The sunset on my prison wall
For the last time now I see ;
And never mair on Carronside
Shall I ever wander free !”

THE GRANDEST WORK OF ALL.

The stones for the great cathedral
Prepared for the workmen lay ;
And unto the master-builder
Came an old man forth one day.

All bowed down with age and sorrows,
He craved him in feeble tones
That he might be with the workers
Who carved the cathedral stones.

Though kind was the master-builder,
And compassionate of heart,
He feared the old man’s trembling hand
Might mar in its fairest part

The artist’s richest conception,
And the sculptor’s choice design
He dared not trust to feeble hands
Or to failing eyes assign.

But he let him work on the arches
Where the roof’s deep shadow lay ;
And patiently to his labour
Came the old man day by day.

And as he worked, all the fervour
Of youth seemed to nerve his arm ;
And on the cold hard stone there grew
A face with a nameless charm.

Most exquisite were the features,
And an almost life-like grace
Settled on them when the sunbeams
Lit up that shadowy place.

And to the old man's weary eye
There came an unwonted glow ;
He seemed to live as in a dream
Over scenes of long ago,

Ere pulses full of life and hope
At the touch of death were chilled,
Before his heart had empty grown
And a yawning grave been filled.

The face he cut upon the stone
With the craftsman's truest art,
Long-loved and lost, was graven deep
On the tablets of his heart.

But one last touch and the chisel
Had dropped from his trembling hold,
And long he gazed upon his work,
Like Pygmalion of old.

And still he looked upon the face,
His rapture with gazing fed,
Until the master found him there,
As cold as the stone, and dead.

Artists and workmen together
All came where the old man lay,
To look on the wondrous sculpture :—
“ ‘Tis the work of love,” said they.

“ For in all this grand cathedral,
From the spire down to the ground,
A finer piece of workmanship
May nowhere at all be found.”

And when the sun the shadows pierced
For a few brief moments’ space,
Great crowded throngs the radiance watched
Illumine that matchless face.

For the work of love is the grandest
Upon earth, or in heaven high ;
The cathedral, of all the ages,
Divine love shall glorify.

Within those walls, not made with hands,
In the aisles of light above,
Imperfect love shall perfect grow ;
For our God Himself is love.

PETER BLACK.

Born 1855.

PETER BLACK, who has contributed frequently to the district press, was born at Bainsford in 1855. In early life he removed to Glasgow, where he received his education, and where he was apprenticed to the trade of moulding. On leaving Glasgow he went to Alloa, where he was engaged for three years. From Alloa he went to Leicestershire, and after a residence of some time there he returned to Scotland some fourteen years ago, finding employment at Camelon. From Camelon he removed to Bonnybridge, where he has since resided. Mr Black is well known and highly respected in the district. He is at present in the employment of Messrs Smith and Wellstood, Limited. His productions have appeared in many of the local newspapers,—among others, the *Alloa Circular*, the *Kilsyth Chronicle*, and the *Falkirk Mail*.

THE RIVER THAT RINS TO THE SEA.

I'm wearyin' sair for the lang simmer day
To get aff to my favourite stream,
Then I'll mak' for the muir—oh, I wish I were there—
To fish in the burnie, and dream.
Oh for a breeze o' the pure mountain air
Whaur the streams are aye rinnin' free :
I'll hie to the west when the time suits best,
To the river that rins to the sea.

Sae lang as I'm weel I'll gang to yon stream
 Whaur the rowan trees hang owre the glen,
 I'll fish in the linn wi' sic bonnie trout in
 Owre by at the fit o' yon Ben.
 A word aboot streams that are no' very clear
 As advice I wad here like to gi'e:
 Just you hie to the west when the time suits best
 To the river that rins to the sea.

If I'm granted health when the time comes roun'
 To indulge in the art I lo'e weel,
 I'll ne'er be at reet till I get to the west
 Wi' my rod an' my basket and reel.
 The days stretchin' oot mak' it pleasin' to a',
 Sune the laverock will sing owre the lea,
 Syne I'll mak' for the road that aft I ha'e trod
 To the river that rins to the sea.

BESIDE THE THREE TREE WELL.

The Three Tree Well, the Three Tree Well,
 The lovers' favourite spot,
 'Twas there I spent my youthful days—
 Days ne'er to be forgot,
 When as a bairn, an' fu' o' fun,
 When schule was dune I played,
 And pu'd the bluebells frae the banks
 Beside yon runnin' lade.

Chorus—Among the rural beauties there
 I fain would seek to tell
 The happy days that I ha'e spent
 Beside the Three Tree Well.

I think I see the auld meal mill
 Aye workin' in fu' swing,
 And hear ance mair the blackbird's voice
 That made the plantin' ring.

And there I've seen the bonnie lads
Wi' sweethearts aye sae braw,
But some ha'e gane to distant lands,
And noo are far awa'.

What changes ha'e come owre yon spot
Since I crossed Kelvin stream !
When thinkin' on't it seems to me
As tho' it were a dream.
Yestreen I sat beneath the trees,
And, bound by memory's spell,
Sang to my heart o' days gane by
Beside the Three Tree Well.

ROBERT MENZIES FERGUSSON, M.A.

Born 1859.

ROBERT MENZIES FERGUSSON, who is a son of the Rev. Samuel Fergusson, author of "The Queen's Visit and other Poems," was born in the manse of Fortingall, in Perthshire, in 1859. When of school age he was sent to the Public School of Stanley, and from that seminary passed to the University of Edinburgh, where he enrolled himself a student in the autumn of 1877. Here he took his Arts course and graduated M.A. in 1881. While at this University he not infrequently wrote verses, chiefly translations from the Greek and Latin poets, and he was encouraged to proceed in the art by the late Professor Blackie. In his year Mr Fergusson competed for the prize awarded, in the English Literature Class, for the best poem; and although not the successful competitor, his work was highly commended by Professor Masson. After completing his Arts course at Edinburgh, he passed to "the city of the scarlet gown," and entered the Divinity Hall at St. Mary's College there. From St. Andrews he went to Oxford, where, in addition to engaging in ministerial work, he joined the Union and continued his studies at the University. During the summer vacations of 1882 and 1883 Mr Fergusson acted as student-missionary in the island and parish of Flotta, Orkney. This parish had recently been disjoined from Walls and endowed, but owing to some debt the appointment of a minister was delayed for two years. In the interval Mr Fergusson took

charge of the island for six months each year, the parish minister of Walls taking the oversight during the winter months. At a public meeting of the congregation of Flotta he was requested to become their minister on the completion of his University course, but he did not see his way to accede to the unanimous desire of the kindly people among whom he had spent so many happy days. On his return from Oxford in 1884 he received license at the hands of the Presbytery of Perth, and after a nine months' assistantship with the late Very Rev. Dr Rankine of Sorn, in Ayrshire, he was elected minister of Logie. He was ordained to this charge on the 2nd April, 1885, and there he has since laboured with much acceptance. It is worthy of note, in passing, that Mr Fergusson ministers to the spiritual wants of the same parish that was under the spiritual guidance, three centuries ago, of Alexander Hume, our earliest Scottish pastoral poet. In the summer of 1896 initial steps were taken to call Mr Fergusson to a large and influential church in the north of Ireland, but he saw fit to decline this honour. Mr Fergusson is the author of a number of works. In 1883 appeared his maiden volume, entitled "Rambling Sketches in the Far North, and Orcadian Musings," and this was followed in 1884 by "Rambles in the Far North," the materials for the latter of which he had collected during his vacation work at Flotta. In 1888 he published "My College Days," which is autobiographic, and a year later "Quiet Folk," which is a series of interesting sketches of characters the author has met. In 1892 he published "Our Trip North," which was illustrated by several well-known artists, and a second edition of which was called for in a very short time. A year later he issued "My Village," which is a contribution to that literature of locality of which Mr

Barrie is the acknowledged exponent. In 1896 he collected his verses and issued them under title, "The Viking's Bride and Other Poems." Mr Fergusson takes a keen interest in all matters pertaining to the Highland clans; and he was *Joint Editor* of "Records of the Clan and Name of Fergusson, Ferguson and Fergus," which was published in 1895. In "The Viking's Bride and Other Poems" we have various specimens of Mr Fergusson's muse. He is a keen student of nature, and his verses show the meditative mind of their author. Under the influence of the sea he sings now in cadence soft and low like the lap-lap of the waves at play, and again in strong and vigorous verse like the swell of the rising tide.

THE VIKING'S BRIDE.

AN ORCadian BALLAD.

In the cold grey dawn of an autumn day,
As the sun peeped over the sea,
A Norseman's bark shot out of the bay
With the sails full set, and all so gay,—
Away to the west went he.

Twas a Viking bold from the Norway shore,
And a tall sea-king was he;
But he sailed away to return no more,
Nor to hear again its deep-toned roar;
For he sank 'mid the foam of the sea.

The Orcadian Isles was the land he sought,
And a royal bride to wed,
Who was waiting now till the north wind brought
To her watching eyes—that looked for nought—
The sight of the Dragon Head.

And this brave sea-king, with his crew so gay,
Were as happy as men could be;
For they left their shores at the break of day,
And they cheered their friends as they passed the bay,
And steered for the open sea.

As their hearts were light, and their bark was tight,
 And their limbs so stout and strong,
 They would fear no foe, nor the dark wild night,
 As they steered their bark by the pale moon's light,
 But sang this Orcadian song :—

“ The sea is wild and free, my boys—
 The sea is wild and free ;
 And o'er the back of the ocean wide
 We steer our barks by wind and tide ;
 And sing aloud in our glee, my boys—
 And sing aloud in our glee.

“ We play with the foam of the deep, my boys—
 We play with the foam of the deep,
 That gleams in the light of the moon so bright,
 And sinks with the stars to sleep, my boys—
 And sinks with the stars to sleep.

“ We fish at the turn of the tide, my boys—
 We fish at the turn of the tide ;
 And whisper low, while the breezes blow,
 Of the girl that's to be our bride, my boys—
 Of the girl that's to be our bride.

“ Oh, we are happy and gay, my boys—
 Oh, we are happy and gay ;
 We love to sail with breeze or gale,
 And then return to the bay, my boys—
 And then return to the bay.”

When the music ceased there arose a gale
 That became a hurricane blast ;
 And the cheek of the Norse sea-king turned pale
 As he heard the sound of the ocean's wail,
 And saw the bending mast.

With a shriek and a moan all the shrouds were rent,
 And the mast fell by the side ;
 While the brave Norsemen 'neath the billows went
 With their bark, and all that the king had sent
 To deck his bonnie bride.

In a Jarl's home, on a lofty tower,
Sits a maid by Orcadia's sea,
And she weeps and sighs from hour to hour
For the Viking bold to claim her dower ;
But he sleeps in the moaning sea.

THE BATTLE OF THE CREEDS.

There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.—*Tennyson*.

A soul went groping for the truth
Amidst the creeds of Christendom,
In search of what to him would come
As light and joy unto his youth.

Among the shibboleths of time
He felt bewildered and alarmed ;
For now his ear no music charmed,
Nowhere he heard Hope's welcome chime.

Around him raged both loud and keen
The conflict of the Church's creeds,
And all in vain he looked for deeds
Of love and truth, where Christ had been.

There seemed no place for honest doubt,
No ark of God to take him in ;
The world was dark and full of sin,
The light of truth was almost out.

Each cried aloud, "Here is the place
To quiet your doubting heart and fears,
To stem the tide of human tears,
To feel the light upon your face.

Bewildered with the cries of creed,
He faltered in the search for light,
And fell a meteor in the night ;
Became a broken, shattered reed.

Lost in the mazes of despair,
 He wandered on, without a friend,
 Upon a path which had no end,
 That led no one could tell him where.

No church would open wide her door
 To shelter him from storms of doubt ;
 But, firmly barred, they shut him out,
 As on good men they closed before.

The truth came home to him at last,
 And Faith dawned on his drooping soul :
 He felt that now he'd reached the goal,
 And that his doubting fears were past.

He faced his doubts, and fought the fight
 Of truth and error, both combined,
 Until his doubts were left behind
 Amidst the darkness of the night :

And from the mass of narrow creeds
 He rose a martyr for the truth,
 A pleader for the doubts of youth,
 And proved his faith by noble deeds.

ALLAN WATER.

Where can you find a sweeter spot
 Than by clear Allan Water,
 The classic ground where poets sought
 The miller's lovely daughter ?

'Tis dear to me this winding stream,
 Where maids and lovers banter,
 For here there came a charming dream
 To roving Rob the Ranter.

But sweeter far the song it sings
 Of peace and joy and beauty ;
 For to my heart it solace brings
 To aid me in my duty.

The Ochil hills invite my feet
To tread their soft moss under,
But still for thee my heart shall beat,
Although thy waters thunder.

In summer days I sit by thee,
And listen to thy singing,
And as I sit there comes to me
The sound of church bells ringing.

'Tis marriage bells that sound so clear,
And set the air a-throbbing ;
But dear to me, and still more dear,
Is thy soft waters' sobbing.

O, who can find a lovelier stream
Than that of Allan Water ?
And who can sing a sweeter theme
Than the miller's lovely daughter ?

WHERE THE SOFT WINDS BLOW.

Where the soft winds blow under the sky,
On the mossy turf I lazily lie,
And list to the birds whose merry notes
Come warbling sweetly from tiny throats
And at sunset as suddenly die.

My thoughts take wings like the birds, and fly
Away o'er the sea, and linger nigh
To the fishers who steer their white-sailed boats
Where the soft winds blow.

But the fading light, and the piping cry
Of the curlew, swiftly darting by,
Bid me up and away, as the pale moon floats
Over the clouds with their fleecy coats
And casts her beams o'er the tree tops high
Where the soft winds blow.

THE SUN SANK LOW.

The sun sank low in the west,
And the sky was red with its glare ;
The birds flew home to nest,
While their songs grew faint in the air ;
And I sat, as the shadows fell
Over hill, and dale, and sea,
And the notes of the curfew bell
Came trembling out to me ;
For the light was done, and toil
Was o'er for another day,
The plough was left in the soil,
And the boats came home to the bay.

I looked again to the sky
And saw the red glow fade ;
Its glory came but to die
And melt away into shade ;
And this, I said, is Life,
With its bustle and noise and fret,
A moment of calm, then strife
And dark ; the sun is set.
The soul that keeps its trust
Goes out in the golden glow,
And leaves the body in dust
Like the seed the sowers sow.

ANDREW BARNARD.

Born 1860.

ANDREW BARNARD is a native of Grangemouth, having been born there on the 8th of January, 1860, and is the son of a poet—Mr Francis Barnard, author of “Sparks from a Miner’s Lamp.” and “Chirps frae the Engine Lum.” Shortly after our poet’s birth the family removed to Woodend, Armadale, and after some time at school Mr Barnard was engaged as a message boy, from which occupation he went to that of coal-mining. He had not been in this occupation very long ere he sustained serious injuries, by which he was prevented from engaging in any kind of work for some time. During this illness he became a proficient violinist, and also acquired a knowledge of knitting, lace-making and photography. When he had sufficiently recovered, he received employment as an engine-keeper with Messrs W. Muir and Co., Bathville, and turning his attention to mechanics, he invented and patented various appliances of a labour-saving nature. Mr Barnard is an occasional wooer of the muses, and has contributed to a local volume entitled “Poetry of the Dell.” His verses are simple; he deals with common subjects; and where he lacks in graceful song, he gains in kindly sentiment.

OH ! HASTE AWA', WINTER.

I sigh for the summer wi' a' its bricht beauty,
I sigh for the birdies to sing on the trees;
The short winter day is sae cheerless and cauld aye,
I sigh owre again for the saft summer breeze.



How heartsome to rise on a gay summer morning,
 The sun 'boon the hill in a deep rosy hue,
 An' cull the sweet flowerets that grow in profusion
 Awa' in the meadows a' covered wi' dew.

I lo'e weel the summer, but lo'e nae the winter,
 Wi' a' its fierce cauld blasts o' snaw, sleet an' rain ;
 The summer brings pleasures, the bee wi' its treasures,
 But cauld winter nocht brings but sorrow and pain.

I'm wae for the bairnies, the wee things are gnarled,
 An' shiver wi' cauld 'mang the frost an' the snaw ;
 Their wee hearties tremble, an' aft nip wi' hunger,
 But what care the pitiless cauld blasts that blaw ?

Oh, guid-hearted mammies, be kind to the bairnies
 That seek their bit bitie at ilka ane's door ;
 For need drives them oot frae their hovels, puir lammies,
 An' dool to their hearts wadna pity the poor.

Be kind to the birdies that seek our protection—
 The robin, the shilfa, and wee cutty-wren—
 Aye feed them in winter, an' then in the summer
 They'll pay us weel back wi' their sangs in the glen.

Oh ! haste awa', winter, an' come ye back, summer,
 An' come back, ye birdies, noo far, far awa',
 An' sing in the gloamin' your blythe lays to cheer us,
 Forланely an' sad are our hearts 'mang the snaw.

MY LOVE AND I.

My love and I sat under a bough
 When our daily work was done,
 While the smiling flowers around us closed
 In the setting summer sun.
 We talked of the hills and valleys fair,
 And lands that are far away,
 As we sat in our sweet and flowery dell
 In the peace of the closing day.



The moon with her pale and silver beams
 Shone out in the clear blue sky,
 The myriad stars were twinkling bright
 In the spangled heaven on high ;
 The murmuring stream rolled gaily on
 Through the rocky, bushy glen,
 The clock of the distant village church
 Was striking the hour of ten.

But still we sat in the soft moonlight
 While the fleeting moments flew,
 And we saw the soft green mossy bank
 All wet with the sparkling dew ;
 But little we thought of the hills or vales,
 Or the twinkling stars above,
 Of the fields or flowers, or the dewy grass,
 For our thoughts were all of love.

THE SPARROWS THAT BIDE I' THE LUM.¹

I 'm comin', puir birdies, I never had min'
 O' the wee bits o' breid that ye get,
 An' though ither things often rin i' my heid,
 That 's ae thing I maunna forget.
 Oh ! what wad I dae in this dull dreary place
 If it werena the cheerie bit hum,
 An' the visits I get ilka mornin' an' nicht
 Frae the sparrows that bide i' the lum ?

The wee, gutsy gourmands, they tumble an' fecht
 For their meat like a hungry wee wean ;
 But we maun forgi'e them—they're only wee birds,
 And hae scarce a bit mind o' their ain.
 Sae thankfu' are they when their crappies are fu',
 They carena the reek nor the coom,
 But dicht their wee nebs, an' awa' they will flee
 To their neebors that bide i' the lum.

¹ These lines were suggested to the poet by seeing his father share his "piece" with some sparrows that took up their abode where he was employed.—*Ed.*

The laverock on high, wi' his music sae fine,
Comes doon aft to gi'e me a ca' ;
The robin in winter, the blackie in summer,
The shilfa, the lintie an' a' ;
But nane fills the want in this lane heart o' mine,
Nae maitter how often they come,
Like the wee, tousy fellows that bide the hale year
I' the cracks o' the big, reeky lum.

The big, greedy crows that are just fleein' by—
Oh, the scoundrels ! I watched them yestreen
Flee round the lum back (oh, the mean, hungry pack !)
When they thocht that they wadna be seen,
An' chase the bit birdies an' fricht them sae sair,
To get eatin' their meat—every crumb ;
But then they've the richt—they live high i' the warl',
But the speugs—i' the dirty, black lum.

But ne'er mind, my birdies, I'll come back the morn
If the guude Lord abune gi'e me health,
An' I'll gi'e ye a share o' my ain hamely fare,
For I haena a great store o' wealth.
An' altho' ilka birdie goes by ye like stour,—
Ye ken ilka bee has its bum,—
Nae pride ever enters the wee, honest hearts
O' my frien's that bide up i' the lum.

ALEXANDER STEWART.

Born 1860.

ALEXANDER STEWART was born on the 7th day of February, 1860, in a hillside cottage on the farm of Auchtoomore, in the parish of Balquhidder. Here his early years were spent, and they were altogether uneventful. His connection with Stirlingshire dates from 1885, when he joined the County Constabulary at Stirling. In his capacity of preserver of the peace he has been stationed at Milngavie and Avonbridge, and for the past four years at Polmont. Like very many others who have sung in strains of merit, Mr Stewart began versifying while yet in his teens, and over twenty years ago was contributing to the *People's Journal*. His literary career has been most successful. He has won a good many prizes in competitions, and has written to numerous magazines and newspapers. He has frequently translated Gaelic verse into English, and his work has been highly commended by competent authorities. He gained the first prize at Oban in 1893 for translation. In 1887 he was the winner of a silver watch in a competition in the *People's Journal*; in 1892 he gained the first prize in the poetical competition in the Christmas Number of the *Dundee Weekly News*; and at the Falkirk Burns Centenary Celebrations in 1896 his poem was adjudicated the best. Mr Stewart has done good work, and will doubtless be heard of in future years.

DOCHART-SIDE.

Yeoughin', surly winter win' that revels far an' wide !
 Oh ! gently lat yer breezes blaw on bonny Dochart-side ;
 When simmer in her splendour shines there's no a spot sae fair,
 But when ye come wi' piercin' blast ye sweep the greenwood bare :
 The tender plants are smitten doon afore yer stingin' hail ;
 The Dochart stops her drowsy tune an' dons her coat o' mail ;
 The shepherd on the green hillside wad lilt a merry sang
 An' lightly wander owre the muir where ripenin' berries hang ;
 But noo the shepherd's sang is mute, the berries a' are gane,
 The flocks he tended aye wi' care ha'e socht the sheltered plain ;
 The maiden wi' her milkin' pail gaed blythesome to the byre,
 But noo at milkin' time she's laith to lea' the kitchen fire.
 The dainty floers that lowly grew like gems on Nature's breast
 Ha'e hung their heids an' dwined awa' afore the Norlan' blast ;
 Ye drumly, surly, winter win', why dae ye skaith the floers—
 The bricht wee stars that deck sae braw this weary warl' o' oors ?
 Oh, dinna blast their beauty rare, an' dinna gar them fade,
 But let them blossom a' the year to cheer ilk man an' maid.
 'Tis a' in vain I waste my breath on sic a wilfu' carle,
 I get nae answer to my prayer excep' a growlin' snarl.
 But what a cheerin' thocht to me to ken his pranks 'll en'
 When Spring's invigoratin' breath blaws owre the hills again.
 When moorlands blossom like the rose, an' floers bestrew the plain,
 An' ilk creature feels the bliss o' Summer's gaudy reign,
 The burnies freed frae winter's thrall loup doon the glens wi' pride,
 An' wud an' brae look glad an' gay on bonny Dochart-side.

THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

Translated from the Gaelic of Alister Macdonald, Inverness.

The white snow was piling its wreaths in the glen,
 The chill wind was sweeping the brow of the ben ;
 And as sunset o'ershadowed majestic Glencoe,
 The force of the tempest more dreadful did grow.
 In their homes full of gladness, suspecting no harm,
 The glen-folk made merry in spite of the storm :

Tho' the red-coated soldier was there as a guest,
 The wild night was passing with chorus and jest ;
 With pledges of friendliness, feasting and mirth,
 None dreamt of a traitor existing on earth.
 Each heart was rejoicing like birds when the sheen
 Of the summer sun dances where May buds are green ;
 But tears ere the dawning from eyelids were shed
 That had sunk into slumber unclouded by dread.
 Their bravest were butchered, and innocent blood
 Was dyeing with crimson the snow-covered sod.
 The father and mother one deathbed did hold ;
 The sister and brother lay lifeless and cold ;
 The babe and the grandsire were victims of wrath,
 And the glen was resounding with dirges of death.
 Clan-LAIN were scattered, no mercy for them :
 We blush at the story of wrong and of shame,
 And as long as the mountains look down on Glencoe
 We 'll remember that morning of carnage and woe.

THE BATTLEFIELDS OF STIRLINGSHIRE.

The battlefields of Stirlingshire,
 What valour they recall !
 Their names are seared with blood and fire
 In Scottish hut and hall.
 The mountain torrent pent with snows,
 The whirlwind in the strath,
 Tell with exultant voice of those
 Who felt our fathers' wrath.
 Long ages past, on Carron's shore
 With iron front they stood,
 And Rome's proud eagles backward bore, —
 Their plumage stained with blood.
 We hear the moving tale rehearsed
 How Wallace, at Kildean,
 His bleeding country's fetters burst
 And made her free again !
 We feel a weird mesmeric glow,
 That kindles into flame

The fervid thrill that Scotsmen know
At mention of his name.
But ah ! a wail comes on the blast,
A bitter, anguished groan,
The lion heart is bowed in dust,
And hope is almost gone ;
Dissensions dire are set ablaze
By traitors in his host,
Poor Scotland's sun is dimmed in haze,
And Falkirk field is lost.
Her sturdy sons awhile are trod
Beneath the victor's heel,
The fearless freeman's doom is read—
The scaffold and the steel.
But not for long will Scotland cringe,
The clouds are gliding past,
And, meteor-like, a glorious change
Has come to her at last.
A kingly form, with arm of might,
Unties the tyrant's noose ;
We hear, above the din of fight,
The slogan of the Bruce.
By Bannock's copse-encumbered banks
The foemen fly or fall,
Who proudly marched in mail-clad ranks
Our country to enthrall.
Our banner in the breeze is tossed
From Stirling's topmost stone,
Proclaiming far and near the boast
Of Freedom dearly won.
Then blow, ye winds, from sea to sea,
Ye torrents, roll along,
Cry, " Wallace, Bruce, and Liberty ! "
The themes of tale and song ;
Tell beardless son and hoary sire
Old Albyn's deeds of worth
Upon the fields of Stirlingshire,
Where Freedom had her birth.

M. FLEMING STRUTHERS.

MATTHEW LE NORMAND FLEMING STRUTHERS was born in the town of St. Helier's, Jersey, but the family shortly after removed to a house in the country, where he was brought up, and acquired a love for the beautiful in Nature. He was educated at St. Aubyn's School and Victoria College, Jersey, and afterwards studied Art at St. Helier's Art Class in connection with the South Kensington Department, and at Mr F. Draper's Studio. He subsequently came to Stirling, where he at present resides. Here he further prosecuted the study of art in the Atelier for Animal and Landscape Painting, conducted by the late J. Denovan Adam, R.S.A., R.S.W. Mr Struthers has contributed to different publications, and his verses entitled "Daybreak and Other Poems, Lyrics and Sonnets," were printed for private circulation in 1894, by Penman & Co., London.

DAYBREAK.

'Tis night, and the winds are sleeping—the solemn midnight hour
When nature in rest is steeping shut wing and folded flower ;
The flocks in the meadows lying, the oxen in the stall,
The weary steed in the stable, and man in hut and hall ;
The trees stand black in the darkness, the heavens are black
o'erhead,
And a breathless silence reigneth as tho' the whole world were
dead ;

Or, as tho' the whole world were awaiting the stroke of impending doom
That shall summon all living nature through the portals of the tomb—
Where no day with its sun-bright splendour cheereth the lingering hours,
Or night, with its moonlight tender pauseth amid the bowers.
When, as dieth at dawn a taper, this sphere, with its light and shade,
Shall vanish away in vapour as tho' it were never made :
For, hath it not been foretold—a new Heaven and a new earth ?
And out of the dust of the old the new shall receive its birth.

But the earth from her sleep is awaking, or in dreams is her spirit stirr'd,
For a motion is heard in the tree-tops like the fluttering wings of a bird :
'Tis the first herald of morning—the avant-courier breeze—
That drives with the breath of the dawning his chariot thro' the trees ;
And lo, the horizon lightens, the cloud-pall is parted on high,
And the beam of the morning star brightens the death-dark abyss of the sky !
But pallid his visage is growing, and he guards his pavilion in fear,
For a greater than he is approaching and he seeth the glint of his spear,
And the gold of his helmet is gleaming low down on the eastern rim ;
The great god of day has arisen—he yieldeth in homage to him.

Then from earthward, like incense ascending, the mists of the morning arise,
While a myriad odours blending are borne with them up to the skies :
And up from the flowery meadows, and the rippling fields of corn,
Floats the sound of silvery voices, saying—"The day is born !"
And the clamour of life and of labour comes from city and stream and bay,
For over the earth it is daybreak, and the shadows flee away !

DUTY.

How many lives are offer'd silently
Upon thine altar, Duty!—not a sound
To mark the sacrifice: no well kept mound,
Or monument to tell to other eye
The deeds of those who thus for Duty die!
Silent they sleep! by earthly fame uncrowned;
Their names unknown, there hangs no halo round:—
No record of their brief life's history.
Oh Britain, how thy sons enoble thee!
'Twas thus they built thine ever-glorious name
That shall endure throughout eternity,
Making thee 'mid the nations first in fame.
Still Duty be thy watchword!—God thy guide!
And in heaven's favour thou shalt surely bide!

TWILIGHT.

Clear the silvery crescent swings
In the heavens' o'erarching deep,
And the last bird vesper sings
Ere the daylight sinks to sleep;
Sweetly solemn, calm as death,
Now the gentle twilight comes,
Breathing with low-measured breath
As beneath the moon she roams.

Winding thro' the darkling dale,
Gleams the river ghostly white;
Flushed with faintest amber pale,
From the fringe of fading light,
Pillar'd dark the poplars tall,
Rise beside the reedy brink;
Where grey willow branches fall,
Bending down as tho' to drink.

Close beneath the willow's shade,
Where the rustling reeds are stirr'd,
Stand two shadows—man and maid,
And a whisper'd voice is heard

Saying—"Tell me, art thou mine ?

Tell me ere I quit this shore—

Art thou mine as I am thine,

Thine alone for evermore?"

Soft the answer faltering fell—

Softer than the south wind's breath—

"Need'st thou ask me, need I tell ?

I am thine for life and death."

Then a moment, and a boat

Swiftly from the bank doth speed
Bearing *him* afar to float,

Ere *she* wends across the mead.

Soon the twilight turns to dark,

Home she hastens of him to dream ;

Little knowing that his bark

Sinks, and drowns him in the stream !

Joy and grief are but a breath !—

Lo, upon this earthly shore,
Ever mingle life and death,

Love and sorrow evermore !

AT CAMBUSKENNETH.

A ruined abbey tower, a kingly tomb,

A crumbling arch, some scattered masonry,

Are all the outward signs the eye can see

To mark a mighty monastery's doom !

Hard by an orchard buds for spring-tide bloom,

The sullen river sweeps by silently,

The fields stretch wide with scattered roof and tree,

Backed by the solemn hills in gleam and gloom.

Afar gray Stirling lifts her towers and spires,

Entrenched beneath the Castle's sombre shade,

Where, as the waning day begins to fade,

Against the western heavens' glowing fires,

I see the fitful smoke-wreaths upward curl'd ;

So come and go the glories of the world !

WILLIAM STEWART.

Born 1865.

WILLIAM STEWART, the author of a small volume of verse, was born on the 18th March, 1865, at the cottage of Tomaglass, on the estate of Gartmore, in the parish of Drymen. After receiving what schooling was considered necessary, he served his apprenticeship to the trade of plasterer, and at this trade he still works. He has written a good number of poems, many of which have been contributed to the *Stirling Observer*. At the urgent request of his friends he collected his verses, and in 1891 published them in volume form, under title "Lines of Scottish Lay."

CARDROSS FLOWERY BRAES.

Oh ! weel I mind the happy time
That backward noo is flung,
When Cardross braes I used to climb
Wi' love-notes on my tongue.
I heard the lintie sing fu' clear
Amang the briers and slaes,
While waiting for my lassie dear
On Cardross flowery braes.

Chorus—Cardross flowery braes,
Cardross flowery braes,
While waiting for my lassie dear
On Cardross flowery braes.

We watched the trouts in yon wee burn
 A' loupin' to the flees,
 And ilk a yin rose in its turn
 Like sea-waves in the breeze.
 We watched the lark ascend on high
 To sing his evening praise ;
 We didna ken the time gaun bye
 On Cardross flowery braes.

I pu'd the roses aff the thorn,
 And decked my lassie's breast ;
 Likewise wi' wild flowers that adorn
 Yon bonnie hill's green crest.
 Then she wad clasp her hand in mine,
 While baith oor hearts wad blaze
 Wi' joy, to meet some ither time
 On Cardross flowery braes.

—
 YE STILL CAN WAUCHLE ROUN'.

Ne'er view the present as a joke,
 Nor gaze with dubious eyes ;
 Strive aye to reach the mountain top,
 Where breadth o' wisdom lies.
 Your duty always keep in mind,
 Nor let your spirits doon ;
 Although you lag a perch behind,
 Ye still can wauchle roun'.

Chorus—Ye still can wauchle roun', my friends,
 Ye still can wauchle roun' ;
 Although misfortune haud ye back,
 Aye strive to wauchle roun'.

Aye tak' the warld free and easy,
 Aye keep a cheerfu' heart,
 Nor care nor sorrow let it tease you ;
 Some one will tak' your part.

Dame Fortune blinks upon the brave,
Though in life's afternoon ;
And if a shillin' ye can save,
You're sure to wauchle roun'.

With honest hand in humble rank,
Aye dae the best ye can ;
And though your prospects seem a blank,
Gang on an' play the man.
For them wha nobly mind themsel'
Success shall be the tune ;
Their lives shall aye to others tell
How they had wauchled roun'.

GEORGE HOPE DONALDSON.

Born 1865.

GEORGE HOPE DONALDSON is a native of the ancient little village of Tullibody, which lies at the foot of the Ochils, having been born there on the 20th of May, 1865. Four years after his birth Mr Donaldson's parents removed to Stirling, and there our poet has since resided. He was educated at one of the burgh schools, and when twelve years of age was apprenticed to the joiner trade, in which trade his father had previously set up in business in Stirling. While in his teens Mr Donaldson began the writing of verses, and his first production, which narrated an interesting local episode, and was entitled, "A Plea for Swimming Baths," was contributed to the *Stirling Observer*, and favourably spoken of on its appearance. Since then Mr Donaldson has written at intervals, and has contributed to the *Stirling Journal*, the *Alloa Journal*, and the *U.P. Magazine*. Mr Donaldson writes in various moods. Now he is thoughtful and reflective and again humorous and witty. He is a student of nature, and his poems are often word-pictures. Mr Donaldson's literary inclinations have shown themselves in different ways. He gave two sessions' attendance at the University Extension Classes which were conducted in Stirling under Mr (now Professor) M'Cormack of Dundee. He was also one of a party which was instrumental in instituting in Stirling a branch of the Home Reading Union, which enjoyed a two years' existence. He is an

office-bearer of the Stirling United Y.M.C.A. and a prominent member of the Literary section of that Association. He is also identified with Church and Guild Work.

“THE NEVER DYING PAST.”

(Written on a morning in early winter.)

Have we said good-bye to the flowers that came
In the train of the spring, as she tripped along—
When the hills and meadows were all awake
With the strains of a new-born, blythe-some song,
When our hearts were lit by the sunny ray,
That cheered the song-birds all the day ?

Have we said good-bye to the summer that came,
Bestowing rich garlands o'er the land ;
Till the children came from the busy town,
To gather them home with heart and hand ?
How bright were the hours, when young hearts there
Were blest by the touch of the flowers fair !

Have we said good-bye to the joys that came,
When the golden autumn came creeping on ;
When we lingered long 'mid the tinted trees—
To grasp the peace and the sober tone ?
But our hearts grow sad ; no music now
Is trilled by the song-bird on the bough.

Shall we say good-bye to the leaves that came ?
They flutter and fall ; their mission is o'er.
Now whirled along in the wind's wild glee,
They are gone—we never can know them more.
But we roam 'neath the branches brown and bare,
To gather life-lessons engraven there.

Should we say good-bye, though the Spring has flown—
Though the summer and autumn faded lie ?
Have the flowers and the sunbeams lived in vain ?
No ! given by God they can never die.
Even hearts are glad that never have seen
The flowers grow gay in the meadows green.

Where the sick and helpless bear their part,
 The flowers have come, with their mission bright ;
 They have told of a joy no tongue could tell ;
 With their faces fair, they have chased the night,
 Till in every heart some good is sown,
 Though the beauty of wood and field is flown.

PHIL'S 'XMAS GIFT.'¹

In summer we love the postman's horn,
 As it sounds through forest and field of corn ;
 But in winter no kindly blast we hear,
 To tell us that wished-for news is near ;
 For the postman's ride in the winter time
 Is no schoolboy play in our western clime.

'Twas in sixty-four, I remember well,
 Phil Harris was courting my sister Bel ;
 He might still have been courting for all I know,
 Had there ne'er been a storm or a ride through the snow ;
 For our farming neighbours at times rode down
 To carry the due mail home from town.

'Twas about 'Xmas ! Phil's turn was near,
 The happiest turn in all the year ;
 In many a homestead the postman's sack
 Was opened ere yet he had brought it back ;
 Then young hearts read in each other's eyes
 A something which only true hearts prize.

At mid-day Phil waved his hand to our Bel,
 As he watered his horse at our drawing-well ;
 He came not in, but waving adieu,
 Rode on past the maple clump from view ;
 Through clearing and forest, past homestead down,
 On his twenty-mile ride to Hamilton town.

¹ When a young man Mr Donaldson's father was for some time a farmer in Canada, and the incident which forms this poem is one of many interesting reminiscences our poet's father recalls.—*Ed.*

"Tis a beautiful scene from our farmhouse door,
Not a fairer you'd see, travel Canada o'er ;
From the cedar swamp, at the base of the hill,
To the maple clump near the logging mill,
Is a perfect picture 'neath the summer sun's glow,
And its beauty is sweet 'mid the moon-silvered snow.

Phil left for home as the day kissed night,
But the moon was out, the track was bright ;
His bundle of letters and something more,
A gift for Bel from the township store ;
A sacred trust, a clear bright track,
"Up ! Charlie, my lad, home, home, get me back."

I remember the weather changed that night,
Our wintry surroundings grew still more white ;
Of a sudden the snowflakes stayed, then came
That awful breeze which mocked the flame
Of our big log fire, and we silent sat a good long spell,
To catch the sound we all loved so well.

Bel heard it first, she sprang quick to the door,
We followed her fast with great uproar ;
But our shouts were stilled by the awful sight
That crept to our door that 'Xmas night ;
Black Charlie was white as the frozen track,
Phil Harris lay pale and stiff on his back.

We lifted the frozen form to the ground,
And our labours were long ere the welcome sound
Of a sigh, then a smile, and a whisper : "Bel,
Do you really care for me ? oh ! you must tell"—
Then the voice was still, but the warm life came ;
Our Phil Harris awoke to life and fame.

"Our Phil Harris," I said, and so well I might,
For just a year from that wild December night
He led his bride from that very door
Where he'd won her heart a year before.
Since then, in his turn, many times he's rode down
Past our farm on his way to Hamilton town.

BARNEY'S COURTSHIP.

Near the Lakes of Killarney is sweet County Kerry,
Where men all are decent and maidens are merry ;
There lived, or lives still, famed the whole country through,
A sprig of a shamrock called Barney M'Cue.

He lived all alone, both his parents were dead,
The house was his own, as was also the shed
Where the pigs dwelt contented, and their troubles were few ;
For a kind-hearted master was Barney M'Cue.

Not a better clad workman e'er walked down the street,
In his everyday clothes he was handsome and neat ;
Not a girl, though promised to sweetheart so true,
But would leave the best lover for Barney M'Cue.

Next dwelling to Barney dwelt Michael O'Flynn,
Who lived only to drink beer, whisky and gin ;
And his sweet daughter Kitty, whom every one knew,
Was the girl who lived nearest to Barney M'Cue.

But poor Michael O'Flynn will never drink more,
For they carried him home on the alehouse door ;
And they waked him all night with a terrible din,
But dead as a stone was old Michael O'Flynn.

Near the foot of the garden where Barney's shed stood,
Stood Michael O'Flynn's shed, in which was a brood
Of pigs ; and their mother—well, believe me, 'tis true,
Was the old pig belonging to Barney M'Cue.

Now, sure, was not this just a very bad case,
A family apart in such a small space ?
'Twas easy to mend, well yes, that is true,
And the boy who knew that was Barney M'Cue.

One night as the young pigs with grief loud were wailing,
The old pig, with her forefeet, knocked over the paling
Which divided the shed from one into two,
On the one side O'Flynn, on the other M'Cue.

When Barney knew this he looked very sad,
Yet something said, "Barney, ye ought to be glad !
Just go over to Kitty, but mind you speak true,
For she cares just a little for Barney M'Cue."

Barney slowly went over, gently tapped at the door,
And soon he heard Kitty trip over the floor ;
She gave him her hand, kindly welcomed him in,
Just a jewel of a lady was Kitty O'Flynn.

Barney ne'er said a word, so she ventured to say,
" Well, Barney M'Cue, what are you after to-day ?
No doubt you are leaving, for they tell me 'tis true,
You no longer are Barney, but Bailie M'Cue."

" Well now, Kitty O'Flynn, if it's just as you say,
It's the best news I've heard this many a long day ;
Maybe it's a lie, and maybe that it's true,
But my business at present is with Barney M'Cue.

" Now, Kitty, your parents and mine all are dead ;
This was not the case when I put up the shed,
Where the pigs dwelt contented, and their troubles were few,
On the one side O'Flynn, on the other M'Cue.

" Now, only last night, dear, the young pigs were wailing,
And the old pig, with her forefeet, knocked over the paling ;
It seems as if nothing should part me and you,
So, will you, my darling, be Mrs M'Cue ?

" The hedge that I planted still grows lovely and green,
Just runs down the centre, our gardens between ;
'Twill be seen in a blaze the whole county through,
That night you become Mrs Barney M'Cue."

Kitty ne'er said a word, yet she looked very glad,
For no better than Barney could ever be had ;
Then Barney took courage, his arms round her threw,
And she said, " I'll take Barney, not Bailie M'Cue ! "

Well, the wedding came off, ne'er was wedding so bright,
We danced through a day, and a day and a night ;
Now, there's no man in Kerry, but will tell you 'tis true,
For everyone there honours Bailie M'Cue.

M. PARK GILL, M.A.

Born 1866.

MARMADUKE PARK GILL was born in London on the 19th April, 1866. His father was engaged there in Her Majesty's Civil Service, but shortly after our poet's birth was removed to a position in Campbeltown, in Argyllshire. After a short term of service there he was transferred to Barnsby, in Yorkshire, where he remained until 1872, when he was appointed Supervisor of Grantown district in Elgin Collection. The subject of our sketch received his early education, at the Free Church School in Grantown-on-Spey. After a short time at this seminary he was sent to the Grammar School in the same town, and in his seventeenth year he passed to the Grammar School at Old Aberdeen. Having gone through a course of study there he entered Aberdeen University with a view to qualifying for the ministry. He graduated M.A. in 1888. Although intended for the church, Mr Gill did not enter the Divinity Hall but took to tutoring, filling situations both in England and Scotland. In 1892 Mr Gill took up his residence in Killearn. When about fourteen years of age he began writing verses, and these were published in the Grantown newspapers. He has contributed to many of the first-class weeklies, to "Chambers's Journal" and the "Aberdeen University Magazine." Mr Gill's poetry is characterised by gracefulness of expression and smooth flow of versification, and many of his lyrics have been set to music.

CONSOLATION.

The eyes that once were as Heaven's light to me,
 Clear bright eyes of an azure hue,
Lost through the day come in dreams at night to me,
 Piercing the web of my sorrow through ;
Lit with a light earth never could bring to them,
 Drying my tears with their radiant rays,
Dim from starvation mine own eyes cling to them,
 Dear, true eyes of the vanished days.

The lips whose sounds were as music soft to me—
 Fond lips tinged with a carmine glow—
Whisper in dreams sweet messages oft to me,
 Solaces only myself may know ;
Brimful of melody unsung here to me,
 Touched with the zeal of a saint who prays,
Sing they a soothing psalm that is dear to me,
 Pleading lips of the vanished days.

The hands ever deft in weaving weal to me—
 Slender hands with a tender touch—
Through the lone night, in the old way, steal to me,
 Point and beckon and guide me much ;
Raised as enlisting angels for guard to me,
 Through life's dark, labyrinthine maze,
Paths they make smooth that before were hard to me ;
 Kindly hands of the vanished days.

What though 'tis only in dreams they come to me,
 Are they not still the same dear eyes ?
Speak not the same lips then that are dumb to me,
 Through the long hours till the day-light dies ?
Stretch not the same hands lovingly down to me,
 All illumined in a holy haze ?
Give me my dreams, they are "sorrow's crown" to me,
 Living dreams of the vanished days,

UNDERNEATH THE SILVER MOON.

When the toil of day is over,
And the harvest-fields are still,
When the birds have sought the cover,
And the flocks sleep on the hill,
Love in thralls of fancy bindeth
Happy hearts that beat in tune,
Where the Endrick slowly windeth—
Underneath the silver moon.

O the sparkle and the splendour
Of the eyes that, silent, speak !
O the kisses fond and tender !
O the rose-blush on the cheek !
O love's beacon-light that blindeth
To the cloud of parting soon,
Where the Endrick slowly windeth—
Underneath the silver moon.

What though hard their toil to-morrow ?
They will lighten it with song,
And new strength from memory borrow,
When the day seems hot and long ;
For the coming eve remindeth
Of the strains of love's sweet tune,
Where the Endrick slowly windeth—
Underneath the silver moon.

Not within the gilded palace
Seek we hearts as light as these ;
Ah ! they drink from love's pure chalice
Wine unmixed with bitter lees ;
And they reap life's joy that findeth
No dark setting to its noon,
Where the Endrick slowly windeth—
Underneath the silver moon.

“SIC TRANSIT.”

They come no more, those roseate dreams
That gilt our youth with gladness ;
But still their time-worn halo seems
To lighten half our sadness ;
With hopes too high and fears too few,
Our pulses ruled their beating ;
We deemed all things were fast and true,
But all, alas ! were fleeting.

They cheer no more—those olden songs,
Whose themes were sparkling laughter,
To fresher days their joy belongs ;
They changed to minor after.
The opening bud, the rose's flush,
Spring's hope and summer's greeting—
The rapture and love's scarlet blush—
All, all, alas ! were fleeting.

They speak no more, those lips, nor press
Upon our brow their healing ;
The fondness and the calm caress
Respond not our appealing ;
The fire-gleam in the lustrous eyes
Is quenched beyond repeating ;
No sun streams through our sombre skies,
For all, alas ! were fleeting.

They come no more ! and yet we know,
Somewhere, some cloudless morrow,
The tear-rust on our cup of woe
Shall vanish with its sorrow ;
Dreams be fulfilled, songs be more sweet,
Lips kiss, eyes beam at meeting—
Beyond earth's strife and fever-heat—
Where nothing can be fleeting.

JESSIE MILLER.

Born 1866.

JESSIE MILLER, the poetess who claims our attention in this sketch, was born at The Myres, a farm in Stirlingshire, on the 26th April, 1866. She is the second daughter of the late Mr Thomas Miller of Myres and Boards, and has wooed the Muses for some years. Miss Miller, when of school age, was sent to receive her instruction at the school at Sauchie, which is in the vicinity of the farm at which she lives. After a term of instruction here she went to Stirling, where her studies were prosecuted to completion in a private establishment, at that time supervised by Miss Burton. Miss Miller is at present resident at The Boards, near Denny. Some time ago she began the contributing of verses to the local press, and is an occasional contributor to the "Poet's Corner" of the *Stirling Observer*. Miss Miller's verses are serious and thoughtful, ever presenting high ideals, and ever toned with sympathy. They bear the touch of one who is fully alive to the realities of life; one whose watchword is "duty."

DUTY.

Go wed thy soul to duty in thy youth,
If thou would'st prosp'rous live and life enjoy,
If with a calm thou 'd'st circle round thine age
And cast thine anchor in a port of peace.
Live for thy duty. Shrink not though it ask
Thy lifelong service in another's cause;
Though all thy youth's bright hopes 't would seem to crush,
And blot the sunshine from thy morn's young face.

The cloud which once seemed dark will brighter grow,
The laden years which furrow o'er thy brow
Will leave no frowning semblance, chill or drear,—
Instead the glow of inward peace will shine
Forth from thy features worn with sharp-edged care,
While quietude of mind will smooth the way
And make serene thy path to Heaven's bliss.

But duty violated hath a sting,
Which poisons all the soul, and makes the life
A nightmare, or a dream disturb'd and toss'd,
Quite void of calm, or rest, or sweet content.
Yea, outraged duty's like a rankling thorn
Embedded in the flesh ; but with this odds,
The one may be removed, the other ne'er.

And, 'tis not only those deep steeped in vice,
Or those who toy and play with wanton things,
Who throw the yoke of duty from their necks ;
Grave senators, wise preachers yet more grave,
And teachers of all truths sublime and great,
Do break this bond that they with much more ease
May climb ambition's ladder, and enjoy
The loud-toned plaudits of th' admiring crowd.

Trust not all greatness. Probe it to the heart,
Ere thou yield homage to its magic power ;
And if the splendid structure be not reared
Upon a basis firm of rectitude,
With principles and purposes which breathe
A life drawn from immortal Life Divine,
Then fix thy gaze not on the painted show
Whose gilded glitter dazzles in the sun,
But rather turn thine eye to this poor man,
Who, worn with toiling through the noonday heat,
Might with his voice have caught a nation's ear,
Might with his mind have revelations wrought,
Might on his breast have pillow'd half a world,
Had not his duty bound him thus to live
In obscure service to his fellow men.

Think'st thou ambition never filled his soul,
And made his young blood fervid with desire
To wield the strength and tutor forth that power
Which lay deep planted in his human breast?—
Ah! once his brow looked lofty in its hope,
His bosom held a life just bursting forth
Into a vigorous and golden dawn,
And his horizon showed no speck or cloud
In its clear outline 'gainst futurity.

But ere twelve summers' brilliant suns had browned
His ruddy cheek with health and life aglow,
Disasters swift and sudden swept his home,
Of sire deprived, his mother paralyzed,
And helpless brood of six left to his care,
To feed and tend through all their tender years—
Alas! his cheek grew pallid at the view
Of life, which stretched before him as a plane
Of hot and desert toil. No oasis
Appeared to variate the years which loomed
In dismal shadow all the way before.

Yet day by day he shouldered up his load
And helped those younger forward to that goal
Which he had longed to reach but been denied.
But oft the harness galled his weary flesh,
And his curbed spirit fretting at its curb
Ever his heart with rebel passions swelled
Against that lot which fettered up his soul,
Until one day, in reading through God's lore,
The Spirit breathed upon him and dispelled
That mist which ever hovers o'er men's minds,
Obscuring God-prints in external things.

Then, backward scanning, all his life he saw
Revealed, and thickly it was warped about
With chains and network of such tender cast,
He might with ease have broke the links thereof,
And bounded onward in the path to fame;

But vengeance dire must quick and sure pursue
The rupture of Almighty's handiwork ;
And as he gazed upon the complex web
Which wrapt him round, he much amazed did find
It was his duty that enthralled him thus.

Then life for him a different aspect took :
What seemed before a lot austere and harsh
Now wholesome proved, for God had mapped it out ;
And, like some minaret stretching to the skies,
Thus ever heavenward did his motives tend,
Until with peace his age of snow was crowned,
For man's best joy is where his duty lies.

SLEIGH BELLS.

Hear the sleigh bells as we go,
Tinkle, tinkle o'er the snow,
Pealing clear, now loud, now low ;
Hear the sleigh bells, as we go,
Tinkle, tinkle o'er the snow.

We start off in early morn,
When the daylight's but new born,
Weather fine, no sign of storm,
And the sleigh bells, as we go,
Tinkle, tinkle o'er the snow.

Our brave horses sniff the breeze
Which scarce stirs the dark pine trees,
Though our breath it seems to freeze,
And our sleigh bells, as we go,
Tinkle, tinkle o'er the snow.

On we go, no stop, no break,
Now o'er river, now o'er lake,
Now a forest track we take ;
And our sleigh bells, as we go,
Tinkle, tinkle o'er the snow.

Sparkling eyes and cheeks aglow,
 Spirits have a warmer flow,
 Ardour and excitement grow ;
 And our sleigh bells, as we go,
 Tinkle, tinkle o'er the snow.

The pale moon now climbs on high,
 Bright stars twinkle in the sky,
 Shadows deep o'er landscape lie ;
 And our sleigh bells, as we go,
 Tinkle, tinkle o'er the snow.

But the hamlet is in sight
 (Clear descried in the weird light),
 Where we rest this starry night ;
 And our sleigh bells, as we go,
 Tinkle, tinkle o'er the snow.

Friends stand waiting at the door,
 " Welcome ! welcome ! evermore,
 Share in hearth and share in store " :
 And our sleigh bells cease to go,
 Tinkle, tinkle o'er the snow.

Now on downy couch we sleep,
 But through all our slumbers deep
 Still we onward seem to sweep ;
 And to hear yet pealing low,
 Sleigh bells tinkle o'er the snow.

BEE AND I.

I took a walk on a winter's day
 With my trusty dog called Bee,
 While snow, white snow, stretched over the ground
 As far as the eye could see.

The wind blew keen from the chilly north
 And wailed through the leafless trees,
 And the cold, cold sky had a cruel look,
 As chill as the biting breeze.

But the winds might blow, or clouds might snow,
We cared not, I or brave Bee,
We'd hold our ground in the wildest storm
That might blow on land or sea.

We bent our steps to the uplands bleak,
And arduously held on our way,
Until we had passed the last bold peak,
And stood where the moorland lay.

An old man came o'er its dreary wastes
With locks as weird and as white
As looks the snow o'er a landscape wide
On a starry winter's night.

His agèd frame was withered and bent,
His step was tardy and slow,
And his faced glowed with the wintry wind
Which blew o'er the frozen snow.

But a glittering eye both cold and keen
On me and my dog he bent,
As, full of the bounding joy of youth
And elastic step, we went.

Quivering with ire he grasped his staff
In one old and withered hand,
And gathering all the strength that age
Had yet left at his command,

With wrathful scorn he shook it fierce—
“ Ye may dance and shiff,” quo’ he ;
“ But the day is comin’, when ye’ll baith
Be auld and crippled like me.

“ Ye needna glint wi’ yer pawky een
At me sae failed and auld ;
May ye yet be bowed and withered and white,
And blue wi’ the winter’s cauld.”

The old man passed with tottering steps,
And Bee and I passed on too;
That we will grow old, my dog and I,
The fact is, alas, too true.

But when at last on our time-worn brows
The white snows of years are press'd,
With minds submissive and void of contempt
May we both be haply bless'd.

WILLIAM HOUSTON.

Born 1866.

WILLIAM HOUSTON was born at Killearn on the 16th October, 1866, and is the youngest of a family of five. In his sixth year he was sent to one of the two schools the village boasted ; but education, whatever it may have been to the teacher, was a secondary consideration to the pupils, who were more zealous for the dignity of the school than the cause of learning, and who accordingly were oftener engaged in juvenile battle array than in study. When Mr Houston first entered school he gave good promise, and set himself earnestly to his tasks ; but as he advanced and his lessons increased, he took a distaste to learning, and showed a preference for work rather than school. This preference was doubtless fostered by the many opportunities which presented themselves during the summer months in connection with farming operations. In his thirteenth year he rebelled against further attendance at school, and consequently his education was brought to a close. He was for some time engaged at Killearn, after which he went to Glasgow, to fill a situation as clerk on the Caledonian Railway at Stobcross Station. It was while resident in Glasgow that Mr Houston began to commit his thoughts to paper. His writings generally took the form of essays, but occasionally he dropped into poetry, when his verses appeared in the "Poets' Corner" of the *Stirling Observer*. Some eight years ago Mr Houston left the railway service and removed to Aberfoyle, where he was

engaged as book-keeper and agent for the Aberfoyle Slate Quarries Company, Limited.

THE WAIF'S REWARD.

Hush, sweet child, hush, thy fretting cease,
And dry thine eyes with crying wet ;
Lay down thy head, and rest in peace,
Thank God you still are mother's pet ;
Dead leaves are rustling in the gale,
The sleet is patt'ring on the pane,
And ragged urchins, trembling, wail
Beneath the bitter, biting, rain.

Unheeded by the surging mass,
Unsheltered by the glittering blaze
That lures the idle as they pass
But cannot feast the urchin's gaze,
Curled like a snake, in close or lane,
The biting blast he feels it less,
A wail of anguish his refrain—
His only joy forgetfulness.

On some stair foot he lays his head,
Uncared, unloved, worn-out, he sleeps ;
He dreams, perhaps, of one now dead,
An image dear remembrance keeps.
Mayhap, with chubby face, like thee
He nestled at a mother's breast ;
Had home as safe and sweet, now he
Is homeless, and by hunger pressed.

Hush, darling, hush, the morning breaks,
We see the sun rise o'er the hill
As up his daily course he takes
And hear the babbling of the rill.
No songsters greet the urchin's morn,
No skylark pipes his madrigal,
Unloved, upon his ears loud borne
The city's din and clangour fall.

Alone, mayhap, this early morn,
Midst hush of traffic, to his ears
The echoing hammer stroke is borne,
The boding stroke of death he hears.
With each dull thud a nail is driven,
A plank across, or upright, led,
And there before all earth and heaven
The gibbet rears its ghastly head.

With beating hearts, the dismal knell
The culprit hears ; it sounds their doom.
What are their feelings ?—who can tell ?
Who picture thoughts so near the tomb ?
And do they tremble at the thought ?
Who now the hand of Death can stay ?
The sin is out, and justice wrought
In two short hours—eternity.

“ And does the poor waif weep, my child ? ”
“ For two doomed mortals does he cry ? ”
He weeps indeed, both loud and wild,
But not for those about to die.
He mourns for one, his loving mate,
One rushed to death without a pang,
By those who now await their fate,
By those for whom the death-bells clang.

Hush, darling, hush ! That night was cold,
His mate and he lay down to sleep,
A doorless close—their only fold,
Through which the whirling blast did sweep.
He slept, the other could not drown
The numbness of his leaden feet,
So rose again, and up and down,
He faced the storm upon the street.

Hush ! whispers fall upon his ear,
His shadow into darkness creeps ;
Each nerve is strained, he dimly hears,
And horror all his senses steeps.

Hush, darling, hush, it cost h
He saved the victim of the p
Poor little waif, a trickling te
The full reward on earth he
Kidnapped, when darkness ho
The ruthless monsters seized
"Tis sure work that, he'll sa
No more he'll baulk our pla

Hush, darling, hush, it chimed
For them the knell of death
Now malice o'er, and death in
Contrast his peaceful end w
A hasty act ; revenge was swe
Their hauntings of that evil
One little heart, just ceased to
Life 'neath the waves passed

A REMEMBRANCE

I loved thee long, I loved th
How long, how well, thou ca
I love thee still though thou
And miss thee so.

The name above these lines

My heart dwells fondly on the past,
That hallowed spot, that sacred vow,
In fancy, as I saw thee last
I see thee now.

So fair, so sweet, remembrance paints
Those golden locks that wreathed thy brow,
Those ruby lips so often pressed,
What art thou now?

Mouldering within thy narrow bed,
And stilled the voice I loved to hear,
Earth's work of beauty faded, fled,
Still thou art dear.

ALEXANDER MACDONALD BISSET.

Born 1869.

ALEX. M. BISSET was born in "the Fair City" of Perth on the 5th January, 1869; but when he was about seven years of age his parents removed to Bathgate. Mr Bisset spent a few years in Canada. On his return to Scotland he was employed as an insurance agent, and as such, was engaged for some years in Stirling. He has been a writer of melodious verse from very early years, and is a frequent contributor to the *People's Friend*, *The National Choir*, *The Christian News*, and the *Good Templar*. In 1890 he issued an edition of his poems under title, "Spring Blossoms: Poems and Songs," and it was immediately exhausted. In 1896 he collected specimens from the works of the poets of the County of Linlithgow, and, with biographical notices of their authors, issued them under title, "The Poets and Poetry of Linlithgowshire." He is favourably noticed in Edwards' "Modern Scottish Poets," and Baptie's "Musical Scotland," and is a member of the "Poets' Club" of the *Scottish Nights*. While in Stirling he was a frequent contributor to the local press under title, "Links o' Forth."

THE AULD FOLK.

While love-lorn swains in raptured strains
Are singin' o' their dearies,
A nobler fire shall tune my lyre—
A theme that never wearies :

They're puir, disloyal sons o' men,
An' surely unco cauld folk,
Wha winna len' baith voice an' pen
In praises o' the auld folk.

The auld folk, the auld folk,
The canty, couthie, auld folk ;
They ever will be dearest still,
Oor ain true-hearted auld folk.

The dearest mem'ries o' the heart
Cling roond our faither's ingle,
Whaur voices, now sae far apart,
Did then sae sweetly mingle.
When far awa' frae Scotland's shore
There's naething-e'er enthralled folk
Like sangs they heard in days o' yore
At hame beside the auld folk.

The auld folk, the auld folk,
O leeze me on the auld folk ;
Though ither ties I dearly prize,
There's nane sae dear's the auld folk.

The neebors jeer, an' bantrin' spier,
"Nae words aboot the wife yet?"
I haud my liberty owre dear
To change my mode o' life yet :
I hae a tosh and tidy hame,
An' often hae I tauld folk,
Nae lass for me need change her name—
I'm mairried to the auld folk !
The auld folk, the auld folk,
O weel I lo'e the auld folk ;
It's a' my prayer, and a' my care
To leeve an' bless the auld folk.

Frae the scene :
A stillness fills the air
Like the brooding o' despair,
An' my he'rt it wearies sair
For a sicht o' my dear,
My he'rt it wearies sair
For my dear.

When mirth is in the ha',
Or a sang breathes sae sweet,
I turn my heid awa',
An' I greet ;
When a' the lave are glad
Fu' aft my he'rt is sad
Wi' thinkin' on the lad
Far awa' owre the main,
Wi' thinkin' on the lad
Owre the main.

Ye winds that gently sleep
On the breist o' the sea,
Blaw safty owre the deep,
Fair an' free ;
Blaw in a hameward gair.

A POET'S PRAYER.

"Timor mortis conturbat me."—*Dunbar.*

I cannot die ! O God ! I cannot die
And leave so many melodies unsung
That thrill my heart and tremble on my tongue,
Yet find their utterance in a feeble cry.
There have been minstrels, lowly born as I,
Who have their harps to richest music strung,
Which, like some spirit, wanders free among
The souls of men to cheer and purify.
Such be my song, O God, and such its spell,
That weary hearts new joy and strength may gain,
And dark despair his doubts and fears will quell
To list enraptured to the rising strain ;
Grant me but this ere death, and it is well,
Though every note be born of tears and pain.

PATRICK WOODS.

Born 1873.

PATRICK WOODS is a "bairn" of Falkirk, having been born in that town on 17th March, 1873. He received an ordinary education at an elementary school, but, like many others, bent on rising, he further prosecuted his tasks after he had left this public seminary. At an early age he quitted Falkirk to find a means of existence, and during his teens travelled far and saw much. Some four years ago Mr Woods began to woo the muses, and since then has been a frequent contributor to newspapers and magazines. His productions, under the well-known initials "P. W." are read with interest by a wide circle of admirers. In his travels Mr Woods has had to bear the cross of misfortune; and to this, says one, writing of him, perhaps may be accounted that thoughtfulness of mind which is so noticeable a feature of all his writings, though, too, it is doubtless due in some measure to a natural pensiveness—the temperamental inheritance of Celtic descent. Mr Woods has on more than one occasion been approached with a view to publishing his verses in book form, and so afford them a longer life than the ephemeral existence they enjoy in the newspaper column. The modesty seen in his publishing his pieces over his initials has hitherto prevented him from acceding to the request, but we understand he anticipates book publication in the near future.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

As age on age flows onward
With Time's increasing flood,
And man to man clings closer
In the brotherhood of blood,
There gleams a roseate dawning
Down through the future line
Of an age when men no longer
Kneel devout at Mammon's shrine ;

When the unpropitious gods
Of avarice and hate
No longer on earth's throne
Rule the tide of earthly fate,
And the minds of men be purer
With the cleansing fire of years,
And only unrelenting death
Be the fount of manhood's tears ;

When men's vain wars are over,
And the trumpet's warring blast,
Luring on to hideous carnage,
Is for ever hushed at last ;
When the soldiers of the nations
Join in one fraternal band,
When the battle-cry is "friendship,"
And the war-horse ploughs the land ;

When the hand that guides the circle
Of light around our sphere
From the paths of sin and darkness
Shall guide men safe and clear—
Calm the world's tempestuous waters
With their endless ebb and flow,
And the tides of human passions
With their loads of shame and woe ;

When the minds of men impartial
Grow, with widened thoughts of life,
And all the wide world over
Be as brothers in the strife ;

THE HARP OF STIRLINGSHIRE.

When the worth of man be counted
 Not by his ancestral name,
 Nor yet be spurned and jeered at
 Through his father's sin or shame.

Ah ! how short our little journey
 Down life's river to our rest !
 And how useless 'tis to nurture
 Pride or hatred in our breast !
 Yes ! the golden age is dawning
 With Time's increasing flood ;
 And man to man clings closer
 In the brotherhood of blood.

THE OLD, DEAR RIVER.

I stood by the dear old river,
 Where oft in days agone
 I had loved to stand and listen
 To its plaintive, low, sweet song ;
 And the light of the dying sunshine
 Wove a halo of glory there,
 And I seemed to live for a moment
 In a world more bright and fair.

I looked through the gathering shadows,
 As the sun sank slowly down,
 Where gleamed afar o'er the meadows
 The lights of my dear old town ;
 And the Ochil peaks shone golden
 In the light of the dying glow,
 And I seemed to live in the glory
 Of a day-dream long ago.

I saw rise clear before me
 Through the mists of faded years
 The glow of smiling faces
 And forms of old compeers ;

And thought of all youth's day-dreams,
Of the castles I built in air,
And I seemed to hear the old songs
In the river's murmuring there.

But one face smiled the sweetest,
One form seemed more subline ;
And again one fleeting moment,
As in the old, dear time,
I seemed to hear a sweet voice
Sing low an old refrain—
To live, as in the dead years,
In love's bright land again.

And when the pale moon, rising,
Shone down from the star-lit sky,
There came with the soft winds sighing
The sound of a night-bird's cry ;
And I thought of—oh ! how often—
When, far from this dear, old town,
I'd wished, behind those hills again,
To see the sun go down.

I looked again through the shadows,
But the home lights all were gone,
While down on glistening roof-tops
The moon's pale streamlets shone ;
And I thought of the wearied heads
That were dreaming their cares away,
And I sighed for the many, who never
Would wake with the dawn of day.

Oh ! may, when at last from this life
Our poor lives be ebbing away,
Our souls be as peaceful and calm
As the shades of the dying day ;
And ever to me will the river,
And the sun, as it fades in the West,
Resemble life's ebbing and flowing,
And the drifting at last to rest.

LIFE'S MELODIES.

There is ever a song that someone sings,
There is ever a melody sweet that rings,

Somewhere rising ever ;
Up from the old earth's golden ways,
Up from the weary toil of days,
Up from the murmuring river.

There is ever a song that someone sings,
That to tired hearts a gladness brings,
Somewhere sweet and ever.

It may be the song the soft winds know,
As over the earth they gently blow,
And the green leaves dance and quiver ;

It may be the song that lovers sing,
It may be the wedding bells that ring,
Somewhere the wide world over ;
It may be the song of the yellow corn,
It may be the lark's gay song in the morn
Above the meadow clover.

There is ever a song that someone sings,
A song where the world's irony rings,
A song of the world's sorrow ;
And broken hearts all the world o'er
Patiently wait—they will sing no more—
Their poor life's glad to-morrow.

There is ever a song that someone sings,
A song where hope deferred still clings,
And eyes are dim with tears.
The song of a life is the song of a breath,
The song of a birth the song of a death,
The song of the faded years.

But 'tis only a while, the song-bird dies—
The yellow corn on the dull earth lies ;
Their melodies are done.
And beyond the earth, our journey past,
When our song has turned to death at last,
We all pass one by one.

WILLIAM HARVEY.

Born 1874.

WILLIAM HARVEY was born at Stirling on the 8th June, 1874. The death of his father, which occurred shortly thereafter, threw the whole burden of the family on his mother. After having received what schooling it was compulsory for him to take, he had to apply himself to work, and, when eleven years of age, was apprenticed to a hatter. On the expiration of his apprenticeship, which took place in his early teens, he expressed a dislike for the occupation, and so was apprenticed to a craft. Entering a large carriage-building establishment at Stirling, he was initiated into the mysteries of coach-trimming. Here, however, he was also dissatisfied with his calling. In his spare moments, while serving his apprenticeship, he was engaged in the study of shorthand; and, just when about to consider himself a full-fledged tradesman, was offered a situation in one of the principal law offices in his native town. This he accepted, and there he is at present engaged. His first literary effort was an essay on "Joseph," sent in to a competition in connection with the 1st Stirling Company of the Boys' Brigade, and for which he gained first prize. Shortly afterwards he began the writing of articles and verses, most of which were published in the *Stirling Sentinel*. To that paper he contributed a series of articles and poems, mostly of a legendary character, under title "Scottish Lays and Legends," and this was followed

by a series of articles which dealt with certain changes in Scottish Presbyterian worship, and which appeared under title "Scotland's Romeward Career."

In 1893 he edited a volume of the poems and songs of David Taylor, the St. Ninians poet, which met with a very favourable reception both at home and abroad. In 1894 he contributed a series of articles to the *Stirling Journal and Advertiser*, treating of the poets of Stirlingshire, under title "The Harp of Stirlingshire," of which the present work is a development. In the spring of 1896 he issued a volume dealing with Scottish life and character, entitled "Kennethcrook: some Sketches of Village Life." A few months later he published a collection of anecdotes on the same subject, which was entitled "Scotch Thistles." The collection appeared first in the *Stirling Observer*, and was afterwards issued in volume form. To the *Stirling Observer* he also contributed a series of songs in the vernacular, under title "Doric Lilt." He has contributed to a number of newspapers and miscellanies, among others to *The People's Friend*, *The People's Journal*, *The National Choir*, and *Scottish Nights*. Biographical notices of him appear in Edwards' "Modern Scottish Poets" and Baptie's "Musical Scotland," and he is a member of the "Poets' Club" in connection with *Scottish Nights*.

ROBERT BURNS.

(A Centenary Tribute—1796-1896.)

I.

O Scotland ! mother of the free !
 Land of the true, the good, the brave,
The world in homage turns to thee,
 And kneels beside thy poet's grave :
Its wreath immortal on his breast
 It lays with tender hands and soft,

Lest it disturb the hallowed reest
Of him who sang thy praises oft ;
Yes, Scotland ! mother of the free !
The world, responsive ever, turns
To crown thy king of minstrelsy—
Thy great immortal—ROBERT BURNS.

II.

His was the hand that swept the lyre,
And his the lyre that tuned to song
The noble deeds of patriot fire
That slumbered low through ages long :
Who of thy sons has never woke
To nobler deeds when (in his lay)
He heard the words the warrior spoke—
The deathless words of “Scots wha hae” ?
Yes, Scotland ! mother of the free !
Thy heart not idly, justly mourns
For him who feels not liberty
When 'neath the spell of ROBERT BURNS.

III.

His was the heart that loved and planned,
And his the love to conquer wrong,
His was the heaven-sent magic wand
That woke oppression into song :
His was the pulse that ever beat,
In Freedom's cause, to lead the van :
His was the wish—that wish was meet—
A nobler brotherhood of man.
Yes, Scotland ! mother of the free !
One of thy sons for ever spurns
In deathless song base slavery—
Thy deathless son is ROBERT BURNS.

IV.

And he who penned in noble lay
That riband, star, and tinsel show
Are but the glories of a day
That bloom and fade—that ebb and flow—

Had nobler thoughts of manhood's worth,
 Had higher thoughts of powers divine,
 And saw a common race on earth
 Not marked by wealth or social line.
 Yes, Scotland ! mother of the free !
 This is the thought that aye returns :
 No pulses thrilled for knavery
 In the proud form of ROBERT BURNS.

V.

His was the eye of holy light
 That fell before the gaze of God ;
 What sacred thoughts surround that night
 His reverent pen has spread abroad !
 The night on which the Cottar, tired,
 Closes the week by God begun,
 And rises from his knees inspired
 By thoughts of an incarnate Son :
 Yes, Scotland ! mother of the free !
 A scene like that thy crown adorns,
 The which had ne'er been known of thee
 But for the pen of ROBERT BURNS.

VI.

And he who saw with reverent eye
 The father and his children kneel,
 Could worship at the throne on high —
 Pray for his own and others' weal :
 Sage council give to youthful friends
 That o'er life's sea, when tempest-driven,
 They might recall his wise commands
 And steer their course by light from heaven.
 Yes, Scotland ! mother of the free !
 From him the world for ever learns
 True notions of divinity,
 Thy reverent poet, ROBERT BURNS.

VII.

He sang his loves to years unknown,
 His loves can never die in time ;

The daisy's bloom may oft be blown,
 His "daisy" lives—his lines sublime :
 Mossgiel, Dumfries, Lochlea, and Ayr
 ("O' a' the airts the wind can blaw")—
 Are spots to which the pilgrims bear
 Respects "froe them that's far awa'" :
 Yes, Scotland ! mother of the free !
 He well thy bardic kinghood earns,
 He sung thy immortality
 And made his own—brave ROBERT BURNS.

VIII.

His was the lyre of deathless song—
 With fervent hand he swept the strings,
 And as the ages roll along,
 Each its successive offering brings.
 The world uncovered bends its head
 In reverent sorrow at his tomb,
 And guards with thee thy holy dead—
 And weeps with thee his hapless doom.
 Yes, Scotland ! mother of the free !
 The world in tribute ever turns
 To lay the wreath of memory
 Upon the grave of ROBERT BURNS.

THE BEGGAR WI' THE GOWDEN GEAR.

There aince was a pawky auld beggar wha vowed
 He'd get a braw wife though he bocht her wi' gowd,
 An' by day an' by nicht he strove to get means
 By hawkin' his laces and needles and preens.

Chorus—Here's luck to the auld beggar man,
 Here's luck to the auld beggar man,
 Here's luck to the auld beggar man,
 Wi' his laces and needles and preens.

His claes had been new in the days lang bygane,
 His bannet aince blue, but the snaw and the rain
 Had colourless made it, and juist like his pack
 That helped in the cauld days to cover his back.

The scarf roond his neck was a' tattered and dune,
 His taes keekit oot frae the holes in his shoon,
 And wha, that was bonnie, would look in his way?
 Was a question the lad spiered himsel' ilk a day.

He scrapit an' gethered by day an' by nicht,
 An' gowd in a bag shines bonnie an' bricht,
 Tho' tied roond the neck o' an auld beggar man
 Wha seems to live constant on poverty's plan.

He gaed to Fa'kirk, as his pounds cam' to five,
 He tramped a' the road mair deid than alive,
 He bankit it there, syne hoddit the buik,
 Then hobbled awa' wi' a wearisome look.

At last he had pounds ninety-five in his name,
 And five in his pouch to add to the same,
 So he gaed to the bank an' liftit it a',
 An' richt into Stirling he toddled awa'.

An' there a braw lass keepit hoose by hersel',
 And her the auld beggar kent brawly and well,
 Sae richt up the brae wi' his pack on his back
 He hobbled, an' richt aff the reel to her spak.

"Noo, Jeanie," quo' he, "I ha'e kent ye a while,
 Ye're a weel-faured lass, but sair trauchled wi' toil.
 I ha'e gowd a' my ain: look ye here," and he drew
 A bag fu' o' gowd frae his bannet o' blue.

"There's ane, an' there's twa," an' he coontit it oot—
 A hale hunder sovereigns tied up in a cloot!
 An' Jeanie, fu' fain the braw siller to get,
 Said, "Dod, an' I think I will marry you yet."

Next Sabbath but ane to the kirk they did gang,
 Jock muchaulder than Jean, but no' muckle wrang:
 An' noo Jock, as crouse as a man o' his means,
 Kens naething at a' aboot needles and preens.

I CANNA SING O' VERNAL FLOWERS.

I canna sing o' vernal flowers
That grow in ilka shade,
I canna sing o' bonnie bowers
Wi' ivy-mantling plaid ;
But I can sing o' aye that's fair—
O' aye that winna fade,
I feel her presence everywhere,
By ilka glen and glade.

In days lang gane we often met
Beneath the trystin' tree,
May name forgi'e if I forget
The pledge she ga'e to me :
That I was hers and she was mine
Whaure'er oor lots were cast,
And that oor loves wad never tine,
But live aye in the past.

Lang years ha'e gane, an' still I'm true,
My sacred pledges bind ;
Folk tell me whiles that there are few
Sic youthfu' follies mind.
But ah ! I canna but be true,
She aye was true to me,
An' I ha'e ne'er had cause to rue
Oor trystin's at the tree.

She's far awa'—I sometimes hear
That a' her love is tint,
But aftentimes she seems sae near
I think there's naething in't.
Na, na, wha tells sic tales as that
Kens nocht o' her I lo'e :
Yestreen I sat me down an' grat
For thinkin' it was true.

O' aye that winna fad
I feel her presence every
In ilka glen and glade

MY NELLIE.

When gloamin' draps he
O' grey and sombre hu
When western hills are
An' eastern skies are
When comes the hour w
I'll meet the lass I lo'
Aneath the tree whaur
Whaur lovers meet to
'Tis there I'll mee
The lassie that
'Tis there I'll mee
An' pledge my l

I lo'e the lassie fondly,
I've lo'ed her noo a wh
An' my reward seems on
To bask aneath her sm
But if I lo'e my Nellie
Wi' love that's free fro

She mayna hae a tocher,
 But I can work for gear ;
 An' tho' she's no a princess
 To me she is as dear ;
 An' tho' she hasna siller,
 Ae thing ye needna speir :
 She is the bonniest lassie
 I 've met wi' far or near.
 What tho' she hasna siller,
 When she is guid and true ?
 I lo'e the lassie fondly,
 I'll pledge my love anew.

So when the day is closing
 In gloamin's sombre hue,
 When western hills are gowden,
 An' eastern skies are blue,
 I'll meet my bonnie Nellie,
 The lassie that I lo'e,
 Aneath the tree whaur lovers meet
 We'll meet, an' I will woo.
 'Tis there I'll meet my Nellie,
 The lassie that I lo'e,
 'Tis there I'll meet my Nellie,
 An' pledge my love anew.

NEEVIE-NEEVIE-NICK-NACK.

(A Ballad of Bairthood dedicated to the auld folk.)

The bairnies sport in merry glee,
 The hooose is lichtsome wi' their crack,
 And aftentimes they'll say to me,
 "Neevie-neevie-nick-nack ?"
 Then twa wee haunds they'll haud to view,
 Then hide them sly ahint their back,
 Syne, lookin' blythe, 'll say, "Noo, noo,
 Neevie-neevie-nick-nack ?"

They 'll press me sair to guess the hand
 That hauds the secret frae my ken,
 A while I 'll sit and aye they 'll stand
 To hear me answer back again.
 I 'll guess the richt, but, no, I 'm wrang.
 The left 's the ane that hauds the plack ;
 An' syne they 'll lauch fu' sair and lang
 At " Neevie-neevie-nick-nack."

And aince again they 'll haud their hands,
 Wi' " Neevie-neevie-nick-nack !"
 Dumbfoonded-like at their demands,
 I say the left 's the ane I 'll tak',
 But, feth, the left 's the wrang ane noo :
 Another lauch declares the same,
 An empty loof 's exposed to view,
 The richt 's the hand the nick-nacks claim.

Another time they 'll try me sair
 Wi' " Neevie-neevie-nick-nack,"
 An' this the last—I 'll get nae mair,
 Sae noo, which haund will I tak' ?
 I tak' the left, and lod ! it 's richt !
 For aince I wi' true wisdom spek',
 An' syne they finish for a nicht
 Their " Neevie-neevie-nick-nack."

Methinks, my friends, that life 's a game
 O' " Neevie-neevie-nick-nack."
 At least there 's muckle in the same
 That 's often dune ahint the back :
 But may the gracious Power that reigns,
 Sae guide us that the richt we tak',
 Sae that the deil may mourn in chains
 His loss at " Neevie-nick-nack."

PART II.

BALLADS, POEMS, AND SONGS CONNECTED WITH THE SHIRE.

I.—BALLADS.

GIL MORICE.

NONE of the auld Scots ballants has afforded greater interest than "Gil Morice." A number of different versions exist, and the subject has given the keynote to many other productions. It was Gil Morice that inspired Home to write the "Tragedy of Douglas," and prompted Langhorne to produce "Owen of Carron." All collectors of ballad literature have been at pains to represent it. Percy and Jamieson give it in their collections, and Motherwell, who was intensely interested in the production, collected everything bearing upon it that he could find.

Local story, if it may be believed, informs us that the incidents in the ballad are actual facts, and are drawn from Scottish history. The scene of the production is laid in Stirlingshire, the ancient forest of Dundaff being the "Green Wood," and a fort situated on the lands of Halbertshire, on a precipice overhanging the Carron, being Lord Barnard's castle. The Earl's burn which flows into the Carron about five miles above the lands of Halbertshire, and the hill known as the Earl's hill near which the burn rises, are said to have derived their names from the

hero of the ballad. "It has been thought," says the writer of the Statistical Account of St. Ninians, "though it cannot be certainly determined, that the Earl's burn, the Earl's hill, a hill and rivulet in the muirland part of the parish, derived their names from the residence of some feudal baron or earl in the neighbourhood of the Carron. It is natural to suppose that Gillies hill, another hill in the muirland part of the parish, derived its name from the name Gill or Gillies. The names both of Gillies and Morrison occur in the muirlands. It is certain that the fair lady, mother of Gil Morice, 'lived on the Carron-side.' This union of facts and probabilities suggests to the imagination, though it cannot persuade the judgment, that this parish was the scene of the tragical song, known by the name of Gil Morice." This reference to the Gillies Hill suggests another derivation of the name. The hill so called is that on which the camp followers of the Scottish army took up their stand at the battle of Bannockburn, and is supposed to have drawn a name from this circumstance, Gillie meaning servant or camp-follower. If, says a commentator, the reverend author of "The Statistical Account," instead of stringing together his facts and probabilities, had consulted some of the ancient sybils who were his parishioners in that quarter upon the subject he would have arrived at more certainty in his deductions. Tradition has also handed down to us something of the appearance of the hero in whose honour the hill and burn were named. He was "exceedingly beautiful," while his hair, which was noted for its length and loveliness, hung round him like a golden mist.

There is some doubt as to when the ballad first appeared in print. Percy in his "Reliques" mentions that it had gone through two editions in Scotland, and that the second

of these had been published in Glasgow in 1755. The advertisement which prefaced both of these editions states that the ballad owes its preservation "to a lady who favoured the printers with a copy, as it was carefully collected from the mouths of old women and nurses." It also requested that if "any reader could render it more perfect and complete, he would oblige the public by giving such improvements." This at once suggested the making of new verses, and soon afterwards sixteen additional stanzas were produced. These Percy interpolated at what seemed their proper places, although he was inclined to regard them as fictitious. Alexander Whitelaw in his "Book of Scottish Ballads" says that he had been favoured with an edition which, though it had neither place, date, nor printer's name, might, from its title, be considered the first Edinburgh edition and printed probably in 1756. The title was as follows: "Gil Morice; an Ancient Scots Poem. The foundation of the Tragedy called Douglas as it is now acted in the Concert-hall, Canongate." This edition is almost the same as that which Percy gives, rejecting, of course, the sixteen additional stanzas with which the editor of "Reliques" was favoured. Sir Walter Scott was of opinion that the entire ballad had been subjected to revisal, while the "Tragedy of Douglas" was in its popularity, and that the ballad thus revised gave place for many of the additions which different writers had suggested or discovered. The poem which we here present is an accurate copy of what is given by Percy, and the various interpolations which are acknowledged are enclosed with brackets.

It will easily be seen that various hands have been at work upon it, and that one writer has failed to catch the main characteristics of a personage which an earlier writer

had portrayed. Many authorities on ballad literature are convinced that this is so, and the latter versions which have been discovered lend colour to the conviction.

Gil Morice was an erle's son,
His name it waxed wide ;
It was na for his great riches,
Nor zet his mickle pride ;
But it was for a lady gay
That lived on Carronside.

“ Quhair sall I get a bonnie boy
That will win hose and shoen ;
That will gae to Lord Barnard's ha'
And bid my lady cum ?

“ And ze maun rin my errand, Willie,
And ze may rin wi' pride ;
Quhen other boys gae on their foot,
On horseback ze sall ride.”

“ O no ! O no ! my master dear !
I dare nae for my life ;
I'll no gae to the bauld barons
For to triest furth his wife.”

“ My bird Willie, my boy Willie,
My dear Willie,” he said :
“ How can ze strive against the stream ?
For I sall be obeyed.”

“ Bot, O, my master dear !” he cried,
“ In green wood ze're your lain ;
Gi owre sic thochts, I wald ze ride,
For fear ze should be tain.”

“ Haste, haste, I say, gae to the ha',
Bid her cum here wi' speid ;
If ze refuse my high command
I'll gar zour body bleid.

“ Gae bid her take this gay mantel,
‘Tis a’ gowd bot the hem ;
Bid her cum to the gude green wode,
And bring nane bot her lain ;

“ And there it is a silken sarkie,
Her ain hand sewd the sleive ;
And bid her cum to Gil Morice,
Speir na bauld baron’s leave.”

“ Yes, I will gae zour black errand,
Though it be to zour cost ;
Sen ze by me will nae be warn’d,
In it ze shall find frost.

“ The baron he is a man of might,
He neir could bide to taunt ;
As ze will see before it’s nicht,
How sma’ ze ha’e to vaunt.

“ And zen I maun your errand rin,
Sae sair against my will ;
Ise mak’ a vow and keip it trow,
It shall be done for ill.”

And quhen he came to broken brigue,
He bent his bow and swam ;
And quhen he came to grass growing
Set down his feet and ran.

And quhen he came to Barnard’s ha’,
Would neither chap nor ca’ ;
Bot set his bow bent to his breist,
And lightly lap the wa’.

He wadna tell the man his errand,
Though he stude at the gait ;
But straight into the ha’ he came,
Quhair they were set at meit.

“ Hail ! hail ! my gentle sire and dame !
My message winna waite ;
Dame ze maun to the gude greene wode,
Before that it be late.

“Ze're bidden tak' this gay mantel,
 'Tis a' gowd bot the hem ;
 Zou maun gae to the gude greene wode,
 Ev'n by zoursel alone.

“And there it is a silken sark,
 Your ain hand sewd the sleive ;
 Ze maun gae speik to Gil Morice,
 Speir nae bauld baron's leave.”

The lady stamped wi' hir foot
 And winked wi' hir e'e ;
 Bot a' that she could say or do,
 Forbidden he wadnae bee.

“It's surely to my bow'r-woman,
 It ne'er could be to me,”
 “I brocht it to Lord Barnard's lady,
 I trow that ze be she.”

Then up and spak the wylie nurse,
 (The bairn upon hir knee),
 “If it be cum frae Gil Morice,
 It's deir welcum to mee.”

“Ze leid, ze leid, ze filthy nurse,
 Sae loud I heard ze lee ;
 I brocht it to Lord Barnard's lady,
 I trow ze be nae shee.”

Then up and spak the bauld baron,
 An angry man was hee ;
 He's tain the table wi' his foot,
 Sae has he wi' his knee ;
 Till siller cup and mazer¹ dish,
 In flinders he gard flee.

“Gae bring a robe of zour cliding,
 That hings upon the pin ;
 And I'll gae to the gude greene wode,
 And speik wi' zour lemmann.”

¹ A drinking cup of maple.

“ O bide at hame, now lord Barnard,
I warde ze bide at hame ;
Neir wyte a man for violence,
That neir wate ze wi’ name.”

Gil Morice sat in gude grene wode,
He whistled and he sang :
“ O what means a’ the folk coming,
My mother tarries lang.

[His hair was like the threeds of gold
Drawne frae Minerva’s loome ;
His lippe like roses drapping dew,
His breath was a’ perfume.

His brow was like the mountain sna’,
Gilt by the morning beam ;
His cheeks like living roses glow :
His een like azure stream,

The boy was clad in robes of greene,
Sweet as the infant spring ;
And like the mavis on the bush,
He gart the vallies ring.]

The baron came to the grene wode,
Wi’ muckle dule and care ;
And there he first spied Gil Morice,
Kameing his yellow hair :

[That sweetly waved around his face,
That face beyond compare ;
He sang sae sweet it might dispel
A’ rage, but fell dispair.]

“ Nae wonder, nae wonder, Gil Morice,
My lady loved thee weel ;
The fairest part of my bodie
Is blacker than thy heel ;
“ Zet ne’er the less now Gil Morice,
For a’ thy great beautie,
Ze reu the day ze eir was born,
That heid soll gae wi’ me.”

Now he has drawn his trusty blade
 And slaited on the strae ;¹
 And through Gil Morice fair body,
 He's gar cauld iron gae.

And he has tain Gil Morice head
 And set it on a speir ;
 The meanest man in a' his train
 Has gotten that head to bear.

And he has taen Gil Morice up,
 Laid him across his steid,
 And brocht him to a painted bow'r,
 And laid him on a bed.

The lady sat on the castil wa',
 Beheld baith dale and down ;
 And there she saw Gil Morice head
 Cum trailing to the town.

" Far better I love that bluidy head,
 Bot, and that zellow hair,
 Than Lord Barnard and a' his lands,
 As they lig here and there."

And she has tain her Gil Morice,
 And kissed baith mouth and chin ;
 " I was once as fu' o' Gil Morice
 As the hip is o' the stean.

" I got ze in my father's house,
 Wi' mickle sin and shame ;
 I brocht thee up in gude grene wode,
 Under the heavy rain.

" Oft have I by thy cradle sitten,
 And fondly seen thee sleep ;
 Bot now I gae about thy grave,
 The saut tears for to weep."

¹ This should read, " And slait it on the strae."

And syne she kissed his bluidy cheik,
And syne his bluidy chin ;
“ O better I loe my Gil Morice,
Than a’ my kith and kin ! ”

“ Away, away ze ill woman,
And an ill death mait ze dee ;
Gin I had kend he’d bin your son,
He’d neir been slain for mee.”

“ Obraid me not, my lord Barnard !
Obraid me not for shame !
Wi’ that same speir, O pierce my heart !
And put me oot o’ pain.

“ Since nothing but Gil Morice head
Thy jealous rage could quell ;
Let that saim hand now tak’ hir life,
That neir to thee did ill.

“ To me nae after days nor nichts
Will ere be saft or kind ;
I’ll fill the air with heavy sighs
And greet till I am blind.”

“ Enouch o’ life by me’s bin spilt,
Seek not zour death frae mee ;
I rather lourd it had been mysel’,
Than eather him or thee.

“ With waefu wae I hear zour plaint ;
Sair, sair I rew the deid,
That ere this cursed hand o’ mine
Had gard his body bleid.

“ Dry up zour tears, my winsome dame,
Ze neir can heel the wound ;
Ze see his head upon the speir,
His heart’s blude on the ground.

“ I curse the hand that did the deid,
The heart that thocht the ill ;
The feet that bore me wi’ sic speid
The comely youth to kill.

In addition to the foregoing, 'Minstrelsy of Scotland,' after it adds the following stanzas. The to the poem which, perhaps, it see that they are the work of a li

She heard him speak,
Sat rooted in her he
She heard him and she
Though mair she ru

Fast to the steep high
That o'er the water
"I come, I come, dear
And down hersel' sh

Syne word came to Lo
"Fye, fye ! gar run
My ladye o'er the craig
I fear ere this she's c

"'Twas me, 'twas me t
"Twas me Gil Morice
Oh, how I've blasted a
And all my honour ti

"But soon, soon will I
My horse gar saddle :
Farewell, f..... "

CHIELD MORICE.

THIS production, which is very similar to "Gil Morice," was current in Scotland under the above title. The Editor of "The Book of Scottish Ballads" affirms that he took the poem from the recitation of an old woman who said that she knew it as "Chield Morice." This woman was seventy years old at the time when "The Book of Scottish Ballads" (second edition) was published in 1874, and had learned the ballad in her infancy from her grandmother. She also said that, in later life, she had committed to memory the poem known as "Gil Morice," as the production with which her grandmother was familiar had become less popular.

Chield Morice was an earl's son,
His name it waxed wide.
It was nae for his parentage,
Nor yet his meikle pride ;
But it was for a lady gay,
That lived on Carronside.

" O Willie, my man, my errand gang,
And you maun rin wi' speed ;
When other boys rin on their feet,
On horseback ye shall ride."

" O master dear, I love you weel,
And I love you as my life ;
But I will not gae to Lord Barnard's ha',
For to tryst forth his wife.

" For the baron he's a man of might,
He could not bide a taunt ;
And ye shall see, or it be late,
How meikle ye'll hae to vaunt."

Bring nae body but her la

“ And here it is a Holland sn
Her ain hand sewed the sle
Bid her come speak to Chield
Ask not the baron's leave.”

“ Since I must rin this errand
Sae sair against my will,
I've made a vow and I'll kee
It shall be done for ill.”

For he did not ask the porter
Though he stood at the gate
But straight he ran to the big
Where great folk sat at mea

“ Good hallow, gentle sir and
My errand canna wait ;
Dame, ye must gae speak to Ch
Before it be too late.

“ And here it is a gay manteel,
It's a' gowd bot the hem ;
Ye must come speik to Chield !
Bring nae body but your lan

“ And here it is a Holland smoc
Ye're ain hand sewed the sle
Van vanie

“ It’s surely to my bouir-woman,
It canna be to me ; ”
“ I brocht it to Lord Barnard’s lady,
And I trow that thou art she.”

Out then spak the wylie nurse,
Wi’ the bairn just on her knee,
“ If this be come frae Chield Morice,
It’s dear welcome to me.”

“ Thou lies, thou lies, thou wylie nurse,
Sae loud’s I hear thee lie,
I brocht it to Lord Barnard’s lady,
And I trow thou binna she.”

Then up and rose him the bold baron,
And an angry man was he ;
He took the table wi’ his foot,
And kepped it wi’ his knee,
Till silver cup and ezar dish
In flinders they did flee.

“ Go bring me one of thy cleiding
That hings upon the pin,
And I’ll awa’ to the gude green wood,
And crack wi’ your leman.”

“ I would have ye stay at hame, Lord Barnard,
I would have ye stay at hame,
Never wyte a man for violence done
That never thocht you wrang.”

And when he to the green wood went,
Nobody saw he there,
But Chield Morice on a milk-white steed,
Combing down his yellow hair.

Chield Morice sat in the gay green wood,
He whistled and he sang ;
“ O what means a’ thir folk coming ?
My mother taries lang.”

Thy head shall go wi' me."

He had a rapier by his side,
Hung low down by his knee;
He struck Chield Morice on the r
Till aff his head did flee.

Then he's taen up that bluidy heid
And stuck it on a spear,
And the meanest man in a' his tra
Gat Chield Morice head to bear

The lady looked owre the castle w
Wi' muckle dule and down,¹
And there she saw Chield Morice
Come trailing to the town.

But he's taen up this bluidy heid,
And dasht it 'gainst the wa';
"Come down, come down, ye ladi
And play at this footba'!"

Then she's taen up this bluidy heid
And she kissed it, baith cheek an
"I would rather hae ae kiss o' tha
Than a' thy earldom.

"I got him in my faither's bower,

“ Many a day have I rocked thy cradle,
And fondly seen thee sleep ;
But now I 'll gang aboot thy grave,
And sair, sair will I weep.”

“ O woe be to thee, thou wild woman,
And an ill death may thou die ;
For if ye had tald me he was your son,
He should hae ridden and gane wi' me.”

“ O hold your tongue, you bold baron,
And an ill death may thou die ;
He had lands and rents enew o' his ain,
He needed nane frae thee.”

“ Then I 'll curse the hand that did the deed,
The heart that thocht him ill,
The feet that carried me speedilie,
This comely youth to kill.”

The lady she died gin ten o' the clock,
Lord Barnard he died gin twal,
And bonnie boy, now sweet Willie,
What 's come o' him I canna tell.

GIL MORRIS—A FRAGMENT.

IN addition to the versions already given, Mr Jamieson found trace of a third, although he was unable to recover it in its entirety. Indeed three stanzas were all that he succeeded in rescuing, and, as in all probability it lived only in the mouths of those who stored their minds with ballad lore, it must long since have been carried by them into the silent land. The three stanzas that he did recover are to be found in a version of the ballad which is current in Annandale, and which varies somewhat in its details from the others. The verses would seem to be the beginning and end of the effusion, and are as follows :—

He 's ca'd his foster brither, V
" Come, win ye hose and sh
And gae unto Lord Barnard's
And bid his lady come."

And she has ta'en the bluidy h
And cast it i' the brim,
Syn gathered up her robes o'
And fast she followed him.

CHILDE MAURICE

A VERSION of "Gil Morice" known
title appears to have been current
of England at an early date. It appears
with the copies existing in Scotland, or
locality and cannot therefore be as
particular spot. Its reference to "the silver w
may not be identified with "the silver w
in the fragment of the ballad recovered
Despite this, however, it must be regarded
version of "Gil Morice," and as such
illustrate what has gone before. We

And tooke his silver combe in his hand
to kembe his yellow lockes,
he sayes come hither thou little foot page
y^t runneth lowly by my knee
ffor thou shalt goe to John Steward's wiffe
and pray her speake wth mee.

& as it ffalls out many times
as knotts been knitt on a knell
or merchantmen gone to levee London
either to buy ware or sell.

and grete thou doe y ladye well
ever so well ffroe mee.

and as it ffalls out many times
as any harte can thinke
as schoole masters are in any schoole house
writting with pen and inke.

ffor if I might as well as shee may
this night I would wth her speake

& here I send a mantle of greene
As green as any grasse
and bid her come to the silver wood
to hunt wth Childe Maurice.

& there I send her a ring of gold
a ring of precyous stone
And bid her come to the silver wood
let for no kind of man ;

one while this little boy he yode
another while he ran
until he came to John Steward's hall
I wis he never blan.

& of nurture the child had good
he ran up hall and bower ffree
and when he came to this ladye ffaire
sayes God you save and see

I am come ffrom Childe Maurice
a message unto thee
& Child Maurice he greets you well
& ever soe well ffrom me.

and as it ffalls out oftentimes
as knotts been knitt on an knell
or merchantmen gone to leeve London
either to buy or sell.

& as oftentimes he greets you well
as any hart can thinke
or schoolemaster in any schoole
wryting wth pen and inke.

& heere he sends a mantle of green
as green as any grasse
& he bids you come to the silver wood
to hunt wth Childe Maurice.

& here he sends you a ring of gold
a ring of precyous stone
he prayes you to come to the silver wood
let for no kind of man.

now peace, now peace, thou little fotpage
ffor Christ's sake I pray thee
ffor if my Lo heare one of these words
Thou must be hanged hye.

John Steward stood under the castle wall
& he wrote the words every one

& he called unto his horse keeper
make ready you my steede
& soe he did his Chamberlain
make readye then my weed.

& he cast a lease upon his backe
& he rode to the silver wood
& there he sought all about
about the silver wood.

& there he found him Child Maurice
sitting vpon a blocke
wth a silver combe in his hand
kembing his yellow locke.

he says how now how now Childe Maurice
Alacke how may this be
but then stood by him Childe Maurice
& sayd these words trulye.

I do not know your ladye he said
if that I do her see
ffor thou has sent her love tokenes
more now than 2 or 3.

for thou hast sent her a mantle of green
as greene as any grasse
& bade her come to the silver wood
to hunt wth Childe Maurice.

And by my faith now Childe Maurice
the tane of us shall dye
now by my troth sayd Childe Maurice
& that shall not be I

but he pulled out a bright browne sword
& dried it on the grasse
And soe fast he smote at John Steward
I wis he never rest.

then hee pulled forth his bright browne sword
& dried itt on his sleeve
& the ffirst good stroke John Steward stroke
Childe Maurice head he did cleave

& he prickd it on his sword's poynt
went singing there beside
and he rode till he came to the ladye ffaire
whereas his ladye lyed

and says dost thou know Childe Maurice head
iff that thou dost it see
and llap it soft, and kisse itt offt
ffor thou lovedst him better than mee.

when I was in all th
for I have slain one
That ever bestrode :
So have I done one
That ever wore wom

CHILD 1

MR ALEXANDER WHIT Book of Scottish Ballad
“Gil Morice,” “Chield Mor. says that these form a fit intr ballad on the same subject, “Child Noryce.” Mr White from the “singing of Widow 1 1825) resided at the West remarked, says the editor, tha true title of the ballad; “Mo evident corruptions of “Nor corruptions which, from simila conceived as likely ones into v the ear, are exceedingly apt

powerfully in behalf of the primitiveness and authenticity of its text. It is, in fact, the very anatomy of a perfect ballad, wanting nothing that it should have, and having nothing that it should want. By testimony of a most unexceptional description—but which it would be tedious here to detail—the editor can distinctly trace this ballad as existing in its present shape, at least a century ago (he wrote in 1825), which carries it beyond the date of the first printed copy of “*Gil Morice*”; and this with a poem which has been preserved but by oral tradition, is no mean *positive* antiquity. If we imagine it a more ancient version than that contained in Dr Percy’s MS., our sole means of arriving at a satisfactory conclusion must be derived from such internal evidence as the ballad itself affords; and both versions being now before the reader, he is enabled to judge deliberately for himself, and to form his own opinion, on that which many will, ere this, I suspect, have deemed a very unimportant subject.

So far we have allowed Mr Whitelaw to plead his own cause, and while much that he says of the ballad is true, his proof cannot be considered as at all conclusive. The testimony which he reserves, because to detail it would be tedious, is just such testimony as is missing with reference to other ballads for which high antiquity is claimed. If Mr Whitelaw was in possession of certain facts regarding the production, one regret will accompany the poem through all its existence, and that is, that its saviour did not put these facts on record.

This ballad, like the former version, does not locate itself, but the “green-wood” is there, together with Mr Whitelaw’s affirmation that it is the original of “*Gil Morice*,” and therefore it may be claimed as belonging to the forest of Dundaff.

That ever loved me.

“Here is a glove, a glo
“Lined with the silv
You may tell her to con
To speak to Child No

“Here is a ring, a ring,
“It’s all gold but the
You may tell her to com
And ask the leave o’ n.

“So well do I love your
But far better do I love
O would ye have me go to
To betray away his wif

“O don’t I give you meat
“And don’t I pay you f
How dare you stop my er
“My orders you must o

Oh when he came to Lord
He tinkled at the ring ;
Who was as ready as Lord
To let this little boy in.

“Here is a glove, a glove.”

"Here is a ring, a ring," he says,
 "It's all gold but the stane;
 You are bidden to come to the merry green wood,
 And ask the leave o' name."

Lord Barnard he was standing by,
 And an angry man was he:
 "Oh, little did I think there was a lord in this world,
 My lady loved, but me!"

Oh he dressed himself in the holland smocks,
 And garments that was gay;¹
 And he is away to the merry green wood,
 To speak to Child Noryce.

Child Noryce sits on yonder tree,
 He whistles and he sings;
 "O wae be to me," says Child Noryce,
 "Yonder my mother comes!"

Child Noryce he came off the tree,
 His mother to take off the horse;
 "Och alace, alace," says Child Noryce,
 "My mother was ne'er so grees."

Lord Barnard he had a little small sword,
 That hung low down by his knee;
 He cut the head off Child Noryce,
 And put the body on a tree.

And when he came to his castel,
 And to his lady's hall,
 He threw the head into her lap,
 Saying, "Lady, there is a ball!"

She turned up the bloody head,
 She kissed it frae cheek to chin,
 "Far better do I love this bloody head
 Than all my royal kin.

¹This ballad, says Whitelaw, more distinctly than either "Gill Morice" or "Chield Morice," announces the disguise resorted to by Lord Barnard, in order to surprise his supposed rival.

"When I was in my father's castell,
In my virginitie;
There came a lord into the north,
Gat child Noryce with me."

"O wae be to thee, lady Margaret," he said,
"And an ill death may ye dee;
For if you had told me he was your son,
He had ne'er been slain by me."

OWEN OF CARRON.

THE author of this ballad was Dr John Langhorne, who was born in 1735, and died in 1779. The ballad was first published in 1778, and is said to have been the last work of its author. Suggested, doubtless, by "Gil Morice," it is devoid of much of the charm of that effusion, but is not altogether without the right of admission to a collection of the poetry of the shire.

On Carron's side the primrose pale
Why does it wear a purple hue?
Ye maidens fair of Marlivale,
Why stream your eyes with pity's dew?

'Tis all with gentle Owen's blood
That purple grows the primrose pale;
That pity pours the tender flood
From each fair eye in Marlivale.

The evening star set in his eye,
The sun his golden tresses gave,
The north bestowed her orient dye
On him who rests in yonder grave.

Beneath no high, historic stone,
Though nobly born, is Owen laid;
Stretcht on the greenwood's lap alone,
He sleeps beneath the waving shade.

There many a flowery race hath sprung,
And fled before the mountain gale,
Since first his ample dirge he sung ;
Ye maidens fair of Marlivale !

Yet still, when May with fragrant feet
Hath wandered o'er your meads of gold,
That dirge I hear so simply sweet,
Far echoed from each evening fold.

II.

'Twas in the pride of William's day,
When Scotland's honours flourished still,
That Moray's earl, with mighty sway,
Bare rule o'er many a Highland hill.

And far from him their fruitful store
The fairer plains of Carron spread ;
In fortune rich, in offspring poor,
An only daughter crowned his bed.

O ! write not poor—the wealth that flows
In waves of gold round India's throne,
All in her shining breast that glows,
To Ellen's charms, were earth and stone.

For her the youth of Scotland sighed,
The Frenchman gay, the Spaniard grave,
And smoother Italy applied,
And many an English baron brave.

In vain by foreign arts assailed
No foreign loves her breast beguile,
And England's honest valour failed,
Paid with a cold but courteous smile.

“ Ah ! woe to thee, young Nithisdale,
That o'er thy cheeks those roses strayed,
Thy breath, the violet of the vale,
Thy voice, the music of the shade !

"Ah ! woe to thee, that Ellen's love
 Alone to thy soft tale would yield !
 For soon those gentle arms shall prove
 The conflict of a ruder field."

'Twas thus a wayward sister spoke,
 And cast a rueful glance behind,
 As from her dim wood-glen she broke,
 And mounted on the moaning wind.

She spoke and vanish'd—more unmoved
 Than Moray's rocks when storms invest,
 The valiant youth by Ellen loved,
 With aught that fear or fate suggest.

For love, methinks, hath power to raise
 The soul beyond a vulgar state ;
 Th' unconquered banners he displays
 Control our fears and fix our fate.

III.

'Twas when, on summer's softest eve,
 Of clouds that wandered west away,
 Twilight with gentle hand did weave
 Her fairy robe of night and day ;

When all the mountain gales are still,
 And the waves slept against the shore,
 And the sun, sunk beneath the hill,
 Left his last smile on Lemmermore ;

Led by these waking dreams of thought
 That warm the young unpractised breast,
 Her wonted bower sweet Ellen sought,
 And Carron murmured near, and soothed her into rest.

IV.

There is some kind and courtly sprite
 That o'er the realm of fancy reigns,
 Throws sunshine on the mask of night,
 And smiles at slumber's powerless chains :

"Tis told, and I believe the tale,
At this soft hour that sprite was there,
And spread with fairer flowers the vale,
And filled with sweeter sounds the air.

A bower he framed (for he could frame
What long might weary mortal wight,
Swift as the lightning's rapid flame
Darts on the unsuspecting sight).

Such bower he framed with magic hand,
As well that wizard bard hath wove,
In scenes where fair Armida's wand
Waved all the witcheries of love.

Yet was it wrought in simple show ;
Nor Indian mines nor orient shores
Had lent their glories here to glow,
Or yielded here their shining storea.

All round a poplar's trembling arms
The wild-rose wound her damasked flower ;
The woodbine lent her spicy charms,
That loves to weave the lover's bower.

The ash, that courts the mountain air,
In all her painted blooms arrayed,
The wilding's blossom blushing fair,
Combined to form the flowery shade.

With thyme that loves the brown hill's breast,
The cowslip's sweet reclining head,
The violet of sky-woven vest,
Was all the fairy ground bespread.

But who is he, whose locks so fair
Adown his manly shoulders flow ?
Beside him lies the hunter's spear,
Beside him sleeps the warrior's bow.

He bends to Ellen—(gentle sprite !
Thy sweet seductive arts forbear)
He courts her arms with fond delight,
And instant vanishes in air.

V.

Hast thou not found in early dawn
 Some soft ideas melt away,
 If o'er sweet vale, or flowery lawn,
 The sprite of dreams hath bid thee stray ?

Hast thou not some fair object seen,
 And, when the fleeting form was past,
 Still on thy memory found its mien,
 And felt the fond idea last ?

Thou hast—and oft the pictured view,
 Seen in some vision counted vain,
 Has struck thy wandering eye anew,
 And brought the long lost dream again,

With warrior bow, with hunter's spear,
 With locks adown his shoulders spread,
 Young Nithisdale is ranging near—
 He's ranging near yon mountain's head.

Scarce had one pale moon passed away,
 And filled her silver urn again,
 When in the devious chase to stray,
 Afar from all his woodland train,

To Carron's banks his fate consigned,
 And, all to shun the fervid hour,
 He sought some friendly shade to find
 And found the visionary bower.

VI.

Led by the golden star of love,
 Sweet Ellen took her wonted way,
 And in the deep-defending grove
 Sought refuge from the fervid day—

O ! who is he whose ringlets fair
 Disordered o'er his green vest flow,
 Reclined in Rest—whose sunny hair
 Half hides the fair cheek's ardent glow ?

"Tis he, that sprite's illusive guest,
(Ah me ! that sprites can fate control !)
That lives still imaged on her breast,
That lives still pictured on her soul.

As when some gentle spirit fled
From earth to breathe Elysian air,
And, in the train whom we call dead,
Perceives its long-loved partner there ;

Soft, sudden pleasure rushes o'er,
Resistless, o'er its airy frame,
To find its future fate restore
The object of its former flame :

So Ellen stood—less power to move
Had he, who, bound in slumber's chain,
Seemed haply o'er his hills to rove,
And wind his woodland chase again.

She stood, but trembled—mingled fear,
And fond delight, and melting love,
Seized all her soul ; she came not near,
She came not near that fated grove.

She strives to fly—from wizard's wand
As well might powerless captive fly—
The new-cropt flower falls from her hand,
Ah ! fall not with that flower to die !

VII.

Hast thou not seen some azure gleam
Smile in the morning's orient eye,
And skirt the reddening cloud's soft beam
What time the sun was hastening nigh ?

Thou hast—and thou canst fancy well
As any muse that meets thine ear,
The soul-set eye of Nithisdale,
When, waked, it fixed on Ellen near.

Silent they gazed—that silence broke ;

“ Hail, goddess of these groves,” he cried,

“ O let me wear thy gentle yoke !

O let me in thy service bide !

“ For thee I’ll climb the mountain steep,

Unwearied chase the destined prey ;

For thee I’ll pierce the wildwood deep,

And part the sprays that vex thy way.

“ For thee”—“ O, stranger, cease,” she said,

And swift away, like Daphne, flew ;

But Daphne’s flight was not delayed

By aught that to her bosom grew.

’Twas Atalanta’s golden fruit,

The fond idea that confined

Fair Ellen’s steps, and blest the suit,

Who was not far, not far behind.

VIII.

O love ! within those golden vales,

Those genial airs where thou wast born,

Where nature, listening thy soft tales,

Leans on the rosy breast of morn ;

Where the sweet smiles, the graces dwell,

And tender sighs the heart emove,

In silent eloquence to tell

Thy tale, O soul-subduing love !

Ah ! wherefore should grim rage be nigh,

And dark distrust with changeful face,

And jealousy’s reverted eye

Be near thy fair, thy favoured place ?

IX.

Earl Barnard was of high degree,

And lord of many a lowland hind ;

And long for Ellen love had he,

Had love, but not of gentle kind.

From Moray's halls, her absent hour
He watcht with all a miser's care ;
The wide domain, the princely dower,
Made Ellen more than Ellen fair.

Ah wretch ! to think the liberal soul
May thus with fair affection part !
Though Lothian's vales thy sway control,
Know, Lothian is not worth one heart.

Studious he marks her absent hour,
And, winding far where Carron flows,
Sudden he seeks the fated bower,
And red rage on his dark brow glows.

For who is he ?—'Tis Nithisdale !
And that fair form with arm reclined
On his ?—'Tis Ellen of the vale,
'Tis she (O powers of vengeance) kind.

Should he that vengeance swift pursue ?
No—that would all his hopes destroy ;
Moray would vanish from his view,
And rob him of a miser's joy.

Unseen to Moray's halls he hies—
He calls his slaves, his ruffian band,
And, " Haste to yonder groves," he cries,
" And ambusht lie by Carron's strand.

" What time ye mark from bower or glen
A gentle lady take her way,
To distance due, and far from ken,
Allow her length of time to stray.

" Then ransack straight that range of grove
With hunter's spear, and vest of green,
If chance a rosy stripling rove—
Ye well can aim your arrows keen."

And now the ruffian slaves are nigh,
And Ellen takes her homeward way ;
Though stayed by many a tender sigh,
She can no longer, longer stay.

Pensive, against yon poplar pale,
 The lover leans his gentle heart,
 Revolving many a tender tale,
 And wondering still how they could part.

Three arrows pierced the desert air,
 Ere yet his tender dreams depart ;
 And one struck deep his forehead fair,
 And one went through his gentle heart.

Love's waking dream is lost in sleep—
 He lies beneath yon poplar pale ;
 Ah ! could we marvel ye should weep,
 Ye maidens fair of Marlivale.

X.

When all the mountain gales were still,
 And the wave slept against the shore,
 And the sun, sunk beneath the hill,
 Left his last smile on Lemmermore ;

Sweet Ellen takes her wonted way
 Along the fairy-featured vale ;
 Bright o'er his wave does Carron play,
 And soon she'll meet her Nithisdale.

She'll meet him soon—for, at her sight,
 Swift as the mountain deer he sped ;
 The evening shades will sink in night—
 Where art thou, loitering lover, fled ?

O ! she will chide thy trifling stay,
 E'en now the soft reproach she frames :
 "Can lovers brook such long delay ?
 Lovers that boast of ardent flames !"

He comes not—weary with the chase,
 Soft slumber o'er his eyelids throws
 Her veil—we'll steal one dear embrace,
 We'll gently steal on his repose.

This is the bower—we'll softly tread—
He sleeps beneath yon poplar pale—
Lover, if e'er thy heart has bled,
Thy heart will far forego my tale !

XI.

Ellen is not in princely bower,
She's not in Moray's splendid train ;
Their mistress dear, at midnight hour,
Her weeping maidens seek in vain.

Her pillow swells not deep with down ;
For her no balms their sweets exhale :
Her limbs are on the pale turf thrown,
Prest by her lovely cheek as pale.

On that fair cheek, that flowing hair,
The broom its yellow leaf hath shed,
And the chill mountain's early air
Blows wildly o'er her beauteous head.

As the soft star of orient day,
When clouds involve his rosy light,
Darts through the gloom a transient ray,
And leaves the world once more to night,

Returning life illumines her eye,
And slow its languid orb unfolds,—
What are those bloody arrows nigh ?
Sure, bloody arrows she beholds !

What was that form so ghastly pale,
That low beneath the poplar lay ?
'Twas some poor youth—" Ah Nithisdale !"
She said, and silent sunk away.

XII.

The morn is on the mountain spread,
The woodlark trills his liquid strain—
Can morn's sweet music rouse the dead ?
Give the set eye its soul again ?

A shepherd of that gentler mind
 Which nature not profusely yields,
 Seeks in these lonely shades to find
 Some wanderer from his little fields.

Aghast he stands—and simple fear
 O'er all his paly visage glides—
 “Ah me! what means this misery here?
 What fate this lady fair betides?”

He bears her to his friendly home,
 When life he finds has but retired ;—
 With haste he frames the lover's tomb,
 For his is quite, is quite expired !

XIII.

“O hide me in the humble bower,”
 Returning late to life, she said ;
 “I'll bind thy crook with many a flower ;
 With many a rosy wreath thy head.

“Good shepherd, haste to yonder grove,
 And if my love asleep is laid,
 O! wake him not ; but softly move
 Some pillow to that gentle head.

“Sure, thou wilt know him, shepherd swain,
 Thou knowst the sunrise o'er the sea—
 But O! no lamb in all thy train
 Was e'er so mild, so mild as he.”

“His head is on the wood-moss laid ;
 I did not wake his slumber deep—
 Sweet sings the redbreast o'er the shade—
 Why, gentle lady, would you weep ?”

As flowers that fade in burning day,
 At evening find the dew-drop dear,
 But fiercer feel the noontide ray,
 When softened by the nightly tear ;

Returning in the flowing tear,
This lovely flower, more sweet than they,
Found her fair soul, and, wandering near,
The stranger, reason, crost her way.

Found her fair soul—ah ! so to find
Was but more dreadful grief to know !
Ah ! sure the privilege of mind
Cannot be worth the wish of woe !

XIV.

On Melancholy's silent urn
A softer shade of sorrow falls,
But Ellen can no more return,
No more return to Moray's halls.

Beneath the low and lonely shade,
The slow-consuming hour she'll weep,
Till nature seeks her last-left aid,
In the sad sombrous arms of sleep.

“ These jewels, all unmeet for me,
Shalt thou,” she said, “ Good shepherd take ;
These gems will purchase gold for thee,
And these be thine for Ellen's sake.

“ So fail thou not, at eve or morn,
The rosemary's pale bough to bring—
Thou know'st where I was found forlorn,
Where thou hast heard the redbreast sing.

“ Heedful I'll tend thy flocks the while,
Or aid thy shepherdess's care,
For I will share her humble toil,
And I her friendly roof will share.”

XV.

And now two longsome years are past
In luxury of lonely pain—
The lovely mourner, found at last,
To Moray's halls is borne again.

Yet has she left one object dear,
 That wears love's sunny eye of joy—
 Is Nithisdale reviving here?
 Or is it but a shepherd's boy?

By Carron's side, a shepherd's boy,
 He binds his vale-flowers with the reed ;
 He wears love's sunny eye of joy,
 And birth he little seems to heed.

XVI.

But ah ! no more his infant sleep
 Closes beneath a mother's smile,
 Who, only when it closed would weep,
 And yield no tender woe the while.

No more, with fond attention dear,
 She seeks th' unspoken wish to find ;
 No more shall she with pleasure's tear
 See the soul waxing into mind.

XVII.

Does nature bear a tyrant's breast ?
 Is she the fiend of stern control ?
 Wears she the despot's purple vest ?
 Or fetters she the freeborn soul ?

Where, worst of tyrants, is thy claim
 In chains thy children's breasts to bind ?
 Gavest thou the Promethéan flame ?
 The incommunicable mind ?

Thy offspring are great Nature's—free,
 And of her fair dominion heirs ;
 Each privilege she gives to thee ;
 Know that each privilege is theirs.

They have thy feature, wear thine eye,
 Perhaps some feelings of thy heart ;
 And wilt thou their loved hearts deny
 To act their fair, their proper part ?

XVIII.

The lord of Lothian's fertile vale,
Ill-fated Ellen, claims thy hand ;
Thou knowst not that thy Nithisdale
Was low laid by his ruffian band.

And Moray, with unfathered eyes,
Fixt on fair Lothian's fertile dale,
Attends his human sacrifice,
Without the Grecian painter's veil.

O married love ! thy bard shall own,
Where two congenial souls unite,
Thy golden chain inlaid with down,
Thy lamp with heaven's own splendour bright.

But if no radiant star of love,
O Hymen ! smile on thy fair rite,
Thy chain a wretched weight shall prove,
Thy lamp a sad sepulchral light.

XIX.

And now has time's slow wandering wing
Borne many a year unmarked with speed—
Where is the boy by Carron's spring,
Who bound his vale flowers with the reed ?

Ah me ! those flowers he binds no more ;
No early charm returns again ;
The parent, nature, keeps in store
Her best joys for her little train.

No longer heed the sunbeam bright
That plays on Carron's breast he can,
Reason has lent her quivering light,
And shown the chequered field of man.

XX.

As the first human heir of earth
With pensive eye himself surveyed,
And, all unconscious of his birth,
Sat thoughtful of 't in Eden's shade ;

In pensive thought so Owen strayed
 Wild Carron's lonely woods among,
 And once within their greenest glade,
 He fondly framed this simple song.

XXI.

“ Why is this crook adorned with gold ?
 Why am I tales of ladies told ?
 Why does no labour me employ,
 If I am but a shepherd's boy ?

“ A silken vest like mine so green
 In shepherd's hut I have not seen—
 Why should I in such vesture joy,
 If I am but a shepherd's boy ?

“ I know it is no shepherd's art
 His written meaning to impart—
 They teach me sure an idle toy,
 If I am but a shepherd's boy.

“ This bracelet bright that binds my arm—
 It could not come from shepherd's farm :
 It only would that arm annoy,
 If I were but a shepherd's boy.

“ And O thou silent picture fair,
 That lovest to smile upon me there,
 O say, and fill my heart with joy,
 That I am not a shepherd's boy.”

XXII.

Ah, lovely youth ! thy tender lay
 May not thy gentle life prolong ;
 Seest thou yon nightingale a prey ?
 The fierce hawk hovering o'er his song ?

His little heart is large with love :
 He sweetly hails his evening star ;
 And fate's more pointed arrows move
 Insidious from his eye afar.

XXIII.

The shepherdess, whose kindly care
Had watcht o'er Owen's infant breath,
Must now their silent mansions share,
Whom time leads calmly down to death.

"O tell me, parent if thou art,
What is this lovely picture dear?
Why wounds its mournful eye my heart?
Why flows from mine th' unbidden tear?"

"Ah youth! to leave thee loath am I,
Though I be not thy parent dear;
And wouldest thou wish, or ere I die,
The glory of thy birth to hear?

"But it will make thee much bewail,
And it will make thy fair eye swell,"
She said, and told the woesome tale,
As sooth as shepherdess might tell.

XXIV.

The heart that, sorrow doomed to share,
Has worn the frequent seal of woe,
Its sad impressions learns to bear,
And finds full oft its ruin slow.

But when that seal is first imprest,
When the young heart its pain shall try,
From the soft, yielding, trembling, breast,
Oft seems the startled soul to fly.

Yet fled not Owen's—wild amaze
In paleness clothed, and lifted hands,
And horror's dread unmeaning gaze,
Mark the poor statue as it stands.

The simple guardian of his life
Lookt wistful for the tears to gilde;
But, when she saw his tearless strife,
Silent, she lent him one—and died.

XXV.

"No, I am not a shepherd's boy,"
 Awaking from his dream, he said :
 "Ah, where is now the promised joy
 Of this?—for ever, ever fled !
 "O picture dear!—for her loved sake
 How fondly could my heart bewail !
 My friendly shepherdess, O wake,
 And tell me more of this sad tale :
 "O tell me more of this sad tale—
 No : thou enjoy thy gentle sleep !
 And I will go to Lothian's vale,
 And more than all her waters weep."

XXVI.

Owen to Lothian's vale is fled—
 Earl Barnard's lofty towers appear—
 "O art thou there?" the full heart said,
 "O art thou there, my parent dear?"
 Yes, she is there ; from idle state
 Oft has she stole her hour to weep ;
 Think how she "by thy cradle sat,"
 And how she "fondly saw thee sleep."
 Now tries his trembling hand to frame
 Full many a tender line of love :
 And still he blots the parent's name,
 For that he fears might fatal prove.

XXVII.

O'er a fair fountain's smiling side
 Reclined a dim tower, clad with moss,
 Where every bird was wont to bide
 That languisht for its partner's loss.
 This scene he chose, this scene assigned,
 A parent's first embrace to wait,
 And many a soft fear filled his mind,
 Anxious for his fond letter's fate.

The hand that bore those lines of love,
The well-informing bracelet bore—
Ah ! may they not unprosperous prove !
Ah ! safely pass yon dangerous door !

XXVIII.

“She comes not ; can she then delay ?”
Cried the fair youth, and dropt a tear,
“Whatever filial love could say,
To her I said, and called her dear.
“She comes,—O ! no—encircled round,
‘Tis some rude chief with many a spear,
My hapless tale that earl has found—
Ah me ! my heart !—for her I fear.”

His tender tale that earl had read,
Or ere it reacht his lady’s eye ;
His dark brow wears a cloud of red,
In rage he deems a rival nigh.

XXIX.

“Tis o’er—those locks that waved in gold,
That waved adown those cheeks so fair,
Wreathed in the gloomy tyrant’s hold,
Hang from the severed head in air !

That streaming head he joys to bear
In horrid guise to Lothian’s halls !
Bids his grim ruffians place it there,
Erect upon the frowning walls.

The fatal tokens forth he drew—
“Knowst thou these—Ellen of the vale ?”
The pictured bracelet soon she knew,
And soon her lovely cheek grew pale.

The trembling victim straight he led,
Ere yet her soul’s first fear was o’er ;
He pointed to the ghastly head—
She saw—and sank to rise no more.

YOUNG WATERS.

THIS ballad, like many others, has an interesting history. Two versions of it have been given to the world. The first was printed at Glasgow, with the title—"Young Waters: an Ancient Scottish Poem never before printed." It appeared in 1754, and its publication was due to Lady Jane Hume (or Home), a sister to the Earl of Hume (or Home). Shortly after its appearance Bishop Percy published it in his *Reliques*, remarking that the ballad "covertly alludes to the indiscreet partiality which Queen Anne of Denmark is said to have shewn for the bonnie Earl of Moray." Some time after this publication, Mr Buchan in his *Ancient Ballads* gave a much longer version, referred to what had previously appeared as "a mutilated edition of this fine old ballad," and stated that in his opinion "Young Waters" was David Graham of Fintry, who, on account of being found guilty of having been concerned in a Popish plot, was beheaded on 16th February, 1592. Dr Chambers, who gave in his *Scottish Ballads* a version collated from the two previous publications, indicated that the hero of the ballad was probably Walter Stuart, who was beheaded at Stirling after the return of James I. from captivity. Chambers at a later period gave up this opinion; but while it may not be true, there is more to be said in favour of it than of any of the earlier suggestions made as to the origin of the production; and the editor of "The Ballad Minstrelsy of Scotland" is inclined to continue to regard the statement as an extremely likely solution of the matter. So far as a ballad may give evidence in its own behalf, "Young Waters" defends the explanation of Dr Chambers.

About Yule, when the wind blew cool,
And the round table began,
Oh, there is come to our King's court
Mony a well-favoured man.

The Queen look'd o'er the castle wall,
Beheld baith dale and down,
And there she saw Young Waters
Come riding to the town.

His footmen they did rin before,
His horsemen rode behind ;
And his mantle, of the burning gowd,
Did keep him from the wind.

Gowden graithed his horse before,
And siller shod behind ;
The horse Young Waters rode upon
Was fleetier than the wind.

Out then spake a wylie lord,
And to the Queen said he ;
"Oh, tell me, wha's the fairest face
Rides in the company ?"

"I've seen lords, and I've seen lairds,
And knights of high degree ;
But a fairer face than Young Waters'
Mine een did never see."

Out then spake the jealous king,
(And an angry man was he) :
"Oh, if he had been twice as fair,
You might ha'e excepted me."

"You're neither laird nor lord," she says,
"But the king that wears the crown ;
There's not a knight in fair Scotland
But to thee maun bow down."

But all that she could do or say,
Appeased he wouldna be ;
And for the words which she had said,
Young Waters he maun dee.

Young Waters came before the king,
Fell low down on his knee;
"Win up, win up, Young Waters,
What's this I hear of thee?"

"What ails the king at me?" he said,
"What ails the king at me?"
"Oh, it is tauld me the day, sir knight,
Ye've done me treasonie."

"Liars will lee on fell gude men,
Sae will they dae on me;
I wouldna wish to be the man
That liars on wouldna lee."

"Yet, nevertheless," the king did say,
"To prison strang gang ye;
And, nevertheless," the king did say,
"Young Waters, ye shall dee."

Syne they hae taen him, Young Waters,
Put fetters to his feet;
Syne they hae taen him, Young Waters,
Thrown him in dungeon deep.

"Aft hae I ridden thro' Stirling town,
Thro' heavy wind an' weet;
But ne'er rade I thro' Stirling town
With fetters on my feet.

"Aft hae I ridden thro' Stirling town,
Thro' heavy wind and rain;
Yet ne'er rade I thro' Stirling town,
But I thought to ride again."

They brought him to the Heading hill,
His horse bot and his saddle;
And they brought to the Heading hill
His young son in his cradle.

And they brought to the Heading hill
His hounds into a leish;
And they brought to the Heading hill
His goshawk in a jess.

King James he then rade up the hill
And mony a man him wi' ;
And he called on his trusty page,
To come right speedilie.

" Ye'll go ye to the Earl of Mar,
Where he sits on yon hill ;
Bid him loose the brand frae his body,
Young Waters for to kill."

" Oh God forbid," the earl he said,
" The like should e'er fa' me ;
My bodie e'er should wear the brand
That gars Young Waters dee."

Then he has loosed his trusty brand,
And cast it in the sea ;
Says—" Never let them get a brand,
Till it come back to me."

The scaffold it prepared was,
And he did mount it hie ;
And all spectators that were there,
The tears did blind ilk e'e.

" Oh ! haud your tongues, my brethren dear,
And mourn nae mair for me ;
Ye're seeking grace frae a graceless face,
For there is name to gie.

" Ye'll tak a bit o' canvas clraith,
And put it o'er ilk e'e ;
And Jack, my man, ye'll be at hand
The hour that I should dee.

" Syne aff ye'll tak my bluidy sark,
Gie it fair Margaret Grahame ;
For she may curse the dowie day
That brought King James here hame.

" Ye'll bid her mak her bed narrow,
And mak it naeways wide ;
For a braver man than Young Waters
Will ne'er streek by her side.

And make nae mair
“ Oh, head me soon !
And put me oot o' p
For it is by the king's
Sae head me till his
“ Tho' by him I'm co
I'm lieve to his ain
His father and my fat
Were ilk ae father's
Then he laid by his na
Was saft as ony sill
And on the block he l
Was whiter than th
Says—“ Strike the bl
Strike with your ax
Oh, strike the blow, j
And strike baith he
The head was taen fr
And mony tears we
But mair did mourn !
As she lay raving n

HUGHIE TH

oral tradition in Ayrshire. It differs mainly from the English effusion in the fact that it locates the ballad at Stirling, while the English version locates itself at Carlisle. Another version, which also belongs to Stirling, was included in "Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads," with the title "Sir Hugh the Græme." For our present purpose we accept Burns's version. The origin of the ballad is not very clear, and, as one has said, its nationality is probably as debatable as the border land of the Græmes.

Gude Lord Scroope's to the hunting gane,
A-hunting o' the fallow dear ;
And he has grippit Hughie the Græme,
For stealing o' the Bishop's mare.

" Now good Lord Scroope, this may not be !
Here hangs a broadsword by my side ;
And if that thou canst conquer me,
The matter it may soon be tried."

" I ne'er was afraid of a traitor thief ;
Although thy name be Hughie the Græme,
I'll make thee repent thee of thy deeds,
If God but grant me life and time."

" Then do your worst, now, good Lord Scroope,
And deal your blows as hard as ye can !
It shall be tried within an hour
Which of us two is the better man."

But as they were dealing their blows sae free,
And both sae bloody at the time,
Over the moss came ten yeomen so tall,
All for to take brave Hughie the Græme.

And they hae tied him hand and foot,
And led him up thro' Stirling town ;
The lads and lasses met him there,
Cried—" Hughie Græme, thou art a loon."

"Oh lowse my right hand free," he says,
 "And put my braid sword in the same,
 He's no in Stirling town this day
 Daur tell the tale to Hughie Graeme."

Then up bespake the brave Whitefoord
 As he sat by the bishop's knee :
 "Twenty white owsen, my gude lord,
 If you'll let Hughie Graeme gae free."

"Oh no, oh no, my gude Whitefoord
 For sooth and sae it maunna be ;
 For tho' ten Græmes were in his coat,
 They should be hangèd all for me."

Up then bespoke the fair Whitefoord
 As she sat by the judge's knee :
 "A peck o' white pennies, my gude lord judge,
 If you grant Hughie the Græme to me."

"Oh no, oh no, my gude Whitefoord !
 For sooth and so it must na be ;
 Were he the one Græme of the name,
 He should be hangèd high for me."

"If I be guilty," said Hughie the Græme,
 "Of me my friends shall have small talk" ;
 And he has loup'd fifteen feet and three,
 Tho' his hands were tied behind his back.

They've ta'en him to the gallows knowe ;
 He lookèd at the gallows tree,
 Yet never colour left his cheek,
 Nor ever did he blin' his e'e.

He lookèd over his left shoulder,
 And for to see what he might see ;
 There was he aware of his auld father,
 Came tearing his hair most piteouslie.

"Oh, haud your tongue, my father dear,
 And with your weeping let me be :
 Thy weeping's sairer on my heart
 Than a' that they can do to me.

"Fair ye weel, fair Maggie, my wife !
The last time we came owre the mair,
'Twas thou bereft me o' my life,
And with the bishop thou played the whore.

"Here, Johnnie Armstrang, take thou my sword,
That is made o' the metal sae fine ;
And when thou comest to the English side,
Remember the death of Hughie the Græme."

ARCHY O' KILSPINDIE.

THIS modern ballad, from the pen of John Finlay, is founded upon circumstances related by Hume of Godscroft, thus :—"About this time the king (James V.) resolved to besiege Tantallon Castle. The castle was well defended for several days, and the besiegers, seeing no hope of carrying it, raised the siege and retired. In their retreat they were set upon in the rear by Angus's horsemen, and one David Falconer was slain, and two of the cannons cloyed. This the king took so highly that he swore openly that the Douglasses should never be received into favour. His implacability also appeared in his carriage towards Archibald of Kilspindie, whom he (when he was a child) loved singularly well for his ability of body, and was wont to call him his Gray Steel. Archibald was for some time in England, but, being wearied of that life, determined to try the king's mercifulness and clemency. Coming to Scotland, he took occasion of the king's hunting in the Park at Stirling and cast himself in his way as he was coming home to the castle. So soon as the king saw him afar off he said to one of his courtiers, 'Yonder is my Gray Steel, Archibald of Kilspindie, if he be alive.' The king approaching, Archibald fell on his

knees and craved pardon, but the king went by without giving answer. Kilspindie followed, and (though he wore a shirt of mail) was as soon at the castle gate as the king. There he sat him down upon a stone without and entreated some of the king's servants for a cup of drink, but they, fearing the king's displeasure, durst give him none. When the king was at dinner he enquired about him, was told that he desired a cup and got none, when the king sharply reproved his servants for their courtesy. The king sent him to Leith and thereafter to France, where he died shortly afterwards."

Gray Steel, says the author of the ballad, was the name of one of the heroes in the romance of "Sir E-geir." Douglas of Kilspindie was not the only person who was honoured with the designation. It seems to have been anciently a popular epithet; for one of the earls of Eglintoun, a man of great bodily strength, was so nicknamed.

Wae worth the heart that can be glad,
Wae worth the tear that winna fa',
For justice is fleeing frae the land,
An' the faith o' auld times is clean awa'.

Our nobles they hae sworn an aith,
An' they gart our young king swear the same,
That as lang as the crown was on his heid
He wad speak to nane o' the Douglas name.

An' wasna this a wearifou aith;
For the crown frae his heid had been tint an' gane,
Gin the Douglas hadna held it on,
When anither to help him there was nane.

An' the king frae that day grew dowie an' wae,
For he liked in his heart the Douglas weel;
For his foster brother was Jamie o' Parkhead,
An' Archie o' Kilspindie was his Gray Steel.

But Jamie was banisht an' Archie baith,
An' they lived lang, lang ayont the sea,
Till a' had forgotten them but the king ;
An' he whiles said wi' a watery e'e—
"Gin they think on me as I think on them,
I wot their life is but dreerie."

It chanced he rode wi' hound and horn
To hunt the dun and the red deer down,
An' wi' him was mony a gallant earl,
And laird, and knight, and bold baron.

But nane was wi' him wad ever compare
Wi' the Douglas so proud in tower and town,
That were courtliest all in bower and hall,
And the highest ever in renown.

It was dawn when the hunters sounded the horn,
By Stirlin's wa's sae fair to see ;
But the sun was far gane doon i' the west
When they brittled the deer on Torwood lee.

And wi' jovial din they rode hame to the town,
Where Snawdoun's tower stands dark and hie ;
Frae least to best they were playin' the jest,
An' the laugh was gaun roond richt merrily ;

When Murray cried oot,—“ Wha's yon I see ?
Like a Douglas he looks baith dark and grim,
And for a' his sad and weary pace,
Like them he's richt stark o' arm and limb.”

The king's heart lap, and he shouted wi' glee,—
“ Yon stalwart makedom¹ ken I richt weel ;
And I'se wad in pawn the hawk on my han',
Its Archie Kilspindie, my ain Gray Steel :
We maun gie him grace o' a' his race,
For Kilspindie was trusty aye and leal.”

¹ Stalwart makedom, stout body.

But Lindsay spak' in waefou mood,—

“ Alas ! my liege, that mauna be.”

And stout Kilmaurs cries,—“ He that dares,
Is a traitor to his ain countrie.”

And Glencairn, that aye was dowre and stern,
Says,—“ Where's the aith ye sware to me ?
Gin ye speak to a man o' the Douglas clan,
A gray groat for thy crown and thee.”

When Kilspindie took haud o' the king's bridle reins,
He louted low down on his knee ;
The king a word he durstna speak,
But he looked on him wistfullie.

He thocht on days that lang were gane,
Till his heart was yearnin' and like to brast :
As he turned him round, his barons frowned ;
But Lindsay was dichtin' his e'e fu' fast.

When he saw their looks, his proud heart rose,
And he tried to speak richt hauchtillie ;--
“ Gae tak' my bridle frae that auld man's grip ;
What sorrow gars him haud it sae sickerlie ?”

An' he spurred his horse wi' gallant speed,
But Archie followed him manfullie,
And, though cased in steel frae shoulder to heel,
He was first o' a' his companie.

As they passed, he sat down on a stane in the yett,
For a' his grey hair there was nae ither biel,
The king staid the hindmost o' the train,
And he aft looked back to his auld Gray Steel.

Archie wi' grief was quite fordone,
An' his arm fell weak that was aince like airn,
An' he sought for some cauld water to drink,
But they durstna for that dowre Glencairn.

When this was tald to our gracious king,
A redwood furious man woxe he :
He has ta'en the mazer cup in his han',
An' in flinders a' he gart it flee :—

"Had I kenned my Gray Steel wanted a drink
He should hae had o' the red wine free."

And fu' sad at the table he sat down,
An' he spak' but ae word at the dine :—
"O I wish my warst fae were but a king,
Wi' as cruel counsellours as mine."

THE GALLANT GRAHAMS.

THE great Marquis of Montrose, of whom Aytoun has sung so nobly, belonged to a family whose principal and most ancient possessions lie along the water of Endrick in Stirlingshire. The part the Marquis played in the civil wars of Charles I. is well known to all readers of Scottish history, and not a little of his life has been woven into song. After a spell of success, misfortune fell upon Montrose, and the Stuart hopes, so far as he was concerned, were finally vanquished by his defeat at Philiphaugh. After that battle the Presbyterians approached Charles II. They put the crown and the Solemn League and Covenant before him; he had to accept both or none. Montrose, true to the cause for which he had fought, offered to procure the crown for Charles as his right, rather than as his reward for signing the Covenant. The Prince listened to both parties and then decided. He gave Montrose a commission to fight in his behalf, and at the same time accepted the terms of the Covenanters. The action was in keeping with the character of the man. While, therefore, he was making preparations for his coronation at Scone, and giving every manifestation of his adherence to Presbytery, Montrose was planning a descent on the Highlands with the ultimate view of setting him up as an Episcopalian king. In this descent Montrose was captured

by the Covenanters, carried to Edinburgh, and there executed for the cause he had espoused. To justify the actions of Montrose would be to renounce the right of a people to worship God as they chose; to justify his death would be to approve an elaborate system of oppression. The ballad represents the Marquis as bidding farewell to his possessions, and, says Scott, from the concluding stanza, I presume the song was composed upon the arrival of Charles in Scotland, which so speedily followed the execution of Montrose, that the king entered Edinburgh while the head of his most faithful and most successful adherent was still blackening in the sun.

Now, fare thee well, sweet Ennerdale!¹
 Baith kith and countrie I bid adieu ;
 For I maun away, I may not stay,
 To some uncouth land which I never knew.

To wear the blue I think it best,
 Of all the colours that I see :
 And I'll wear it for the gallant Grahams,
 That are banished from their countrie.

I have no gold, I have no land,
 I have no pearl nor precious stane ;
 But I would sell my silken snood,
 To see the gallant Grahams come hame.

In Wallace days, when they began,
 Sir John the Graham did bear the gree²
 Through all the lands of Scotland wide ;
 He was a lord of the south countrie,

¹ A corruption of Endrickdale.

² Sir John the Graham who fell at the battle of Falkirk.

And so was seen fully many a time ;
For the sumner flowers did never spring,
But every Graham, in armour bright,
Would then appear before the king.

They all were dressed in armour sheen,
Upon the pleasant banks of Tay ;
Before a king they might be seen,
These gallant Grahams in their array.

At the Goukhead our camp we set,
Our leaguer down there for to lay ;
And in the bonnie summer light
We rode our white horse and our gray.

Our false commander sold our king
Unto his deadlie enemie,
Who was the traitor, Cromwell, then ;
So I care not what they do with me.

They have betrayed our noble prince,
And banished him from his royal crown ;
But the gallant Grahams have ta'en in hand,
For to command those traitors down.

In Glen-Prosen¹ we rendezvoused,
Marched to Glenshie by night and day
And took the town of Aberdeen,
And met the Campbells in their array.

Five thousand men in armour strong
Did meet the gallant Grahams that day
At Inverlochie, where war began,
And scarco two thousand men were they.

Gallant Montrose, that chieftain bold,
Courageous in the best degree,
Did for the king fight well that day ;
The lord preserve his majestie.

¹ Glen-Prosen in Argyllshire.

Nathaniel Gordon stout and bold
 Did for king Charles wear the blue;¹
 But the cavaliers they were all sold,
 And brave Harthill² a cavalier too.

And Newton Gordon³ burd-alone,
 And Dalgatie⁴ both stout and keen,
 And gallant Veitch⁵ upon the field,
 A braver face was never seen.

Now, fare ye weel, sweet Ennerdale!
 Countrie and kin, I quit ye free;
 Cheer up your hearts, brave cavaliers,
 For the Grahams are gone to high Germany.

Now brave Montrose he went to France,
 And to Germany to gather fame;
 And bold Aboyne⁶ is to the sea,
 Young Huntly is his noble name.

Montrose again, that chieftain bold,
 Back unto Scotland fair he came,
 For to redeem Fair Scotland's land,
 The pleasant, worthy, gallant Graham.

¹ Nathaniel Gordon, of the family of Gordon of Gight, served for some time under Montrose, but deserted him in 1644 and went over to the Covenanters. This desertion, however, was merely a plot to win Lord Gordon, who had hitherto fought for the Covenanters, over to Montrose. Nathaniel was successful, and returned to the Royalists' army with Lord Gordon. Nathaniel was taken prisoner at Philiphaugh and executed by the Covenanters.

² Harthill, a determined loyalist who took part in most of Montrose's engagements.

³ Gordon of Newton, a devoted loyalist.

⁴ Sir Francis Hay of Dalgatie, who was taken prisoner with Montrose.

⁵ Veitch, probably David Veitch, brother to Veitch of Dawick.

⁶ James, Earl of Aboyne, who fled to France, and there died of a broken heart.

At the water of Carron he did begin,
And fought the battle to the end ;
And there were killed, for our noble king,
Two thousand of our Danish men.

Gilbert Menzies of high degree,
By whom the king's banner was borne,
For a brave cavalier was he,
But now to glory he is gone.

Then woe to Strachan and Hacket baith !
And Lesly, ill death may thou die !
For ye have betrayed the gallant Grahams,
Who aye were true to majestie.

And the laird of Assint has seized Montrose,
And had him into Edinburgh town,
And frae his body ta'en the head,
And quartered him upon a trone.

And Huntly's gone the self-same way,
And our noble king is also gone :
He suffered death for our nation,
Our mourning tears can ne'er be done.

But our brave young king is now come home,
King Charles the Second in degree ;
The Lord send peace into his time,
And God preserve his majestie.

THE ORPHAN MAID.

THIS ballad, which occurs in "A Legend of Montrose," was sung in Gaelic, Scott tells us, by Annot Lyle, and translated into the English tongue by Mr Secundus MacPherson. Primus MacPherson, the translator of Ossian, was doubtless a less fictitious personage than Secundus, but perhaps there is the same amount of truth in the latter as in the former's credited translation.

November's hail-cloud drifts away,
November's sunbeam wan
Looks coldly on the castle grey,
When forth comes Lady Anne.

The orphan by the oak was set,
Her arms, her feet were bare,
The hail-drops had not melted yet
Amid her raven hair.

"And Dame," she said, "by all the ties
That child and mother know,
And one who never knew these joys,
Relieve an orphan's woe."

The lady said, "An orphan's state
Is hard and sad to bear ;
Yet worse the widowed mother's fate
Who mourns both Lord and heir.

"Twelve times the rolling year has sped
Since, when from vengeance wild
Of fierce Strathallan's chief I fled,
Forth's eddies whelmed my child."

"Twelve times the year its course has borne,"
The wandering maid replied,
"Since fishers on St. Bridget's morn
Drew nets on Campsie side.

"St. Bridget sent no scaly spoil ;—
An infant well-nigh dead,
They saved and rear in want and toil,
To beg from you her bread."

The orphan maid the lady kissed—
"My husband's looks you bear ;
St. Bridget and her morn be blessed !
You are his widow's heir."

They've robed that maid so poor and pale
In silk and sandals rare ;
And pearls, for drops of frozen hail,
Are glistening in her hair.

II.—POEMS.

COMALA.

A DRAMATIC POEM.

IT is interesting to know that one of the best poems of Ossian belongs to Stirlingshire. "Comala," whether the work of a gifted imposter of modern days, or the production of a bard of ancient times, is one of the finest poems of Ossian's muse. In one of the many lamentations on the death of Oscar, writes the author of "A Dissertation on the *Æra* of Ossian," a battle which he fought against Caros, king of ships, on the banks of the winding Carun, is mentioned among his great actions. It is more than probable that the Caros mentioned here is the same with the noted usurper Carausius, who assumed the purple in the year 287, and seizing on Britain, defeated the Emperor Maximinian Herculius in several naval engagements, which gives propriety to his being called "The King of Ships." The *winding Carun* is that small river retaining still the name of Carron, and which runs in the neighbourhood of Agricola's wall, which Carausius repaired to obstruct the incursions of the Caledonians.

ARGUMENT.

This poem is valuable on account of the light it throws on the antiquity of Ossian's compositions. The Caracul mentioned here is the same with Caracalla, the son of Severus, who, in the year 211, commanded an expedition against the Caledonians. The variety of measure shows that the poem was originally set to music, and perhaps presented before the chiefs upon

beauty recommended her so much
her his wife; when news was br
marched to stop the progress of t
left her on a hill within sight of t
battle, having previously promise
The sequel of the story may be gat

THE]

FINGAL.	MELIL
HILDALLAN.	DEESA
COMALA.	BARDS

Dersagrena.—The chase is on
torrent's roar! Daughter of I
Lay down the bow, and take the
with songs, let our joy be great

Melilcoma.—Night comes at
night grows dim along the plain
a mossy bank he seemed through
away. A meteor played round
faces of other times looked from

Dersagrena.—These are the sons
of shields is fallen! and Caracul
rock; daughter of Sarno, rise in
low; his ghost is on our hills.

Melilcoma.—There Comala sit
shake their rough ears, and ca
about rocks upon her arms the n

gleam of his steel on the field of his promise. Or rather let the meteor, that lights our fathers through the night, come, with its red beam, to show me the way to my fallen hero. Who will defend me from sorrow? Who from the love of Hildallan? Long shall Comala look before she can behold Fingal in the midst of his host; bright as the coming forth of the morning in the clouds of an earthly shower.

Hildallan.—Dwell, thou mist of gloomy Crona, dwell on the path of the king! Hide his steps from mine eyes, let me remember my friend no more. The bands of battle are scattered, no crowding tread is round the noise of his steel. O Carun! roll thy streams of blood; the chief of the people is low.

Comala.—Who fell on Carun's sounding banks, son of the cloudy night? Was he white as the snow of Ardven? Blooming as the bow of the shower? Was his hair like the mist of the hill, soft and curling in the day of the sun? Was he like the thunder of heaven in battle? Fleet as the roe of the desert?

Hildallan.—O that I might behold his love, fair leaning from her rock! Her red eye dim in tears, her blushing cheek half hid in her locks! Blow, O gentle breeze! lift thou the heavy locks of the maid, that I may behold her white arm, her lovely cheek in her grief.

Comala.—And is the son of Comhal fallen, chief of the mournful tale? The thunder rolls on the hill! the lightning flies on wings of fire! they frighten not Comala; for Fingal is low. Say, chief of the mournful tale, fell the breaker of the shields?

Hildallan.—The nations are scattered on their hills! they shall hear the voice of the king no more.

Comala.—Confusion pursue thee over thy plains! Ruin overtake thee, thou king of the world! Few be the steps to thy grave; and let one virgin mourn thee! Let her be like Comala, tearful in the days of her youth! Why hast thou told me, Hildallan, that my hero fell? I might have hoped a little while his return; I might have thought I saw him on the distant rock; a tree might have deceived me with his appearance; the wind of the hill might have been the sound of his horn in mine ear. O that I were on the banks of Carun! that my tears might be warm on his cheek.

Hildallan.—He lies not on the banks of Carun: on Ardven heroes raise his tomb. Look on them, O moon! from thy clouds;

be thy beam bright on his breast, that Comala may behold him in the light of his armour.

Comala.—Stop, ye sons of the grave, till I behold my love ! He left me at the chase alone. I knew not that he went to war. He said he would return with the night ; the king of Morven is returned ! Why didst thou not tell me that he would fall, O trembling dweller of the rock !¹ Thou sawest him in the blood of his youth ; but thou didst not tell Comala.

Melilcoma.—What sound is that on Ardven ? Who is that bright in the vale ? Who comes like the strength of rivers, when their crowded waters glitter to the moon ?

Comala.—Who is it but the foe of Comala, the son of the king of the world ! Ghost of Fingal ! do thou from thy cloud direct Comala's bow. Let him fall like the hart of the desert. It is Fingal in the crowd of his ghosts. Why dost thou come, my love, to frighten and please my soul ?

Fingal.—Raise, ye bards, the song ; raise the wars of the streamy Carun ! Caracul has fled from our arms along the fields of his pride. He sets far distant, like a meteor that encloses a spirit of night, when the winds drive it over the heath, and the dark woods are gleaming around. I heard a voice, or was it the breeze of my hills ? Is it the huntress of Ardven, the white handed daughter of Sarno ? Look from thy rocks, my love ; let me hear the voice of Comala !

Comala.—Take me to the cave of thy rest, O lovely son of death !

Fingal.—Come to the cave of my rest, the storm is past, the sun is on our fields. Come to the cave of my rest, huntress of echoing Ardven !

Comala.—He is returned with his fame ! I feel the right hand of his wars ! But I must rest beside the rock till my soul returns from my fear ! O let the harp be near ! Raise the song, ye daughters of Morni.

Deroagrena.—Comala has slain three deer on Ardven, the fire ascends on the rock : go to the feast of Comala, king of the woody Morven !

Fingal.—Raise, ye sons of song, the wars of the streamy Carun ;

¹ Dweller of the rock—a Druid.

that my white-handed maid may rejoice ; while I behold the feast of my love.

Bards.—Roll, streamy Carun, roll in joy, the sons of battle are fled ! The steed is not seen on our fields ; the wings of their pride spread in other lands. The sun will now rise in peace, and the shadows descend in joy. The voice of the chase will be heard ; the shields hang in the hall. Our delight will be in the war of the ocean, our hands shall grow red in the blood of Lochlin. Roll, streamy Carun, roll in joy, the sons of battle fled !

Melilcoma.—Descend, ye light mists from high ! Ye moon-beams, lift her soul ! Pale lies the maid at the rock ! Comala is no more.

Fingal.—Is the daughter of Sarno dead ; the white-bosomed maid of my love ? Meet me, Comala, on my heaths, when I sit alone at the streams of my hills.

Hiddallan.—Ceased the voice of the huntress of Ardven ! Why did I trouble the soul of the maid ? When shall I see thee, with joy, in the chase of the dark-brown hinds ?

Fingal.—Youth of the gloomy brow ! No more shalt thou feast in my halls. Thou shalt not pursue my chase, my foes shall not fall by thy sword. Lead me to the place of her rest, that I may behold her beauty. Pale she lies at the rock, the cold winds lift her hair. Her bow-string sounds in the blast, her arrow was broken in her fall. Raise the praise of the daughter of Sarno ! give her name to the winds of heaven.

Bards.—See ! meteors gleam around the maid ! See ! moon-beams lift her soul ! Around her, from their clouds bend the awful faces of her fathers ; Sarno of the gloomy brow ! the red rolling eyes of Fildallan ! When shall thy white hand arise ? When shall thy voice be heard on our rocks ? The maids shall seek thee on the heath, but they shall not find thee. Thou shalt come, at times, to their dreams, to settle peace in their soul. Thy voice shall remain in their ears, they shall think with joy on the dreams of their rest. Meteors gleam around the maid, and moon-beams lift her soul !

STIRLING *versus* STERLING.

A N interesting controversy has been carried on in the realm of numismatics as to whether Sterling money received its name from the town of Stirling. There are many opinions on the point, and the subject is probably one of those which can never be set right. Hector Boece, who was born in Dundee about 1465, and whom Chambers regards as an eminent though credulous historian, writes as follows on this and other matters, under title, "How King Osbert struck the Stirling money, and gart big the Brig of Stirling, and of ane Stane Cross set thair upone."

In Stirling castle that time caused he
 The Stirling money for to stricken be,
 Which after Stirling carries yet that name
 As known it is by common voice and fame,
 That time on Forth there was a bridge of tree
 But¹ pend or pillar, upon trestis² hie
 Where he that time a meikle better brig
 With pend and pillar of stone and lime gart big,
 Across the water in that time was set
 Of three kings whereat the marches met
 Of Scotland, England, and of British als
 For more effect that this thing was not false
 Into the place whereat the marches met,
 Upon the bridge a cross of stone they set ;
 In Latin syne, who lykis to rehearse,
 Upon the cross were graven this same verse :
Anglos, a Scotis separat, crux ista remotis;
Arma hic stant Bruti; stant Scotti hac sub cruce tuli.
 Which is to say in our language prequeir³
 Of Scot and Brit standis the armies here,
 And England als, upon this cross of stane,
 Where metis now their marches all ilkane.

¹ Without. ² Beams. ³ Exactly.

STIRLING.

AT the great demonstration which was held in the King's Park at Stirling, in June, 1856, and at which it was resolved that a monument should be erected to the memory of Sir William Wallace, the late Rev. Dr Charles Rogers intimated that he would give a copy of his "Modern Scottish Minstrel" for the best poem on the battle of Stirling Bridge. Of those sent in, "The Battle of Stirling," by William Sinclair, was adjudicated the best. Shortly thereafter a small volume of poems was issued at Stirling under title, "The Faitherless Bairns." This was the work of James Hogg, the then editor of the *Stirling Journal*, and was a series of poems in the styles of various well-known poets. In his work of imitation Mr Hogg was very successful. In his preface he refers to the occasion which called forth the effusions, and says, "the following poems were not successful, and their authors on that account have never claimed them. Hence their title." Of the "Faitherless Bairns" we give that which was attributed to Dr Charles MacKay. It is a fair specimen of the work, and a good imitation of MacKay's muse. Mr Hogg, the author of the volume, died a number of years ago at Stirling. His literary labours were to some extent akin to those of his great namesake "The Ettrick Shepherd," but much of his work enjoyed only the ephemeral existence which the newspaper column is calculated to afford. "The Faitherless Bairns" was republished in 1893.

Revocate animos!—VIRGIL.

I.

Old Stirling's tower lay shrouded
In clear September night,

And from the moon unclouded
 There streamed a silvery light.
 The sentinel awake,
 And couching in the brake,
 From Cambuskenneth crag
 Beheld the English flag
 Waving dimly o'er the tents far adown ;
 And heard a busy hum,
 O'er the curse of Stirling come,
 From the host that lay encamp'd on the strath beneath the town.

II.

From shores of merry England
 Had come that armed throng,
 To trample out our freedom,
 And do battle for the wrong.
 To the slain a place in story—
 To the living martial glory—
 Were the promises Warenne
 Made that morning to his men,
 As they gathered in their myriads, ere the dawn,
 And prepared to cross the bridge,
 To drive Wallace from the ridge
 On which the Scottish hero had his troops for battle drawn.

III.

Stealthily and silently,
 Amid the morning mist,
 Five thousand men are over,
 Before the Scottish wist ;
 And, shadow-like, and slow,
 Come the legions of the foe,
 Moving dimly o'er the stream,
 While the Scottish heroes dream—
 Quite unconscious of the danger that is near—
 Of some glory-giving day,
 Of some noble battle fray,
 Fraught with liberty and blessing to their homes and Scotia dear.

IV.

Like a gleam of ruddy lightning
From within a summer cloud,
See ! see their troops advancing
Under Cressingham the proud !
The outposts on the hill,
See them close and closer still ;
See their serried ranks appear
Crowned with pennon and with spear !

And "To arms !" "to arms !" "to arms !" is the cry.
"Tis the English o'er the Forth !
Up and arm, ye gallant North !
And meet them, Scottish freemen, to conquer or to die !"

V.

No other cry was needed,
There was heard no other sound ;
But up sprang the brave ten thousand
From their couches on the ground.
In that gallant little host,
Sprang each leader to his post ;
Sprang each warrior to his place,
With a stern determined face,—
While the cheering voice of Wallace echoed far,
And the gleam of swords was seen,
In the ruddy morning sheen,
And ready on the hill-side lay the avalanche of war.

VI.

On, and onward came the legions
Of the proud, insulting foe,
Through the fields where corn was waving
In the level strath below ;
But each Scottish heart that day
Throbbed impetuous for the fray,
And our host undaunted stood—
Beating back the battle flood,
That surged upward from the Abbey like a wave
Rushing fiercely to the shore,
With a deep and hollow roar,
And bearing in its bosom death and danger to the brave.

VII.

Craigmill beheld the squadrons
 Of the foe advance, and wheel
 To the eastward and the northward—
 And they struggled, steel to steel !
 O ye great immortal few !
 O ye gallant souls and true !
 On your gleaming battle brand
 Shone the freedom of your land ;
 In your keeping lay the safety of the North ;
 Lay the very Scottish name ;
 Lay our freedom and our fame ;
 And ye bravely kept them all by your own heroic worth.

VIII.

Not a minute, not a moment,
 Did the English host prevail :
 O ye brave ten thousand heroes !
 When to conquer did ye fail ?
 Make your foemen bite the dust !
 See ! they flee your claymore's thrust !
 And hark ! the ringing cheer
 Which arises from their rear,
 And is heard above the raging battle din !
 'Tis your brothers in the fight
 Who now intercept their flight—
 A signal and an omen of the victory to win !

IX.

Break forth, thou storm of battle,
 With a new and wild uproar !
 Unfurl, thou flag of Scotland,
 On Bodotria's northern shore !
 Drive your foes into the tide,
 E'er they gain the other side—
 In the cause of truth you fight—
 You do battle for the right—
 Therefore, Scotland, show the world what may be done ;
 Yes ! your star of glory burns,
 See ! the tide of battle turns,
 And the beaten Southrons flee, and the victory is won.

X.

Thus scarce ten thousand freemen,
 Invincible in right,
Drove back full fifty thousand
 In fierce and fearful fight !
Thus Thermopylæ of old,
 And its men of Titan mould,
Were equalled in the North
 At the passage of the Forth—
May the splendour of that action never wane !
 By the men who, fighting, bled,
 And with gallant Moray died,
Or lived with Wallace wight the avengers of the slain.

XI.

And as long as bonnie Scotland
 Shall give birth to manlike men,
That day shall be remembered
 Should the battle burst again.
And though now no longer foes
 Are the Thistle and the Rose,
But in love are intertwined,
 And with Erin's Shamrock joined
In prosperity, in valour, and in worth—
 We shall tell, with native pride,
 How our fathers fought and died,
And saved a threatened kingdom at the passage of the Forth.

**WALLACE'S LAMENT
FOR SIR JOHN THE GRAHAM.**

SIR JOHN THE GRAHAM, the trusted friend of Wallace, and his companion in many of his adventures, fell at the Battle of Falkirk, and was buried in Falkirk Churchyard. Harry the Minstrel, who dwells at some length on the defeat sustained by the Scots at Falkirk, says that after the English army had gone to Linlithgow,

Wallace returned to the field of battle to seek the body of his friend. There the corpse of the devoted warrior was found. At the sight of it Wallace was much distressed; and the Minstrel puts this lament into his mouth.

Alace !

My best brothir in warlid that evir I had !
 My afald freynd quhen I was hardest stad !
 My hope my heill !—thou was in maist honour !
 My faith, my help, my strengthener in stour !
 In thee was wit, fredom and hardiness ;
 In thee was treuth, manhood and nobilness ;
 In thee was rewll ; in thee was governans ;
 In thee was virture withouten varians ;
 In thee lawly ; in thee was gret largness ;
 In thee gentrice ; in thee was stedfastness.
 Thou was great cause off winning off Scotland,
 Thoch I began, and tok the war on hand.
 I vow to God, that has the warlid in wauld,
 Thy dead soll be to Southearn full dear said !
 Martyr thou art for Scotlandis rycht and me !
 I soll thee venge, or els therefor soll dee !

THE DEATH OF DE BOUNE.

THIS spirited description of the encounter between Bruce and De Boune, which took place on the eve of the Battle of Bannockburn, is extracted from Scott's "Lord of the Isles." The spot where the encounter took place is shown in the plans of local hand-books to the field of Bannockburn. It is a short distance south from the Borestone—the place where tradition asserts that the Bruce fixed his standard on the eventful 24th June, 1314.

The monarch rode along the van,
 The foe's approaching force to scan,

His line to marshal and to range,
And ranks to square, and fronts to change.
Alone he rode—from head to heel
Sheathed in his ready arms of steel ;
Nor mounted yet on war horse wight,
But, till more near the shock of fight,
Reining a palfrey low and light.
A diadem of gold was set
Above his bright steel basinet ;
And clasped within its glittering twine
Was seen the glove of Argentine :
Truncheon or leading staff he lacks,
Bearing, instead, a battle-axe.
He ranged his soldiers for the fight
Accoutred thus, in open sight
Of either host.—Three bow-shots far,
Paused the deep front of England's war,
And rested on their arms a while,
To close and rank their warlike file,
And hold high council, if that night
Should view the strife, or dawning light.
Oh, gay, yet fearful to behold,
Flashing with steel and rough with gold,
And bristled o'er with bills and spears,
With plumes and pennons waving fair,
Was that bright battle front ! for there
Rode England's king and peers :
And who, that saw that monarch ride,
His kingdom battled by his side,
Could then his direful doom fortell ?—
Fair was his seat in knightly selle,¹
And in his sprightly eye was set
Some spark of the Plantagenet.²
Though light and wandering was his glance,
It flashed at sight of shield and lance.
“Knowest thou,” he said, “De Argentine,
Yon knight who marshals thus their line ?”—

¹ Saddle, or seat on horseback.² King Edward's family name.

“The tokens on his helmet tell
The Bruce, my liege : I know him well.”
“And shall the audacious traitor brave
The presence where our banners wave ?”—
“So please my liege,” said Argentine,
“Were he but horsed on steed like mine,
To give him fair and knightly chance,
I would adventure forth my lance.”—
“In battle day,” the king replied,
“Nice tourney¹ rules are set aside.
Still must the rebel dare our wrath ?
Set on him—sweep him from our path !”—
And, at King Edward’s signal, soon
Dashed from the ranks Sir Henry Boune.
Of Hereford’s high blood he came,
A race renowned for knightly fame.
He burned before his monarch’s eye
To do some deed of chivalry.
He spurred his steed, he couched his lance,
And darted on the Bruce at once.
—As motionless as rocks that bide
The wrath of the advancing tide,
The Bruce stood fast.—Each breast beat high
And dazzled was each gazing eye ;
The heart had hardly time to think,
The eyelid scarce had time to wink,
While on the king, like flash of flame,
Spurred to full speed, the war horse came !
The partridge may the falcon mock,
If that slight palfrey stand the shock.
But swerving from the knight’s career,
Just as they met, Bruce shunned the spear.
Onward the baffled warrior bore
His course—but soon his course was o’er !
High in his stirrups stood the king,
And gave his battle-axe the swing :
Right on De Boune, the whiles he passed,

¹ Tournament.

Fell that stern dint—the first—the last!—
Such strength upon the blow was put,
The helmet crushed like hazel-nut;
The axe-shaft, with its brazen clasp,
Was shivered to the gauntlet grasp.
Springs from the blow the startled horse,
Drops to the plain the lifeless corse.
—First of that fatal field, how soon,
How sudden, fell the fierce De Boune!

THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.

JOHN BARBOUR, the author of "The Bruce," is said to have been born in 1316, and to have died in 1395. Besides "The Bruce" he wrote several other works which, however, are now almost unknown. He is undoubtedly the first great Scottish writer, and deserves to be remembered as an historian as well as a poet. His "Life and Acts of King Robert the First" has the merit of being a contemporary record of a great career. Born when as yet the battle of Bannockburn was a thing of yesterday, Barbour would meet with many who had taken part in the war of independence, and his history has therefore the presumptive accuracy which later chronicles might be supposed to want. The following description of the battle of Bannockburn is from "The Bruce."

BRUCE'S ADDRESS.

"Lordlings, we ought to love and luff¹
Almighty God that sits abuff
That sends us sa far beginning,
It is a great discomforting

¹ Praise.

Till our faes that on this wise
 Sa soon has been rebutted twice.
 For when they of their host shall hear
 And know soothly on what manner
 Their vaward that was sa stout
 And syne yon other jolly rout,
 That I trow of the best men were,
 That they might get amang them there,
 Were rebutted so suddenly ;
 I trow and knows it all clearly
 That many a heart shall wavering be
 That seemèd ere of great bounty.
 And fræ¹ the heart be discomfit
 The body is not worth a mite.
 Therefore I trow that good ending
 Shall follow till our beginning,
 And whether I say not this you till,
 For that ye should follow my will
 To fight ; but in you all shall be,
 For if you think speedful that we
 Fight, we shall, and if ye will
 We leave, your liking to fulfil.
 I shall consent on alkyn wise²
 To do right as ye will devise
 Therefore say of your will plainly.”
 And with a voice then 'gan they cry
 “Good king, for owtyn³ mare delay
 To morne as soon as ye see day
 Ordain you hale for the battle
 For doute of deed we shall nought fail :
 Nor no pain shall refusèd be
 Until we've made our country free.”
 When the king had heard, so manfully
 They spake of fighting, and so hardily,
 In heart, great hardship 'gan he ta ;⁴
 And said : “Lordlings, since ye will sa,

¹ From the time. ² Everyway. ³ Without. ⁴ Began he to take.

Shape¹ we us therefore in the morning,
Sae that we, by the sun rising,
Have heard mass ; and buskit weel
Ilk man intil his own eschell,²
Without the pavilions, arrayed
In battalions with banners displayed.
And look ye no wise break array.
And, as ye love me, I you pray
That ilk man for his own honour
Provide him a good banner.
And when it comes to the fight,
The man set heart, will and might,
To stint our foe's meikle pride.
On horse they will array'd ride ;
And come on you in full great hy,³
Meet them with spears hardily ;
And think then on the meikle ill
That they and theirs has done us till ;
And are in will yet for to do,
If they have might to come there to,
And certes, me thinks well that ye
Forowt⁴ abasing ought to be
Worthy, and of great wasselagis⁵
For we have three great advantages.
The first is that we have the right ;
And for the right aye God will fight.
The tother is, that they coming are,
For lippening⁶ of their great power
To seek us in our own land ;
And has brought here, right to our hand,
Riches in so great quantity,
That the poorest of you shall be
Both rich, and mighty therewith all,
If that we win, as well may fall.
The third is, that we for our lives
And for our children, and for our wives,

¹ Prepare. ² Division. ³ Haste. ⁴ Without. ⁵ Valour.
⁶ Trusting.

And for our freedom, and for our land,
 Are strained into battle for to stand.
 And they for their might anerly,¹
 And for² they let of us heychtly,³
 And for they would destroy us all
 Maiss⁴ them to fight : but yet may fall
 That they shall rue their bargaining.
 And certes I warn you of a thing ;
 That happened them, as God forbid,
 That died on rood⁵ for mankind heid !
 That they win us openly,
 They shall of us have no mercy.
 And, since we know their felon will,
 Methinks it should accord to skill,
 To set stoutness against felony ;
 And make so gat a jeopardy.
 Wherefore I you require, and pray,
 That with all your might, you may,
 Ye press ye at the beginning,
 But⁶ cowardice or abasing
 To meet them at their first assemble
 So stoutly, that the hindmost tremble.
 And men of your great manhood
 Your worship⁷ and your doughty deed ;
 And of the joy that we abide,
 If that us fall, as well may tide,
 Hap to vanquish this great battle.
 In your hands without fail
 Ye bear honour, praise and riches,
 Freedom, wealth, and blytheness ;
 If ye contene⁸ ye manfully
 And the contrar all halily
 Shall fall, if ye let cowardice
 And wickedness you suppress.
 Ye might have lived into thraldom ;
 But for⁹ ye yearn to have freedom,

¹ Alone, only. ² Because. ³ Meaning is here obscure. ⁴ Make.
⁵ Cross. ⁶ Without. ⁷ Valour. ⁸ Conduct. ⁹ Because.



Ye are assembled here with me ;
 Therefore is needful that ye be
 Worthy and wight, but¹ abasing
 And I warn you well of a thing,
 That more mischief may fall us, nane,
 Than in their hands to be tane :
 For they should slay us, I wate weel,
 Right as they did my brother Neil.
 But when I mene² of your stoutness
 And of the many great prowess,
 That ye have done so worthily ;
 I trust and trow sickerly³
 To have plain vic'ry in this fight.
 For tho' our foes have meikle might,
 They have the wrong ; and succudry⁴
 And covetous of senyowry⁵
 Amowys them for owtyn more⁶
 Na us char dread them, but before⁷ :
 For strength of this place as ye see
 Shall let us environed to be.
 I pray you als⁸ specially,
 Both more and less commonly,
 That none of you for greediness
 Have eye to take of their riches ;
 No prisoneris for to ta⁹
 Untill you see them contraried sa¹⁰
 That the field anerly yours be.¹¹
 And then at your liking may ye
 Take all the riches that there is.
 If ye will work upon this wise,
 Ye shall have victory sickerly.
 I wate noch¹² what more say shall I.
 But all wate ye what honour is :
 Contene you then on sic awise
 That your honour aye savèd be.

¹ Without. ² Think. ³ Believe surely. ⁴ Presumption.

⁵ Lordship. ⁶ Meaning obscure. ⁷ We need only fear them in front.
⁸ Also. ⁹ Take. ¹⁰ Defeated so. ¹¹ Be yours only. ¹² Know not.

And I hycht¹ here in leaute ;²
 If any dies in this battle,
 His heir, but³ ward, relief or taile⁴
 On the first day shall weild
 All be he never so young of eild.⁵
 Now make you ready for the fight :
 God help is that is maist of might !
 I rede,⁶ armed all night that we be
 Purwayed in battle so, that we
 To meet our foes aye be boun.⁷

THE DEATH OF DE ARGENTINE.

AFTER the battle of Bannockburn, Scott represents Bruce, in the "Lord of the Isles," as attracted by the wounded Sir Giles De Argentine. Kneeling down by the dying warrior, Bruce hears his last request and, so far as the poet is concerned, accedes to it. The death of De Argentine may be read in contrast to the death of De Boune. The dispositions of the knights were altogether different. De Boune, anxious for fame, charged down on the Scottish king when the latter was but poorly horsed and ill prepared to fight ; De Argentine, anxious for the glory of his country, attended the English king in his retreat from Bannockburn to a safe distance, and then, turning his horse's head, exclaimed : "God be with you, sir. It is not my wont to fly," and charged once more into the heat of the battle.

Now toiled the Bruce, the battle done,
 To use his conquest boldly won ;
 And gave command for horse and spear
 To press the Southron's scattered rear,

¹ Promise.² Loyalty.³ Without.⁴ Tax.⁵ Age.⁶ Advise.⁷ Ready.

Nor let his broken force combine,—
When the war-cry of Argentine
Fell faintly on his ear ;
“ Save, save his life,” he cried, “ O save
The kind, the noble and the brave ! ”
The wounded knight drew near ;
He raised his red-cross shield no more,
Helm, cuish, and breastplate streamed with gore,
Yet as he saw the King advance,
He strove even then to couch his lance—
The effort was in vain !
The spur-stroke failed to rouse the horse ;
Wounded and weary, in mid course
He stumbled on the plain.
Then foremost was the generous Bruce
To raise his head, his helm to loose ;—
“ Lord Earl, the day is thine !
My Sovereign’s charge, and adverse fate,
Have made our meeting all too late :
Yet this may Argentine,
As boon from ancient comrade crave—
A Christian’s mass, a soldier’s grave.”

Bruce pressed his dying hand—its grasp
Kindly replied ; but, in his clasp,
It stiffened and grew cold—
“ And, O farewell ! ” the victor cried,
“ Of chivalry the flower and pride,
The arm in battle bold,
The courteous mien, the noble race,
The stainless faith, the manly face ! —
Bid Ninian’s convent light their shrine,
For late-wake of De Argentine,
O’er better knight on death-bier laid,
Torch never gleamed, nor mass was said ! ”

DOUGLAS.

“DOUGLAS,” perhaps the only drama of any importance on a Scottish subject by a Scottish poet, belongs to Stirlingshire. It is founded on the ballad of “Gil Morice,” and was written by John Home, a minister of the Church of Scotland. Home was born in 1722, fought on the side of Prince Charlie in the '45, was ordained to the charge of Athelstaneford in 1746, and produced “Douglas” in 1755. The drama was enacted in the following year in the Canongate theatre, Edinburgh, and achieved a great popularity. At that time the church was in a sickly state of rigid unchristian piety, and, deeming it too much of an indignity that one of her ministers should be so allied with the stage, she sat in judgment on him, and he was forced to demit his charge. Home proceeded to London, where the “Douglas” was warmly received, and where several of his other works were produced. He died at Edinburgh in 1808.

The story of “Douglas” may be thus briefly told. The Douglasses of Liddesdale and (let it be assumed) another border family of the name of Graeme were at war with each other. A branch of the Graemes came from the borders and settled at Balarmo, on the Carron. The feud, however, was still kept up. In one of the battles which form Scottish history the heir of Sir Malcolm Graeme of Balarmo saved the life of a Douglas, and this led to an intimacy between the young men. Douglas was (under an assumed name) an occasional visitor to Balarmo. He became betrothed to a sister of his saviour, and was secretly married to her. Some time after this event the young men, Douglas and Graeme, fell in battle. The

Graeme's sister, now Lady Douglas and heiress of Balarmo, at this time gave birth to a son; but knowing her father's hatred of the Douglasses, determined that her son's connection with the name should not be known, and resolved to conceal the child until he succeed to the Estate. For this purpose the baby was put in a basket and given to a nurse, but in crossing the Carron the nurse was drowned. The cries of the drowning woman attracted the attention of Norval, a tenant on the Estate, who, finding the child and jewels and money in the basket, carried the whole northward to the Grampians, and there settled as a sheep farmer. Years passed, Lady Douglas became Lady Randolph, but being childless, her husband adopted a young man Glenalvon as heir. Glenalvon, desirous of marrying Lady Randolph, hired assassins to murder his benefactor; but the plot proved unsuccessful, through the interference of a young man named Norval, who with his father had come south to join the Scottish army and fight against the Danes. Young Norval was taken to the castle, his father was arrested under suspicion of being an assassin, and being found with certain rich jewels, Lady Randolph made him account for them. He told the story of the finding of the baby, and explained that young Norval, who had frustrated the plot, was that same child grown man. Lady Randolph told her son Norval the story of his birth; but fearing the power of Glenalvon, it was arranged that he should not reveal himself. Glenalvon pretended to be the friend of Douglas, but jealous of Lady Randolph's attachment to him, informed Lord Randolph (who was not yet cognisant of the relationship) that Douglas and Lady Randolph held secret meetings in a forest near at hand. Randolph proceeded to the forest in company with Glenalvon, and seeing Douglas in conference with his Lady, attacked him. Glenalvon,

seeing his opportunity to gain his desires, rushed upon them and wounded Douglas, who, turning upon his opponent, killed him. But Douglas's wound proved mortal; his mother seeing this threw herself from a precipice, and Lord Randolph, learning the story of Douglas's relationship to Lady Randolph, went out to the field of battle and there closed his life.

From the poem the following is quoted. It is Douglas's account of himself, and it begins with the only words of the tragedy that are current—"My name is Norval."

My name is Norval : On the Grampian hills
My father feeds his flock : a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares were to increase his stores,
And keep his only son, myself, at home :
For I had heard of battles, and I longed
To follow to the field some warlike lord ;
And Heaven soon granted what my sire denied.
This moon, which rose last night, round as my shield,
Had not yet filled her horns, when, by her light,
A band of fierce barbarians from the hills,
Rushed like a torrent down upon the vale,
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled
For safety and for succour. I alone,
With bended bow and quiver full of arrows,
Hovered about the enemy and marked
The road he took ; then hastened to my friends,
Whom with a troop of fifty chosen men
I met advancing. The pursuit I led,
Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumbered foe.
We fought and conquered. Ere a sword was drawn,
An arrow from my bow had pierced their chief,
Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
Returning home in triumph, I disdained
The shepherd's slothful life ; and, having heard
That our good king had summoned his bold peers
To lead their warriors to the Carron side,

I left my father's house and took with me
A chosen servant to conduct my steps—
Yon trembling coward who forsook his master.
Journeying with this intent, I passed these towers,
And, heaven-directed, came this day to do
The happy deed that gilds my humble name.

THE DOUGLAS.

THIS extract from "The Lady of the Lake" gives a graphic description of the tourneys and other sports which were incidents of common occurrence in Stirling when the burgh had some claim to be considered a royal residence. The spots where such deeds were done are still pointed out by the burghers of the ancient town, but the glory of former days has passed away. The Douglas of the poem is the same person as the hero of the modern ballad, "Archy o' Kilspindie."

The Castle gates were open flung,
The quivering drawbridge rocked and rung,
And echoed loud the flinty street
Beneath the coursers' clattering feet,
As slowly down the steep descent
Fair Scotland's king and nobles went,
While all along the crowded way
Was jubilee and loud huzza.
And ever James was bending low,
To his white jennet's saddle bow,
Doffing his cap to city dame,
Who smiled and blushed for pride and shame.
And well the simperer might be vain,—
He chose the fairest of the train.
Gravely he greets each city sire,
Commends each pageant's quaint attire,
Gives to the dancers thanks aloud,
And smiles and nods upon the crowd,

And blade in hand their n
But chief, beside the butt
Bold Robin Hood and all
Friar Tuck with quarter s
Old Scathelocke with his s
Maid Marion fair as ivory
Scarlet, and Mutch, and I
Their bugles challenge all
In archery to prove their s
The Douglas bent a bow o
His first shaft centred in t
And when in turn he shot
His second split the first i
From the king's hand mus
A silver dart, the archers'
Fondly he watched, with
Some answering glance of
No kind emotion made rep
Indifferent as to archer wi
The monarch gave the arr

Now clear the ring ! for ha
The manly wrestlers take t
Two o'er the rest superior
And proud demanded migl
Nor called in vain ; for Do

Douglas would speak, but in his breast
His struggling soul his words suppressed ;
Indignant then he turned him where
Their arms the brawny yeomen bare,
To hurl the massive bar in air,
When each his utmost strength had shown,
The Douglas rent an earth fast stone
From its deep bed, then heaved it high,
And sent the fragment through the sky,
A rood beyond the farthest mark ;—
And still in Stirling's royal park,
The greyhaired sires who know the past
To strangers point the Douglas cast,
And moralise on the decay
Of Scottish strength in modern day.

The vale with loud applauses rang,
The Ladies' Rock sent back the clang,
The King, with look unmoved, bestowed
A purse well filled with pieces broad.
Indignant smiled the Douglas proud,
And threw the gold among the crowd,
Who now, with anxious wonder, scan,
And sharper glance the dark grey man.
But not a glance from that proud ring
Of peers who circled round the king
With Douglas held communion kind,
Or called the banished man to mind.

The monarch saw the gambols flag
And bade let loose a gallant stag,
Whose pride, the holiday to crown,
Two favourite greyhounds should pull down,
That venison free and Bourdeaux wine,
Might serve the Archery to dine.
But Lufra—whom from Douglas' side
Nor bribe nor threat could e'er divide,
The fleetest hound in all the north,—
Brave Lufra saw and darted forth.

She left the royal hounds midway,
And dashing on the antlered prey,
Sunk her sharp muzzle in his flank
And deep the flowing life-blood drank.
The King's stout huntsman saw the sport
By strange intruder broken short,
Came up, and with his leash unbound,
In anger struck the noble hound.
—The Douglas had endured that morn,
The king's cold looks, the nobles' scorn,
And last, and worst to spirit proud,
Had borne the pity of the crowd ;
His stifled wrath is brimming high,
In darkened brow and flashing eye ;
As waves before the bark divide,
The crowd gave way before his stride ;
Needs but a buffet and no more,
The groom lies senseless in his gore,
Such blow no other hand could deal,
Though gauntleted in glove of steel.

Then wild uproar and misarray
Marred the fair form of festal day,
With grief the noble Douglas saw
The Commons rise against the law,
And to the leading soldier said,—
“Sir John of Hyndford ! 'twas my blade
That knighthood on thy shoulder laid ;
For that good deed permit me then
A word with these misguided men.

“Hear, gentle friends ! ere yet for me
Ye break the bands of fealty,
My life, my honour and my cause
I tender free to Scotland's laws,
Believe me that in yonder tower
It will not soothe my captive hour,
To know these spears our foes would dread
For me in kindred gore are red ;

To know, in fruitless brawl begun
For me, that mother wails her son ;
For me, that widow's mate expires ;
For me, that orphans weep their sires ;
That patriots mourn insulted laws
And curse the Douglas for the cause.
O let your patience ward such ill,
And keep your right to love me still ! ”

The crowd's wild fury sank again
In tears, as tempests melt in rain.
With lifted hands and eyes, they prayed
For blessings on his generous head,
And mothers held their babes on high
The self-devoted chief to spy.

The offended monarch rode apart
With bitter thought and swelling heart,
And would not now vouchsafe again
Through Stirling streets to lead his train.
“ O Lennox, who would wish to rule
This changeling crowd, this common fool,
Hear'st thou,” he said, “ the loud acclaim
With which they shout the Douglas name ?
With like acclaim the vulgar throat
Strained for King James their morning note.”

DUMBAR'S DREGY ;

MADE TO K. JAMES V. BEING IN STIRVLING.

THIS humorous composition from the pen of the Court poet of James IV. and his son James V. may not be without interest in the present collection. If it is not altogether favourable to Stirling it is at least amusing, and shows us that that rivalry which exists to-day between Glasgow and Edinburgh had formerly existed between

Edinburgh and Stirling. Dunbar, who is the greatest of our early poets, was born about 1450, and died about 1520.

We that are here in heaven's glory,
 To you that are in purgatory,
 Commends us on our hearty ways,
 I mean we folk in paradise,
 In Edinbrugh with all merryness,
 To you in Stirling in distress,
 There neither pleasance nor delight is,
 Thus pityng ane apostle wryts :
 O ye hermits and hankerfaidlis,
 That tak' your penance at your tables,
 And eat nae meet restorative,
 Nor drink the wine comfortative,
 But ale that is baith thin and small,
 With but few courses in your hall,
 Bot¹ company of Lords or knichts,
 Or any other guidly wichts,
 Solitar walk and your alone,
 Seeing naething but stock or stane
 Out of your painful purgatory,
 To bring you to the bliss of glory :
 Of Edinbrugh the merry toun
 We sall begin a careful soun,
 Ane Dregy kind, devout and meek,
 The blest abune we shall beseeck ;
 You to deliver out of your noy² :
 And bring you soon to Edinbrugh's joy,
 There to be merry amang your friens,
 And sac the Dregy thus begins.

LECTIO I.

The . . .
 The mirthful Mary, Virgin chaste,
 Of Angels all the orders nine,
 And all the heavenly Court divine,

¹ Without. ² Annoyance.

Soon bring ye frae the pain and wae
Of Stirling, ilka Court man's fae.
Again to Edinbrugh's joy and bliss,
Where worship, wealth and welfare is,
Play, pleasance, and eik¹ honesty,
Say ye Amen, for charity.

Responsio, tu autem Domine.

Tak consolation in your pain,
In tribulation, tak consolation,
Out of vexation come hame again,
Tak consolation in your pain.

Jube Dom. benedicite.

Out of distress of Stirling toun,
To Edinbrugh bless God mak ye boun.

LECTIO II.

Patriarchs, prophets and apostles dear,
Virgins, confessors, martyrs clear,
And all the seat celestial,
Devoutly we upon them call,
That soon out of your pains fell,
You may in heaven here with us dwell.
To eat cran, patrick, swan and pliver,
And every fish that swims the river,
To drink with us the new fresh wine,
That grew upon the river Rhine,
Fresh fragrant clarets out of France,
Of Angiers and of Orliance,
With mony comforts of great dainty,
Say ye Amen, for charity.

Responsum, tu autem Dom.

God and Sanct Jeil here you convoy
Both soon and well, God and Sanct Jeil,
To sconce² and seil,³ solace and joy,
God and Sanct Jeil here you convoy,

¹ Also. ² Happiness. ³ Prosperity.

Out of Stirling's pains fell
In Edinbrugh joy soon may ye dwell.

LECTIO III.

We pray to all the saints in heaven,
That are above the starns seven,
You to bring out of your penance,
That ye may soon sing, play and dance
In Edinbrugh here, and mak gude cheer,
Where wealth and welfare is bot weir;¹
And I that do your pains descrive
Intend to visit you belyve.
In desert not with you to dwell,
But as the angel Saint Gabriel
Does go between, frae heaven's glory,
To them that are in Purgatory,
Such consolation them to give,
While they in tribulation live,
And shew them, when their pains are past,
They shall come up to heaven at last ;
How nane deserves to have sweetnes,
That never tasted bitterness ;
And therefor how should ye consider
Of Edinbrugh bliss, when ye come hither :
But if ye tastit had before
Of Stirling toon, the pains sore,
And therefore tak in patience
Your penance and your abstinence,
And ye shall come ere Yule begin
Into the bliss that we are in ;
Which grant, we pray, to all on High,
Say ye Amen, for charity.

Respons. tu autem Dom.

Come hame and dwell nae mair in Stirling,
Frae hideous hell come hame and dwell,

¹ War.

Where fish to sell are nane but spirrling,
Come hame and dwell nae mair in Stirling.

Et ne nos inducas in temptationem de Stirling.

*Sed libera nos à malo illius,
Regiam Edinburgi donna iis, Domine,
Et lux ipseius luceat iis;
A porta tristiae de Stirling,
Orna, Domine, animas eorum:
Credo gustare statim vinum Edinburgi,
In villa Vinentium.
Requiescant Edinburgi. Amen.*

Deus, qui justos in corde humiles.

*Ex omnium eorum tribulatione liberare dignatus es
Libera famulos tuos apud villam Stirling versantes
A paenis & tristitiis ejusdem,
Et ad Edinburgi guadia eos perducos.
Ut requiescat. Stirling. Amen.*

THE LINKS OF FORTH.

THIS poem, from the pen of Hector MacNeill, will always be regarded as a worthy contribution to the poetry of the shire. Hidden away in the seldom-read volume of that poet's works, it does not enjoy the popularity which, from its merit, it deserves, and which, from its subject, it might be expected to have. The Links of Forth are famed the world over; and no one who has beheld, from the heights of Stirling, the serpentine river gliding out and in through the broad stretch of carse-land is likely to forget its beauty. Then again there are its historic associations. Every link may be said to encompass a battlefield or the scene of some historic episode. The Forth is the Rubicon of Scotland. "The Links of Forth,

or a Parting Peep at the Carse of Stirling" was written by MacNeill before his departure for the West Indies, in 1796, and on being read in manuscript to the authoress of "The Cottagers of Glenburnie," called forth from that novelist some flattering lines. The poem, which is descriptive of the river and the places of interest on the river's banks, is not the least worthy of MacNeill's productions, and will compare favourably with the descriptive verse of more ambitious bards.

Ah ! winding FORTH !—smooth wandering tide !
 O' STREVLIN's peerless plain the pride ;
 How pleased alang thy verdant side,
 Whar floweries spring,
 The muse her untaught numbers tried,
 And learnt to sing !

When ardent youth, wi' boiling blood,
 Ilk trace o' glowing passion loo'd,
 How aft aside thy silver flood,
 Unseen, alone,
 The bard, enrapt in pensive mood,
 Has poured the strain.

To LAURA, beauteous, mild and young,
 His artless lyre he trembling strung :
 Close to his beating heart it hung,
 While glen and grove,
 And craig, and echoing valley, rung
 Wi' fervent love.

Poor, fond enthusiast ! whither stray,
 By wimplin' burn and broomy brae ?
 Wasting, I ween, the live-lang day
 In am'rous rhyme :
 The hour will come, thou 'lt sigh, and say,
 What loss o' time.

Yet, wherefore should nae youth engage
In pleasures suited to its age?
To catch the tids o' life is sage,
 Some joys to save :
Wha kens the fights he's doom to wage
 This side the grave !

To sport on Fancy's flowery brink,
And beek a wee in love's warm blink,
Is wiser far, I'm sure, than think
 O' distant harm,
Whan eild and cauld indifference shrink
 Frae pleasure's charm.

Then strike, sweet muse ! the trembling lyre,
Ance mair do thou the sang inspire ;—
Ah ! check nae yet the glowing fire,
 Though health divine,
And youth, and pleasure's fond desire,
 Fast, fast decline.

Attune the lay ! when Nature's charm
First seized his bosom, fluttering warm ;
Ere care yet came, wi' dread alarm,
 Or Friendship's guile ;
Or Fortune, wi' uplifted arm,
 And treach'rous smile.

Attune the lay that should adorn
Ilk verse descriptive o' the morn ;
Whan round Forth's Links o' waving corn,
 At peep o' dawn,
Frae broomy knowe to whitenin' thorn
 He raptured ran :

Or fragrant where, at opening day,
The whins bloom sweet on Ochil brae ;
There, when inspired by lofty ray,
 He'd tak' his flight,
And towering climb, wi' spirits gay,
 Demyat's height.

O ! grander far than Windsor's brow !
 And richer, too, the vale below !
 Whar Forth's unrivalled windings flow
 Through varied grain,
 Brightening, I ween, wi' glittering glow,
 Strevlina's plain.

There, raptured, trace (enthroned on hie)
 The landscape stretching on the e'e
 Frae Grampian heights down to the sea,
 A dazzling view !
 Corn, meadow, mansion, water, tree,
 In varying hue.

Owre lofty here ilk charm to trace,
 That decks, sweet plain ! thy cultured face ;
 Aft down the steep he'd tak a race,
 Nor, rinning, flag,
 Till up he'd climb, wi' rapid pace,
 Yon Abbey Craig.

There seated, mark, wi' ardour keen,
 The skelloch bright 'mang corn sae green,
 The purple pea, and speckled bean ;
 A fragrant store !
 And vessels sailing, morn and e'en,
 To ' Stirling shore.'

But aftner far he'd, late and air,
 To yonder castle height¹ repair,
 Whar youth's gay sports, relaxed frae care,
 Cheat learning's toils,
 And round the Doig's² classic chair
 Fond Genius smiles !

¹ Stirling Castle Hill, from which the finest view of the carse is obtained.

² Dr Doig, Rector of Stirling Grammar School.

'Twas here, O Forth ! for love o' thee,
Frae wine, and mirth, and cards, he'd flee ;
Here, too, unskilled, sweet poesy !

He woo'd thy art—

Alas ! nor skill nor guide had he,
Save warmth o' heart !

Yet feckless as his numbers fell,
Nae tongue his peacefu' joys can tell,
Whan, crooning quietly by himsel,

He framed the lay
On Gowland's whin-beflowered hill
And rocky brae.

How richly then the landscape glowed
As fast the welcome numbers flowed,
How smooth the plying barge¹ then rowed
Frae shore to shore !

How saft the kye in King's Park lowed
At milking hour.

But ah ! how sweet the murmur rang
Frae busy labour's rural thrang,
That stal the upland heights amang,
And, echoing, spread
Owre Castle, Butts, and Knot, alang
The Backwalk side.

Dear, peacefu' scenes ! how sweet to sing !
Whan youth and love are on the wing ;
Whan morn's fresh gales their fragrance bring,
Wi' balmy sough,
And e'enings paints (how green in Spring !)
The 'braes o' Tough !'

But sweet, through a' the varying year,
Will Airthrey's banks and woods appear ;
And crouse Craigforth, and princely Keir,
That crowns the scene ;
And Allan water, glittering, near
Its bleaching green.

¹ The Cambuskenneth Abbey ferry-boat.

And Blair, half hid in silvan shade,
 Where Taste and Home¹ delighted strayed,
 What time? When Lear and Genius fled
 Frae bar and town,
 To Teith's clear stream, that babbling played
 By Castle Doune.

And Shawpark, gilt wi' e'enings ray;
 And Embro' Castle, distant grey;
 Wi' Alva, screened near Aichil brae,
 'Mang grove and bower!
 And rich Clackmannan, rising gay,
 Wi' woods and tower:—

These aft he traced, fond Nature's child!
 But maist at e'enings blushing mild,
 As owre the western cliffs sae wild
 O' Lomond's height,
 The sun, in setting glory, smiled,
 Wi' purple light!

'Twas then, by gloaming's sober hour,
 He'd court some solitude obscure;
 Or round Cam'skenneth's ancient tower,
 Whar winds Forth's stream,
 He'd wander, meditate and pour
 This moral theme:—

"How still and solemn steals the gloom
 Mild owre the garden's fading bloom!
 Dim flits the bat athwart the tomb,
 On leathern wing:
 Hark! what bemoaned the slaughtered doom
 O' Scotia's king?

"'Twas but the dove that woos his mate,
 Unmindful o' the monarch's fate;
 Whar, Grandeur, now thy regal state?—
 Unmarkt!—and gone!
 Nor sculptured verse records thy date,
 Nor moss grown stone!"

¹ Henry Home, Lord Kames, one of the Senators of the College of Justice.

Yet regal pomp and courtly show
Aft graced yon Castle's princely brow,
Whan Scotland's kings, wi' patriot glow,
 Delighted, woo'd
Strevlina's fertile fields below,
 And winding flood.

Sublime retreat ! beloved, admired ;
Whase rural charms sae aft conspired
To calm thy raging breast, whan fired,
 'Gainst lawless power,
And yield, mid social sweets retired,
 Life's happier hour.

To sheathe in peace War's slaughtering sword !
To drap the King at Friendship's board ;
To draw frae Love's delicious hoard
 Her honeyed sweet !
And chain fierce Valour's lofty lord
 At Beauty's feet.

Or join the chase, at purple morn,
Owre lawns, and heath-bloomed mountains borne,
Wi' hound, and hawk, and bugle horn,
 And shouting thrang ;
While Sauchie's glens, beflowered wi' thorn,
 The notes prolang ;

Or break the lance, and couch the spear
At tilts and tournaments o' weir,
Whar mony a valiant knight and peer
 Displayed their skill,
To courtly beauty, blushing near,
 On Lady's hill.

Thus tuned to pastime's peacefu' string,
Strevlina's craigs and valley¹ ring ;

¹The Valley, a hollow just beneath the castle which was the scene of tournaments and feats of chivalry.

Blythe roamed the courtier and the king
 By Fortha's flood,
 Till faction soared on raven wing,
 Bedrapt wi' blood !

'Twas then ilk sport and rural charm
 Fled court, and plain, and cheerless farm !
 Rebellion loud, wi' dread alarm,
 Skreighed wild her cry,
 And murder dark, wi' daggered arm,
 Stood watching by !

O Treason ! rancourous, ruthless fae !
 Sad source o' Scotland's wars and wae !
 Not guiltless power, here changed to clay,¹
 Could calm thy strife,
 Nor ward thy bloody boiling fray
 And butchering knife.

Alas ! nor he,² whase youthfu' bloom
 Lang felt oppression's tyrant doom ;
 Though Science, mid the captive gloom,
 And genius bright,
 And Fancy, at her fairy loom,
 Shot radiant light !

Insatiate fiend ! could nought allay
 Thy rebel rage 'gainst regal sway !
 Not Flodden-field, whase fatal day
 Brought dool and care,
 When Scotland's Flowers were wede away,
 To bloom nae mair ;

Nor Solway's heart-break and disgrace,
 Nor Mary's tears, nor beauteous face,

¹ A reference to the murder of James III. after the battle of Sauchieburn, 1488.

² James I. of Scotland.

Could stop, fell fae ! thy furious face
 Bestained wi' crime,
Till Stuart's royal, luckless race !
 Fled Scotia's clime.

Dark gloomed the morn, owre land and sea,
When Scotia, sad, wi' tearfu' e'e,
Saw, frae her pine-waved cliffs on hie,
 And aiken bowers,
Her King, and Independence, flee
 Strevlina's towers !

Not see the morn, that beaming shed
A blaze round Wallace' helmet head,
As bauld in Freedom's cause he led
 His patriot train,
And dyed these blood-drenched furrows red
 Wi' hostile slain !

Nor yet, O Bruce ! the morn that shone
Bright, bright ! whan (Edward's host owrethrown)
High, on yon proud hill's Standard Stone,¹
 Thy banner flew ;
While Freedom, loud, in raptured tone,
 Her clarion blew !

Enchanting morn ! whase magic reign
Brak forging Thraldom's galling chain ;
Led Ceres, wi' her laughing train,
 And golden store,
Round Bannockburn's ensanguined plain,
 And Carron's shore.

Round "Carun's stream," o' classic name,
Whar Fingal fought, and aye owrecame ;
Whar Ossian waked, wi' kindling flame,
 His heaven-taught lays,
And sang his Oscar's deathless fame
 At Dunipace !

¹ The Bore Stone in which was fixed the Scottish Standard.

Names, gratefu' to the patriot's ear !
 Which Scotia's sons delight to hear !—
 Names, that the brave will long revere
 Wi' valour's sigh !
 Dear to the Muse !—but doubly dear
 To liberty !

Thus (blind to Prudence' warning light)
 Aft sighed and sang the pensive wight !
 Reckless, alas ! o' Fortune's blight,
 Or warldly blame,
 He'd muse, and dream, till dark midnight,
 Then daunder hame !

Ye flowering plains and winding stream !
 Ye stately towers ! whar morn's first beam
 Mild glittering glints wi' gowden gleam !
 Yours was the crime ;
 Ye first enticed his youth to dream
 In thriftless rhyme !

Ye first unlocked the secret door
 That led to nature's varied store,
 And taught him early to adore
 Her tempting smile,
 Whether on India's pictured shore
 Or Britain's isle.

Ye classic fields, whar valour bled !
 Whar patriots fell, but never fled !
 Ye plains, wi' smiling plenty clad,
 A lang adieu !
 A darkening cloud, wi' ills owrespread,
 Obscures the view !

A warning voice, sad owre the main,
 Cries—“ Haste ye !—haste !—break aff the strain :—
 Strevlina's towers and matchless plain
 Ye 'll ne'er review ! ”
 Dear haunts o' youth, and Love's saft pain,
 A last adieu !

TO A HIGHLAND GIRL AT INVERSNAID
ON LOCHLOMOND.

THIS poem is from the pen of William Wordsworth, and is said to have been written at Inversnaid while the poet was on a tour through the Highlands. Wordsworth was born in 1770, elected Poet Laureate in 1843 on the death of Southey, and died in 1850.

Sweet Highland girl, a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower !
Twice seven consenting years have shed
Their utmost beauty on thy head ;
And these grey rocks, that household lawn ;
Those trees, a veil just half withdrawn ;
This fall of water that doth make
A murmur near the silent lake ;
This little bay, a quiet road
That holds in shelter thy abode ;
In truth unfolding thus you seem
Like something fashioned in a dream.
Such forms as from the covert peep
When earthly cares are laid asleep :
Yet dream, or vision as thou art,
I bless thee with a human heart ;
God shield thee to thy latest years !
I neither know thee, nor thy peers,
And yet my eyes are filled with tears !
With earnest feelings I shall pray
For thee when I am far away ;
For never saw I mien or face
In which more plainly I could trace
Benignity and home-bred sense
Ripening in perfect innocence.
Here scattered, like a random seed,
Remote from man, thou dost not need
The embarrassed look of shy distress
And maidenly shamefacedness :

Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear
The freedom of a mountaineer :
A face with gladness overspread !
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred
And seemliness complete, that sways
Thy courtesies, about thee plays ;
With no restraint but such as springs
From quick and eager visitings
Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach
Of thy few words of English speech :
A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife
That gives thy gestures grace and life !
So have I, not unmoved in mind,
Seen birds of tempest-loving kind
Thus beating up against the wind.
What hand but would a garland pull
For thee who art so beautiful ?
O happy pleasure ! here to dwell
Beside thee in some heathy dell ;
Adopt your homely ways, and dress
A shepherd, thou a shepherdless !
But I could frame a wish for thee
More like a grave reality ;
Thou art to me but as a wave
Of the wild sea ; and I would have
Some claim upon thee if I could,
Though but of common neighbourhood.
What joy to hear thee, and to see !
Thy elder brother would I be—
Thy father, anything to thee !
Now thanks to Heaven ! that of its grace
Hath led me to this lonely place.
Joy have I had ; and going hence
I bear away my recompense.
In spots like these it is we prize
Our memory, feel that she hath eyes.
Then why should I be loath to stir ?
I feel this place was made for her ;
To give new pleasure like the past,

Continued long as life shall last.
Nor am I loath, though pleased at heart,
Sweet Highland girl ! from thee to part ;
For I, methinks, till I grow old,
As fair before me shall behold,
As I do now, the cabin small,
The lake, the bay, the waterfall ;
And thee, the spirit of them all.

STIRLING.

THIS short poem by the Ettrick Shepherd was published in his collection entitled "Mador of the Moor," and is a worthy specimen of the muse of him who, among peasant poets, follows closest on Burns. Hogg was born in 1770, and died in 1835.

Old Strevline, thou stand'st beauteous on the height,
Amid thy peaceful vales of every dye,
Amid bewildered waves of silvery light
That maze the mind, and toil the raptured eye.
Thy distant mountains spiring to the sky,
Seem blended with the mansions of the blest ;
How proudly rise their gilded points on high
Above the morning cloud and man's behest,
Like thrones of angels hung upon the welkin's breast !

For these I love thee ; but I love thee more
For the grey relics of thy martial towers,
Thy mouldering palaces and ramparts hoar,
Throned on the granite pile that grimly towers
Memorial of the times, when hostile powers
So often proved thy steadfast patriot worth :
May every honour wait thy future hours,
And glad the children of thy kindred Forth !
I love thy very name, old bulwark of the North.

BEN LOMOND.

THE following verses were written by Thomas Campbell, the author of "The Pleasures of Hope." Campbell was born at Glasgow in 1777, and after a life devoted to literature, died in 1844. He is interred in Westminster Abbey.

Hadst thou a genius on thy peak,
What tales, white-headed Ben,
Could'st thou of ancient ages speak,
That mock the historic pen !

Thy long duration makes our lives
Seem but so many hours,
And likens to the bees frail hives
Our most stupendous towers.

Temples and towers thou 'st seen begun,
New creeds, new conquerors' sway ;
And, like the shadows on the sun,
Hast seen them swept away.

Thy steadfast summit, heaven-allied
(Unlike life's little span),
Looks down a mentor on the pride
Of perishable man.

WEE ANNIE O' AUCHINDEN.

HUGH MACDONALD, the author of "The Bonnie Wee Well on the Briest o' the Brae" and "Rambles round Glasgow," is the writer of this sympathetic poem. He was born at Glasgow in 1817, and died there in 1860. Auchindren is in the south-west of Stirlingshire.

A gowden dream thou art to me,
From shades of earth and evil free ;
An angel form of love and glee,
Wee Annie o' Auchindren.

Thy mither's cheek was wet and pale,
While aft in sighs her words wad fail,
As in mine ear she breathed thy tale,
Wee Annie o' Auchinden.

That low sweet voice through many a year,
If life is mine, shall haunt my ear,
Which pictured thee with smile and tear,
Wee Annie o' Auchinden.

Lone was thy hame upon the moor,
'Mang dark brown heaths and mountains hoar ;
Thou wert a sunbeam at the door,
Wee Annie o' Auchinden.

A winsome beild was thine, I ween,
Far peeping o'er its belt o' green,
Wi' curls o' reek in summer's sheen,
Wee Annie o' Auchinden.

Sweet scented nurslings o' sun and dew,
In bosky faulds o' the burn that grew,
Were the only mates thy bairnhood knew,
Wee Annie o' Auchinden.

But the swallow biggit aneath the eaves,
And the bonnie cock-shilfa 'mang the leaves
Aft lilted to thee in the silent eve,
Wee Annie o' Auchinden.

Ilk fairy blossom ye kent by name,
And birds to thy side all fearless came,
Thy winning tongue could the wildest tame,
Wee Annie o' Auchinden.

There's a deep, deep lore in hearts o' love,
And kindness has charms a' charms above ;
'Twas thine the cauldest breast to move,
Wee Annie o' Auchinden.

But the sauld folk shook their heads to see
Sic wisdom lent to a bairn like thee ;
And they sighed, "Lang here ye wadna be,"
Wee Annie o' Auchinden.

And thou wert taen frae this world o' tears,
 Unstained by the sorrow or sin of years ;
 Thy voice is now in the angels' ears,
 Wee Annie o' Auchinden.

Thy mither's e'e has been dimmed wi' wae—
 The licht o' her smile has passed away ;
 But a better hame is thine for aye,
 Wee Annie o' Auchinden.

There's an eerie blank at yon fireside,
 And sorrow has crushed the hearts o' pride ;
 For sair in thy loss their faith was tried,
 Wee Annie o' Auchinden.

The primrose glints in the Spring's return ;
 The merle sings blythe to the dancing burn ;
 But there's ae sweet flower we aye shall mourn,
 Wee Annie o' Auchinden.

Life's waning day wears fast awa'—
 The mirk, mirk gloamin' soon shall fa' :
 To death's dark porch we journey a',
 Wee Annie o' Auchinden.

When the weary wark o' the world is dune,
 And the streams o' the heart hae ceased to rin,
 May we meet wi' thee in thy hame abune,
 Wee Annie o' Auchinden.

THE LOCH AND THE BEN.

THE following stanza appeared anonymously some forty years ago in the Poet's Corner of *Chambers's Journal*.

Still sleeps Lochlomond by her mountain side ;
 And still within her placid deeps
 The image of her sovereign lord she keeps
 In all the freshness of a first love's pride.
 Grief hath not changed her, Time cannot divide,
 Age shall not wither ; beautiful are they
 As when the morning of Creation's day
 Saw them first joined, a bridegroom and a bride.

BENLOMOND—LOCHLOMOND ;

IN NUPTIÆ.

THE author of this poem is John Ethelbert Gildard, who is a native of the shores of Lochlomond. He was born at Luss, and there his early days were spent. Since he left his native village he has been resident in different places, among others, Edinburgh, Aberdeen, and Glasgow. He has been a frequent contributor to the newspaper and periodical press, his compositions appearing in the *Dumbarton Herald*, the *Aberdeen Herald*, the *Glasgow Herald*, and the *Bailie*. Successful as a poet, Mr Gildard has also gained some prominence as a musician. He is the composer of "The Thistle" Scottische, "The Dumbarton" Quadrille, and "The Luss and Colquhoun" Waltz. Mr Gildard receives honourable mention in "The Poets and Poetry of the Lennox," and is a worthy contributor to the minstrelsy of Stirlingshire. He is at present resident in the "second city" of the Empire.

Queen-born Bride of Benlomond ! for ever reclining
In worship, adoring thy Consort above ;
Every gleam of his glory reflective, divining,
As The Lord of Lochlomond smiles down on his Love :
Of I 've stolen on thy bosom, dreamt bliss o'er thy slumbers,
By thy soft-breathing, low-lulling waters carest ;
I have hung on thy heavings in loud-rolling numbers,
And with thee had my hours of heart-tumult and rest.

The Macgregor, of might, rode thy waves in his galleys,
And he knew every fastness and cave on thy shore ;
Found his friends on thy hills, faced his foes in thy valleys,
When his best friend, his last friend, clang in his claymore :
Though he wailed for his birthright, his once peaceful haven,
By the love of his Helen and brave boys, he swore !
He would live, he would die, but would neither, a craven,
While the storms, like his wrath, round Benlomond should roar.

I have circled thy knolls, and I've vaulted thy shoulders,
 Lightly brushed o'er thy heather, and mounted thy head ;
 I have drunk of thy vein-springs, and clambered thy boulders,
 And oft pored o'er thine empire, vast, varied and dread !
 Kings may come, kings *must* go ! as the dawning, the gloaming,
 And a People may perish, their birthright ?—their tomb !
 But The Lord of Lochlomond, The Bride of Benlomond,
 In their wedlock will reign till their deadlock in doom !

LOCHLOMOND ;

LIGHT, LIFE, LOVE.

THESE verses are by John Ethelbert Gildard, the author of the previous poem.

The world is bound in beauty ! great with good !
 Light, Life and Love, supreme its very soul !
 The trival spirit of The Fatherhood
 Engendering and governing the whole.
 Light ? Life and Love ? primordial chord of Heaven !
 First, glad, triumphant triad blown on Earth !
 Redeeming promise by the Saviour given !
 Infinite affluence of our second birth !
 O'er land, and sea, and air, Light, Life, and Love,
 In endless harmonies for ever roll
 Through myriad mingling melodies, and move
 The silken sympathies that string the soul.—
 The morn 's ablaze with beauty ! see ! the Sun
 Hath mounted o'er our earliest, orient gaze !
 His mighty, master march has well begun,
 And Light, and Life, and Love, are in his rays.
 His untold flood of lustre fills the scene,
 Through glade and glen, o'er every wild and wold ;
 Lochlomond laughs in ripples in the sheen,
 Robed in her sylvan shores of green and gold.
 Night's murky mist flits from the mountain-tops,
 Chased by his conquering, benignant beams ;
 Enspangling showers of filtered fountain-drops,
 And flashing o'er the freaks of tumbling streams.

Rise, speckled rocks of black, of white, of grey,
In shining sheets of ivied tapestry ;
O'er tufted, in a hieroglyphic way,
With fringy lichen, soft and silvery.

High up the hill, the fostering forest climbs,
In varied tints of vision's grateful green ;
From ponderous pines, to lithe and lucent limes,
Half-hiding many a tangled, rank ravine.

In plaintive diapason comes the bleat
Of lambs and dams, meandering astray ;
But soon, in softer song, they, fondling, meet,
And blithely frolic all their fears away.

Broad, o'er the margin of the loitering pool,
In fluttering foliage, dallying with the air,
The languid willow, streaming plentiful,
Droops down to tip its limpid image there.

Cornfields reveal their young transparent green,
Through which the landrail croaks its covert cry ;
Above, th' ambitious lark sings, scarcely seen,
And new-leaved woodlands ring out rivalry.

Contented cattle crop the matted meads,
Where diamond dew-drops sparkle every spray ;
While careless children snatch from vulgar weeds,
Old, homely flowers, that deck the dusty way.

Bees swell their burden from the bounteous blooms,
Swift, new-come swallows, tireless, wheel, o'erhead ;
Bright butterflies escape their winter womb,
The cuckoo calls ;—and Summer's heralded !—

Couched in repose, lies little, lonely Luss,
Nor stir, nor sordid art or trade it knows,
Nor restless jostle of commercial fuss,
Not even in cottages it greater grows.

Sweet model village ! half-asleep in flowers,
And songs of birds in shades of leafy green ;
Environed in great, heathery mountain towers,
To guard thee, spirit of the circling scene !

Safe from contagion of civic strife,
 Thy people find, in faithful Nature's ways,
 The higher meeds that lighten lowly life,
 And wake the echoes of the heart to praise.

Pure counsels are thy Pastor's constant care,
 Pure praise his flock's adoring, grateful breath ;
 Pure faith becomes the burden of his prayer,
 All times ; at birth, through lusty life, in death !

Pure waters lap thy shingle-dappled shore,
 Pure breezes fan thy barking, bloomy braes ;
 And purity and peace, twins evermore,
 Perennial springing, know no end of days.

Years gone ! I've lolled on loved Lochlomondside,
 When all my sense of soul would seem
 To lip the very zest of eventide,
 To breathe the beauty of the sunset dream.

O for a golden day to idle there,
 In the exuberance of juicy June ;
 When Beauty's carnival plays everywhere,
 When Summer sings her universal tune.

A day of bronze ! when ripened foliage, fruit,
 And briar and bracken greet th' observant sun ;
 In richly red and yellow, mellowing suit,
 On which he smiles, at what himself hath done.

A silv'rn-day ! at hoary Christmastide,
 When Heaven o'er-sheds an alb of snow on Earth ;
 Meet emblem of that grace which crowned the bride,
 The Virgin Mother of the spotless birth.

Even a leaden-day ! when peering March
 Comes tiptoe in a half-awakened smile ;
 When trembling tassels load the limber larch,
 When daffodils unfold in gold, erstwhile.

Such works of grace and beauty, here unfurled
 By Light, and Life, and Love, point us above,
 To yonder brighter, better, hastening world,
 Of *everlasting* Light, and Life, and Love !

III.—SONGS.

THE LAMENT OF WALLACE.

THIS plaintive production, from the pen of Robert Tannahill, is put into the mouth of Wallace after the disastrous battle of Falkirk. It was across the river Carron that Wallace carried on a conversation with Bruce, if the tradition that the Bruce was actually fighting for Edward at Falkirk is to be believed.

Thou dark-winding Carron, once pleasing to see,
To me thou canst never give pleasure again ;
My brave Caledonians lie low on the lea,
And thy streams are deep tinged with the blood of the slain.
Ah ! base-hearted treachery has proved our undoing,
My poor bleeding country, what more can I do ?
Ev'n Valour looks pale o'er the red field of ruin,
And Freedom beholds her best warriors laid low.

Farewell, ye dear partners of peril ! farewell !
Though buried ye lie in one wide bloody grave,
Your deeds shall ennoble the place where you fell,
And your names be enrolled with the sons of the brave.
But I, a poor outcast, in exile must wander,
Perhaps like a traitor ignobly may die !
On thy wrongs, O my country ! indignant I ponder ;
Ah ! woe to the hour when thy Wallace must fly.

SCOTS WHA HAE.

“SCOTS WHA HAE” needs no introduction. Carlyle has termed it the best war-ode outside the Bible, and the Scottish nation endorses the statement. When Burns was in Stirlingshire in 1787, he noted the following

in his memorandum book with reference to Bannockburn—"Came on to Bannockburn: the hole in the stone where glorious Bruce set his standard. Here no Scot can pass uninterested. I fancy to myself that I see my gallant, heroic countrymen, coming o'er the hill and down upon the plunderers of their country, the murderers of their fathers: noble revenge and just hate glowing in every vein, striding more and more eagerly as they approach the oppressive, insulting and bloodthirsty foe! I see them in gloriously-triumphant congratulation on the victorious field, exulting in their heroic royal leader, and rescued liberty and independence."

Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots wham Bruce has often led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!
Now's the day, and now's the hour,
See the front o' battle lower;
See approach proud Edward's power,
Chains and slavery!
Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!
Wha, for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw—
Freeman stand, or freeman fa'—
Let him on wi' me!
By oppression's woes and pains!
By our sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!
Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do or die!

HAIL TO THE CHIEF.

THIS spirited boat-song from "The Lady of the Lake" belongs to Lochlomond. It is in imitation of the *jorram*s or boat-songs of the Highlanders, which are adapted to keep time with the sweep of the oars.

Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances !
Honoured and blest be the ever-green Pine !
Long may the tree in his banner that glances,
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line !
Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew,
Gaily to bourgeon, and broadly to grow,
While every Highland glen
Sends our shout back again,
" Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroo ! "

Ours is no sapling chance-sown by the fountain,
Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade ;
When the whirlwind has stripped every leaf on the mountain,
The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.
Moored in the rifted rock,
Proof to the tempest's shock,
Firmer he roote him the ruder it blow ;
Menteith and Breadalbane, then,
Echo his praise again,
" Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe ! "

Proudly the pibroch has thrilled in Glen Fruin,
And Bannochar's groans to our slogan replied ;
Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,
And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side.
Widow and Saxon maid
Long shall lament our raid,
Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe ;
Lennox and Leven glen
Shake when they hear again,
" Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe ! "

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands !
 Stretch to your oars, for the ever-green Pine !
 O ! that the rosebud that graces yon islands
 Were wreathed in a garland around her to twine !
 O that some seedling gem,
 Worthy such noble stem,
 Honour'd and blessed in their shadow might grow !
 Loud should Clan-Alpine then
 Ring from the deepmost glen,
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !"

SOLDIER'S SONG.

SCOTT puts this song into the mouth of John of Brent, and it is supposed to be sung in the Guard Room of Stirling Castle—the scene of the sixth canto of "The Lady of the Lake."

Our vicar still preaches that Peter and Poule
 Laid a swinging long curse on the bonnie brown bowl,
 That there's wrath and despair in the jolly black-jack,
 And the seven deadly sins in a flagon of sack ;
 Yet whoop, Barnaby ! off with thy liquor,
 Drink upsees¹ out, and a fig for the vicar !

Our vicar he calls it damnation to sip
 The ripe ruddy dew of a woman's dear lip,
 Says, that Beelzebub lurks in her kerchief so sly,
 And Apollyon shoots darts from her merry black eye ;
 Yet, whoop, Jack ! kiss Gillian the quicker,
 Till she bloom like a rose, and a fig for the vicar !

Our vicar thus preaches—and why should he not ?
 For the dues of his cure are the placket and pot ;
 And 'tis right of his office poor laymen to berch,
 Who infringe the domains of our good Mother Church.
 Yet, whoop, bully-boys ! off with your liquor,
 Sweet Marjorie's the word, and a fig for the vicar !

¹ Bacchanalian interjection, borrowed from the Dutch.

MY DEAR AND ONLY LOVE.

“**M**Y Dear and only Love,” the production of James, the first Marquis of Montrose, is not without claim to admission here, although it might more appropriately have been included in the earlier part of the volume. Its author, as is detailed in the prefatory note to the ballad, “The Gallant Grahams,” had extensive lands in Stirlingshire, and the song is therefore from the pen of one who had no small connection with the county. The production is the finest that ever came from the Marquis’s pen, and is said to have been addressed by the author to his country.

My dear and only love, I pray
That little world of thee
Be governed by no other sway,
But purest monarchy ;
For if confusion have a part
Which virtuous souls abhor,
I ’ll call a synod in my heart,
And never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone,
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign, and govern still,
And always give the law,
And have each subject at my will,
And all to stand in awe :
But ’gainst my batt’ries if I find
Thou storm or vex me sore,
As if thou set me as a blind,
I ’ll never love thee more.

And never love th

But if no faithless ac
Thy love and const
I'll make thee famou
And glorious by m
I'll serve thee in suc
As ne'er were know
I'll deck and crown n
And love thee ever

THE LILY OF

THIS song is from the pen of
Shepherd." It may be
Banks o' Doon." Allan Ramsa
Lanarkshire in 1686, and died a

The lily of the vale is swe
And sweeter still the ol
But sweeter far my Mary
Than any blooming flow
Whilst spring her fragran
I'll wander oft by Mary

The fairest, choicest, flowers I 'll crop,
To deck my lovely Mary's hair,
And while I live, I vow and swear,
She'll be my chief, my only care.

FALKIRK MUIR.

STIRLINGSHIRE, the scene of so much bloodshed, was not passed over in the Jacobite risings. Prince Charles, after his march into Edinburgh, proceeded southwards to maintain the rights he had so signally advanced. After a five weeks' march he reached Derby, when finding that three armies were opposed to him, and not desirous of engaging in war in an unknown country, his leaders resolved on retreat. The Prince implored them to continue the march, but the odds seemed so much against them that the Highland chieftains would not listen. The retreat was made with all secrecy possible, and the Jacobites reached Falkirk before they met any opposition. Here they encountered General Hawley and his troops. After a short struggle, the Royalists gave way. Hawley on this account was made the butt of much satire, as, expressing himself strongly on Cope's defeat, he had voiced the opinion that, given the chance, he could easily quell the spirit of rebellion.

Up and rin awa', Hawley,
Up and rin awa', Hawley,
The philabegs are comin' down
To gie your lugs a claw, Hawley.

Young Charlie's face at Dunipace,
Has gien your mou' a thraw, Hawley ;
A blasting sight for bastard wight,
The warst that e'er he saw, Hawley.

Whene'er you saw the
Down frae the Torw
A wisp in need did yo'
Perhaps you needed
And General Husk, th
The prince o' warrio
With whip and spur h
As fast as he could c

I hae but just ae word
And ye maun hear it
We came to charge wi'
And nae to hunt ava
When we came down a
And saw nae faes at
We couldna, sooth ! be
That ye had left us a

Nae man bedeen believ
Till your brave back
That bastard brat o' fo
Had neither pluck no
We didna ken but ye w
Wha fight for foreign
Gae fill your wame wi' !

The very gleam o' Highland flame,
It pat ye in a thaw, Hawley,
Gae back and kiss your daddie's miss ;
Ye're nocht but cowards a', Hawley.

Up and scour awa', Hawley,
Up and scour awa', Hawley ;
The Highland dirk is at your doup,
And that's the Highland law, Hawley.

THE HIGHLANDMEN CAME DOWN THE HILL.

LIKE "Falkirk Muir," this, another of these "Songs of the '45," is founded on the defeat of the Royalists at Falkirk.

The Highlandmen came down the hill,
And owre the knowe wi' richt gude will :
Now Geordie's men may brag their fill,
For wow but they were braw, man !
They had three gen'rals o' the best,
Wi' lairds, and lords, and a' the reet,
Chiels that were bred to stand the test,
And couldna rin awa', man !

The Highlandmen are savage loons,
Wi' barkit houghs and burly crowns ;
They canna stand the thunderstoun's
Of heroes bred wi' care, man—
Of men that are their country's stay,
These whiggish braggarts of a day.
The Highlandmen came down the brae,
The heroes were not there, man !

Says brave Lochiel, "Pray, have we won ?
I see no troop, I hear no gun."
Says Drummond, "Faith, the battle's done,
I know not how nor why, man.
But, my good lords, this thing I crave,
Have we defeat these heroes brave ?"
Says Murray, "I believe we have :
If not, we're here to try, man."

But tried they up, or tried they down,
 There was no foe in Falkirk town,
 Nor yet in a' the country roun',
 To break a sword at a', man.
 They were sae bauld at break o' day,
 When tow'rd the west they took their way ;
 But the Highlandmen came down the brae,
 And made the dogs to blaw, man.

A tyke is but a tyke at best,
 A coward ne'er will stand the test,
 And Whigs at morn wha cocked the crest,
 Or e'en had got a fa', man,
 O wae befa' these northern lads,
 Wi' their broadswords and white cockades !
 They lend sic hard and heavy blads,
 Our Whigs nae mair can craw, man.

HE'S OWRE THE HILLS.

FROM the circumstances which led to its composition, this effusion belongs to the County. P. R. Drummond, F.S.A., writing of Lady Nairne in his "Perthshire in Bygone days," says, "this, the finest of her residential songs, refers to the Prince's stay at Auchenbowie during the siege of Stirling, both of which places, in relation to Gask, are "owre the hills ayont Dunblane."

He's owre the hills that I lo'e weel,
 He's owre the hills we daurna name,
 He's owre the hills ayont Dunblane,
 Wha soon will get his welcome hame.

My faither's gane to fight for him,
 My brithers winna bide at hame,
 My mither greets and prays for them,
 And 'deed she thinks they're no to blame.

The Whigs may scoff, the Whigs may jeer,
But, ah ! that luv maun be sincere
Which still keeps true whate'er betide,
And for his sake leaves a' beside.

His right these hills, his right these plains ;
O'er Highland hearts secure he reigns ;
What lads e'er did, our lads will do ;
Were I a lad, I'd follow him too.

Sae noble a look, sae princely an air,
Sae gallant and bold, sae young and sae fair ;
Oh ! did you but see him, ye'd do as we've done ;
Hear him but ance, to his standard you'll run.

THE BONNIE BANKS O' LOCH LOMON'.

"THE Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomon'," which may be regarded as one of those songs which go to form our Jacobite minstrelsy, was probably written during the time of the insurrection of 1745. The author of it is unknown. In connection with this production there has always been doubt as to what was meant by the high road and the low road. One writer on the subject has suggested that the song was occasioned by the execution of one of Prince Charles's followers at Carlisle, and that the song may be taken as having been addressed by him to a sweetheart. The low road indicated the grave, and the devoted Jacobite meant that he would be buried before his sweetheart had returned to Scotland, and that his spectre would visit the banks of Loch Lomond ere she had arrived there.

By yon bonnie banks, and by yon bonnie braes,
Whaur the sun shines bright on Loch Lomon',
Whaur me and my true love were ever wont to gae,
On the bonnie bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon'.

O, I'll tak the high road, and ye'll tak the low road,
 And I'll be in Scotland afore ye ;
 But me and my true love will never meet again
 On the bonnie bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon'.

'Twas there that we pairt'd in yon shady glen,
 On the steep, steep side o' Ben Lomon',
 Where, in purple hue, the hieland hills we view
 An' the moon comin' oot in the gloamin'.

The wee birdies sing, and the wild flowers spring,
 An' in sunshine the waters are sleepin' ;
 But the broken heart it kens nae second spring,
 Tho' the waefu' may cease frae their greetin'.

BY ALLAN STREAM I CHANCED TO ROVE.

THIS fine lyric from the pen of our master songster was sent to Thomson for his collection in August, 1793. In sending it, the poet remarked : "I walked out yesterday evening with a volume of the *Museum* in my hand, when, turning up 'Allan Water'—'What numbers shall the muse repeat?'—the words appeared to me to be rather unworthy so fine an air, and recollecting that it is on your list, I sat and raved under the shade of an old thorn till I wrote one to suit the measure. I may be wrong, but I think it is not in my worst style." The Allan, which has been sung by so many bards, rises in Perthshire, flows southward into Stirlingshire, and joins the Forth below the far-famed "Bridge of Allan."

By Allan stream I chanced to rove,
 While Phœbus sank beyond Benledi ;
 The winds were whispering through the grove,
 The yellow corn was waving ready ;

I listened to a lover's sang,
And thought on youthfu' pleasures mony ;
And aye the wild-wood echoes rang—
Oh, dearly do I love thee, Annie !

Oh, happy be the woodbine bower,
Nae night bogle make it eerie ;
Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
The place and time I met my dearie !
Her head upon my throbbing breast,
She, sinking, said : "I'm thine for ever !"
While mony a kiss the seal impressed,
The sacred vow, we ne'er should sever.

The haunt o' Spring's the primrose brae,
The Simmer joys the flocks to follow ;
How cheery through her shortening day
Is Autumn, in her weeds o' yellow !
But can they melt the glowing heart,
Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure ?
Or through each nerve the rapture dart,
Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure ?

ON THE BANKS OF ALLAN WATER.

THIS song was written by Matthew Gregory Lewis, who was born in 1773. He was born in London, and was the son of a West Indian planter. He was partly educated in Germany, where his peculiar taste for the gruesome and supernatural was developed. His play, "The Castle Spectre," was a conspicuous success when first brought out; but, revived a few years ago, it excited derision. Lewis died in the Gulf of Florida in 1818. This song has a tragic connection in the fact that Madame Patey, the gifted vocalist, had just finished singing it when she dropped on the stage and expired.

On the banks of Allan Water,
 When the sweet spring time did fall,
 Was the miller's lovely daughter,
 Fairest of them all.
 For his bride a soldier sought her,
 And a winning tongue had he ;
 On the banks of Allan Water,
 None so gay as she.

On the banks of Allan Water,
 When brown autumn spreads its store,
 There I saw the miller's daughter,
 But she smil'd no more ;
 For the summer grief had brought her,
 And the soldier false was he ;
 On the banks of Allan Water,
 None was sad as she.

On the banks of Allan Water,
 When the winter snow fell fast,
 Still was seen the miller's daughter ;
 Chilling blew the blast.
 But the miller's lovely daughter
 Both from cold and care was free ;
 On the banks of Allan Water,
 There a corse lay she.

THE BANKS O' FORTH.

THIS effusion, the author of which is unknown, appeared in Herd's collection, which was published in 1776. The tune, "The Banks of Forth," was composed by Oswald, and published in 1741 ; but it cannot be said whether the present song was the one originally adapted to the air or not.

Awake, my love ! with genial ray,
 The sun returning glads the day.
 Awake ! the balmy zephyr blows,
 The hawthorn blooms, the daisy grows,

The trees regain their verdant pride,
The turtle woos his tender bride ;
To love each warbler tunes the song,
And forth in dimples glides along.

Oh, more than blooming daisies fair !
More fragrant than the vernal air !
More gentle than the turtle dove,
Or streams that murmur through the grove !
Bethink thee all is on the wing,
These pleasures wait on wasting spring ;
Then come, the transient bliss enjoy,
Nor fear what fleets so fast will cloy.

THE DEIL O' BUCKLYVIE.

THIS humorous production is by John Donald Carrick, one of the coterie of "Whistle-Binkians." Carrick's father was a native of the neighbourhood of Bucklyvie, and this may account for his son's description of the deil, "Davie M'Ouat." Carrick was born in Glasgow in 1787, and died there in 1837.

Nae doubt ye 'll hae heard how daft Davie M'Ouat
Cam' hame like a deil, wi' an auld horn bouat ;
His feet they were cloven, horns stuck through his bonnet,
That fleyed a' the neibours when e'er they looked on it ;
The bairns flew like bees in a fright to their hivie,
For ne'er sic a deil was e'er seen in Bucklyvie.

We had deils o' oor ain in plenty to grue at,
Without makin' a new deil o' Davie M'Ouat :
We hae deils at the sornin', and deils at blasphemmin' ;
We hae deils at the cursin', and deils at nicknammin' ;
But for cloots and for horns, and jaws fit to rive ye,
Sic a deil never came to the town o' Bucklyvie.

We hae deils that will lee wi' ony deils breathing,
 We're a' deils for drink when we get it for naething ;
 We tak' a' we can, we gie unco little,
 For no ane 'll pairt wi' the reek o' his spittle ;
 The shool we ne'er use, wi' the rake we will rive ye,
 So we'll fen without ony mair deils in Bucklyvie.

Though han'less and clootless, wi' nae tail to smite ye,
 Like leeches we yaup, yet fu' sair we can bite ye ;
 In oor meal-pock nae new deil will e'er get his nieve in,
 For among us the auld ane could scarce get a livin' ?
 To keep a' that's guid to ourselves we contrive aye,
 For that is the creed o' the town o' Bucklyvie.

But deils wi' Court favour we never look blue at,
 Then let's drink to our new deil, daft Davie M'Ouat :
 And lang may he wag baith his tail and his bairdie,
 Without scaith or scorning frae lord or frae lairdie ;
 Let him get but the Queen at our fauts to connive aye,
 He'll be the best deil for the town o' Bucklyvie.

Now, I've tell't ye ilk failin', I've tell't ye ilk faut ;
 Stick mair to your moilin', and less to your maut ;
 And aiblins ye'll find it far better and wiser
 Than traikin' and drinkin' wi' Davie the guizar ;
 And never to wanthrift may ony deil drive ye,
 Is the wish o' wee Watty, the bard o' Bucklyvie.

THE BANKS O' GLAIZART.

THE Glaizart, to which this song refers, is a rivulet in the parish of Campsie. The production appeared in "The Pocket Encyclopedia of Song," which was published at Glasgow in 1816. The tune is "Locherroch-side."

Now flowery summer comes again,
 And decks my native, bonnie plain,
 While feathered warblers swell the strain,
 Aroun' the banks o' Glaizart.

Our woody, wild, romantic glens,
 Our flowery groves, and fairy dens,
 Form heart-enlivening, charming scenes
 Aroun' the banks o' Glaizart.

In childhood's days, sweet dawn o' life,
 Unknown to sorrow, care, or strife,
 Aft hae I roved, 'mid pleasures rife,
 Upon thy banks, sweet Glaizart.
 There, too, fair Jeanie, maid o' glee,
 In youthfu' days engaged my e'e,
 And first her mou' I blythe did prie,
 Upon thy banks, sweet Glaizart.

O charming are the towering fells,
 Where rural pleasure kindly dwells ;
 And lovely are the blooming bells,
 That grace thy banks, sweet Glaizart.
 Here nature's han' in days o' yore,
 That after-swains might her adore,
 Bequeathed the peerless gifts, in store,
 That grace thy banks, sweet Glaizart.

Yes, wi' that bonnie Clachan Glen,
 Where birdies chant the artless strain,
 Her warks she crowned—and marked her ain
 The bonnie banks o' Glaizart.
 Eclipseing a' her favours high,
 She blythe proclaimed, wi' smiling eye,
 "Now, never now, shall scene outvie
 The bonnie banks o' Glaizart."

YE BONNIE HAUGHS.

THIS production is from the pen of William Motherwell, and anticipates, in sentiment at least, the well-known song of Robert Gilfillan—"O why left I my Hame?" Motherwell, who belonged to a Stirlingshire family, was born at Glasgow in 1797, and had a somewhat brilliant

career, doing yeoman service for Scottish song. He died at Glasgow in 1835.

The bonnie haughs and heather braes,
Where I ha'e passed youth's blythest days,
Ane idle dream o' bliss ye be,
That gars me sigh for my ain countrie.
O bauld we rade through Stirlin' toun,
Wi' pistol, sword, and musquetoons,
And banner braid displayed had we
Like brave men halding companie.

We left our luves, we left our hames,
We left our bairns and winsome dames,
And we drew our swords right manfully
To back the king o' our ain countrie.
But Carlile yetts are wat wi' blude,
Micht matches richt, and dooms the gude ;
And gentle blude o' ilk degree
Hae stained the hearths o' my ain countrie.

And dwyning in this fremit land,
Does feckless mak' baith heart and hand,
And gars thir tears drap frae my e'e,
That never soll fa' in my ain countrie.
O Carron brig is auld and worn,
Where I and my forbears were born ;
But bonnie is that brig to see
By ane fiemit frae his ain countrie.

And gladly to the listening ear
Is borne the waters running clear,
Making a moan and melodie
That weds my heart to my ain countrie.
O gin I were a wee wee bird
To light adown at Randiefuird,
And in Kirk-o'-Muir to close my e'e,
And fald my wings in my ain countrie !

BENLOMOND.

THIS song was first printed in the "Book of Scottish Song," edited by Alexander Whitelaw, and issued in 1844. Its author is John Mitchell.

Some may delight to spend their hours
By limpid streamlets fringed wi' flowers,
But give to me the wilds where towers
Thy rocky crest, Benlomond.

Through leafy groves young love may stray,
To sing the joys of rosy May,
But bolder tones must fire his lay
Whose theme's the proud Benlomond.

Dark clouds upon thy forehead rest,
Red lightnings play around thy crest,
And storm runs riot on thy breast;
Thou heed'st them not, Benlomond.

But when gay summer's in her prime,
And balmy winds steal o'er our clime,
Who would not dare thy heights sublime
And glory in Benlomond?

There, far above proud cities, we
With wonder filled will lean on thee,
Awed by the gorgeous scenery
That round thee spreads, Benlomond.

Sublimity sits throned on thee,
Veiled in the vast profundity
That stills, or wakes the inland sea
That bathes thy feet, Benlomond.

THE TOOM POUCH.

THIS humorous production is claimed for Stirlingshire on a rather curious pretext. It was taken from the recitation of a worthy who was a well-known character at Bridge-of-Allan and Stirling. The author of it is unknown and the air to which it is sung is "The auld man's mead is dead." Of the worthy, Dean Ramsay tells an interesting anecdote which may be related here in connection with the song. The natural used to lounge about the door of Stirling inn, and was wont to earn coppers from visitors by playing on the flute. A lady, says the Dean, who used to give him something occasionally, was just starting from the inn, and said to Jamie that she had only a fourpenny piece, and that he must be content with that as she could not stay to get more. Jamie was satisfied, and, as the lady drove away, expressed his feelings by playing with all his might "O weary on the toom pouch."

Chorus.—O weary on the toom pouch,
It shames us a', the toom pouch ;
Sic times as we hae often seen
Make mony a wae fu' toom pouch.

Of a' the ills in life's career,
The want o' bread, and beef, and beer,
The taunt o' men, and women's jeer—
The greatest is the toom pouch.

An empty purse is slighted sair,
Gang ye to market, kirk, or fair,
Ye'll no be muckle thocht o' there,
Gin ye gang wi' a toom pouch.

An empty purse is ill to wear,
An empty purse is ill to share,
E'en lovers' friendship canna bear
To hear ought o' a toom pouch.

But oh, ye lassies blythe and clean,
Juist let me tell ye as a frien',
Whene'er ye meet your lads at e'en,
Be canna on the toom pouch.

For fegs, the times are no the thing
To mak' our merry taverns ring;
And wha the deil could dance and sing
Gin pestered wi' a toom pouch?

Sae dinna ca' your laddie shy,
And dinna say he's cauld and dry,
And dinna speak o' sweeties—Fie!
Be mindfu' o' the toom pouch.

For kind may be his heart and true,
And weel and warmly may he lo'e,
And fondly kiss your cherry mou',
Although he wears a toom pouch.

But maybe times will mend a wee,
When twa may venture to be three;
But guidesake, lassies! dinna gree
To marry wi' a toom pouch.

THE LASS AYONT THE HILL.

THIS happy effusion by James MacDonald was first
printed in Whitelaw's "Book of Scottish Song."

Gae range the wairld baith far and near,
Search ilka court an' gaudy ha',
Get titled dames wi' princely names,
I ken a lass wad ding them a'.

Bring a' the wealth Peru can gi'e,
Or e'en Golconda's mine can shaw,
Rake up auld ocean's hoarded gear,
I ken a lass that's worth it a'.

Awa', fause loons, your artfu' wiles
 Maun ne'er yon bonnie lass spill ;
 Her name and hame I winna tell,
 The bonnie lass ayont the hill.

Her cheeks are like the apple bud,
 Her brow is white as drifted snaw,
 Her lips are like the berries red
 That grow upon yon garden wa'.

It's sweet to see the roses blaw
 Adown the holms o' Endrick lea,
 But sweeter are the blinks o' luve
 The bonnie lassie gi'es to me.

Yon milk-white thorn noo a' in bloom,
 That sweetly scents the evening air ;
 Yon cloud a wORLD o' pearly snaw,
 Are nae sae pure nor half sae fair.

Ilk colour that the heavens can gi'e
 Does but ae lovely rainbow fill ;
 Sae a' that's sweet on earth is she,
 The bonnie lass ayont the hill.

Gin I'd been born a belted knight,
 Or laird o' mickle gear an' lan',
 I wadna lay me doon to sleep
 Afore I gat her lily han'.

But waes my heart ! I'm but a herd,
 An' sae maun tether doon my will ;
 Yet come what may, I'll climb the brae,
 And see my lass ayont the hill.

MY BONNIE LASSIE'S DEAD.

THIS touching lyric is by James MacDonald, and it shows the poet in another vein of thought. It is to be sung to the tune, "A mile abune Dundee."

Oh ! my bonnie lassie's dead,
My bliss and joy on earth's fled,
Oh ! my bonnie lassie's dead
And lies on Endrick lea.

Her brow was like a lily flower,
Smiling 'neath a balmy bower,
An' glistenin' i' the mornin' hour
Amang the dew o' May.
Her e'e was like the bonnie bell
That dances on a sparklin' well,
When daylight fa's owre muir and fell,
An' wakes the well to play.

Her cheek had a' the hues that lie
On a' that's fair on earth or sky,
When summer winds are singing by
A canty, gleesome air.
The winds may sing owre glen an' lea,
The flowers may bloom, but no for me,
That brow an' e'e, that cheek I'll see
Smiling here nae mair.

A leaf afore the wintry blast,
Though sairly bruised an' sadly cast,
Will find a resting place at last,
But ah ! there's nane for me.
Whar can I gang, whar can I bide,
Sin' she, my bonnie, winsome bride,
Is ta'en for ever frae my side ?
Why didna death tak' me ?

O LEEZE ME ON THE GLEN.

THE Endrick, which rises among the hills south-west of Stirling, is an exceedingly beautiful mountain stream, and has inspired various bards to sing its praises. The author of the present song is James MacDonald.

— 100 —
And wipe awa' the tear, for

Though torn frae thy lap wi'
Thy picture hangs untouched
Thy grey rugged cliffs and t
Thy pale primrose banks, th
Thy haugh spread wi' daisie
Thy velvet green holmes and
Aft drift through my dreams
Like scenes o' the Happy Isl.

O can I e'er forget the glory
When the pearly tears o' nigh
And the milky mists creep be
And heaven's bliss comes down
When Joy's trumpet sounds
woods,

And echo singeth back wi' the
While frae bank and frae brae
With the incense of earth, aw.

Can the world brag o' aught li
When the revelry of morn is le
And the flocks cease to bleat c
While the linns o' the Endrick
As the bride on her bridal day
Her heart fu' o' joy and her o'

When the flowers shut their een and the winds in the woods are still,
And the wee lammies sleep in the howe o' the dewy hill ;
Then the weary soul o' man, like the bird to its cosy nest,
Floats on fancy's wings 'mang the clouds o' the purple west.

Thus mornin', noon, and eve, sweet vale o' my youthfu' days,
I roam still in thought through my haunts on thy bracken braes ;
And as Endrick waxes deep when she bounds near her resting goal,
So deepens aye the flow o' thy love in my weary soul.
Farewell, then, my glen, the land o' my brightest dreams,
My heart, like the stricken deer, pants for thy silver streams ;
At this late hour o' life I would fain come back again,
And sleep on the braes o' my ain native glen.

KILLEARN GLEN.

THIS pleasing lyric is from the pen of James MacDonald.
Killearn is in the west of Stirlingshire, and is famous
as the birthplace of George Buchanan.

Killearn Glen's a bonnie glen, an' sweet as sweet can be, O,
For there she dwells that's a' the bliss and balm o' life to me, O.
The burnie wimpling by her door, in music sings sae clearly,
The flowers sae fondly deck its banks,—I'm sure they lo'e her
dearly.

The mavis kens my Mary's there—the blackbird kens it fine, O,
Or they'd ne'er tire their wee bit throats, frae morning dawn till
dine, O.

The laverock leaves the banks o' Blane, and up he comes sae cheery,
To lilt his sang the hale day lang, an' a' to please my deary.

For oh ! she's sweet—she's sweet and fair, sae lily white'sherbrow, O,
Sae rosy is her dimpled cheek, and winsome is her mou', O ;
She's just a flower o' Paradise, in dewy beauty growing,
And o'er the silver wells o' life her gentle fragrance strewing.
The moonlight on Loch Lomond's wave, the footsteps o' the fairy,
Are no sae saft 's my lassie's smile, are no sae mild as Mary ;
Killearn Glen's a bonnie glen, for there I meet wi' thee, O,
My Mary love, my bonnie dove, the balm o' life to me, O.

THE PRIDE O' THE GLEN.

WRITTEN by James MacDonald and set to music by J. Fisher, "The Pride o' the Glen" is another of those songs which belong to the west of Stirlingshire.

O bonnie's the lily that blooms in the valley,
 And fair is the cherry that grows on the tree ;
 The primrose smiles sweet as it welcomes the summer,
 And modest's the wee gowan's love-talking e'e ;
 Mair dear to my heart is that lowne cosy dingle
 Whar late i' the gloamin', by the lanely "Ha' den,"
 I met wi' the fairest e'er bounded in beauty,
 By the banks o' the Endrick, the pride o' the glen.

She's pure as the spring cloud that smiles in the welkin,
 And blythe as the lambkin that sports on the lea ;
 Her heart is a fount runnin' owre wi' affection ;
 And a warld o' feeling is the love o' her e'e.
 The prince may be proud o' his vast hoarded treasures—
 The heir o' his grandeur and hie pedigree,
 They kenna the happiness dwalt in my bosom
 When alane wi' the angel o' lufe and o' le.

I've seen the day dawn, in a shower drappin' goud,
 The grass spread wi' dew, like a wide siller sea,
 The clouds shinin' bricht in a deep amber licht,
 And the earth blusshin' back to the glad lift on hie.
 I've dreamed o' a palace wi' gem-sparkled ha's,
 And proud wa's a' glitterin' in rich diamond sheen,
 Wi' towers shinin' fair thro' the rose tinted air,
 And domes o' rare pearls and rubies atween.

I've sat in a garden 'mid earth's gayest flowers,
 A' gaudily shawin' their beauteous dyes,
 And breathing in calm the air's fragrant balm,
 Like angels asleep on the plains o' the skies ;
 Yet the garden and palace and day's rosy dawning,
 Though in blest morning dreams they should aft come again,
 Can ne'er be sae sweet as the bonnie young lassie
 That bloomed by the Endrick, the pride o' the glen.

The exile in sleep haunts the land o' his fathers,
The captive's ae dream is his hour to be free,
The weary heart lang's for the morning rays comin',
The oppressed for his Sabbath o' sweet libertie;
But my life's only hope, my heart's only prayer,
Is the day that I'll ca' the young lassie my ain;
Though a' should forsake me, wi' her I'll be happy
On the banks o' the Endrick, the pride o' the glen.

MY FIRST AND LAST LOVE.

THIS effusion, written by James MacDonald, was by him contributed to "The Book of Scottish Song."

O morning time o' happiness, O gowden time o' glee,
When light o' heart an' fu' o' hope I roamed the lily lee,
An' as I pu'ed ilk bonnie flower among the sparklin' dew,
I clasped it to my breast and said, O Jeanie, 'tis like you!
The pride o' May, the pink o' June, the gem o' summer's bowers
Were nae sae sweet by half as thee, my winsome queen o' flowers.

Thy cheek mair saft than eider-down an' white as driven snaw,
Thine e'e o' love, thy bonnie locks, in happy dreams, yet fa'
Upon my cauld and broken heart, an' glow in fairer sheen
Than a' the flowers that ever grew on Endrick's fairy green.
Thy life was mine, my life was thine, yet a' was but a spell—
The hour is past—my bleeding heart can only sigh Farewell.

THE MAID OF DUNMORE.

THIS song, which embodies the old, old story of the captive maiden and her gallant lover's rescue, affects to belong to the estate of Dunmore, which is situated a few miles south from Stirling, and which is better known in the world of song through the lyric, "The Woods o' Dunmore."

The maid of Dunn
Ah ! weep for the

The maid tied a note to
And pointed to home, I
O'er land and o'er water
Sought kinsmen and so
But soon a brave knight
And rescued his bride f

Ah ! Flora, fair Flo
Ah ! Flora the ma
The maid of Dunn
Ah ! joy to the maid

THE WOODS

THIS elegant lyric, of the authorship of which nothing can be explained, is situated a few miles from Elgin. Robert Thomson of Elgin, in his "National Choir," relates the following legend as all that is known of the authorship:
"After I left home

say he would give a good deal to be able to sing two tunes —one was the old one *Caroline*, 'He took me from a fearful pit !' the other was 'The Woods o' Dunmore,' which song was his greatest favourite. Some years afterwards I was visiting at his mother's house at Cambusbarron, near Stirling, when his sister asked me to sing 'The Woods o' Dunmore.' She said, 'Willie told us you used to sing it often to him ; and do you know,' she continued, 'his uncle, after whom he was named, was the author of it, and Willie did not know this when he used to hear you sing it, but my mother told him when he came home.' His mother, a Murdoch, was sister of the William Murdoch who wrote the song. At the time I was in Belfast this William Murdoch was, I think, a merchant in Hamburg."

This lane heart is thine, lassie, charming and fair,
This fond heart is thine, lassie dear ;
Nae world's gear hae I, nae owsen nor kye,
I've naething, dear lassie, save a pure heart to gi'e.
Yet dinna say me na, but come, come awa',
An' wander, dear lassie, 'mang the woods o' Dunmore.

O sweet is thy voice, lassie, charming and fair,
Enchanting thy smile, lassie dear ;
I'll toil aye for thee, for ae blink o' thine e'e
Is pleasure mair sweet than siller to me.
Yet dinna say me na, etc.

O come to my arms, lassie, charming an' fair,
Awa' wild alarms, lassie, dear ;
This fond heart an' thine like ivy shall twine,
I'll lo'e thee, dear lassie, till the day that I dee.
O dinna say me na, etc.

Young Campsie m
For there I met the
Yon towering hill
The smile of love sa
And twinkled in t
And while I fondly i
I wished she had i

My thoughts are wa
And aye the lass]
Wha trippit owre y
Ae joyful summer
There's name can te
But round my he
The hope that time
When I can ca' ye

CAMP

THE author of this song
some time resident
emigrated to New York.
its beauty, and is a freq
holiday. The tune to which
is "Kelvin Grove."

O'er the willow brig we'll wend, bonnie lassie, O,
And the ladders we'll ascend, bonnie lassie, O,

 Where the woodroot loves to hide

 Its scented leaves, beside

The streamlets as they glide, bonnie lassie, O.

Where the bluebell on the brae, bonnie lassie, O,
Where the sweetest-scented slae, bonnie lassie, O,

 And the flowerets ever new,

 Of nature's painting true,

All fragrant bloom for you, bonnie lassie, O.

Where the music of the wood, bonnie lassie, O,
And the dashing of the flood, bonnie lassie, O,

 O'er the rock and ravine mingle,

 And glen and mountain dingle

With the merry echoes tingle, bonnie lassie, O.

On the moss-seat we'll recline, bonnie lassie, O,
Wi' a hand in each of thine, bonnie lassie, O,

 The bosom's warmest thrill

 Beats truer, safer still,

As our hearts now glowing fill, bonnie lassie, O.

Then before bright heaven's eye, bonnie lassie, O,
We will double love-knots tie, bonnie lassie, O,

 Then true affection plighted,

 We'll love and live delighted,

With hearts and hands united, bonnie lassie, O.

THE LOMOND.

WILLIAM CHALMERS, another of the many contributors to "The Book of Scottish Song," swells the minstrelsy of the shire in this lyric.

"O, lassie, wilt thou go
 To the Lomond wi' me?
The wild thyme's in bloom
 And the flower's on the lea;

Wilt thou go, my dearest love?
 I will ever constant prove,
 I'll range each hill and grove
 On the Lomond wi' thee."

"O young men are fickle,
 Nor trusted to be,
 And many a native gem
 Shines fair on the lea ;
 Thou may see some lonely flower
 Of a more attractive power,
 And may take her to thy bower
 On the Lomond wi' thee."

"The hynd shall forsake,
 On the mountain, the doe ;
 The stream of the fountain
 Shall cease ev'n to flow :
 Ben Lomond shall bend
 His high brow to the sea,
 Ere I take to my bower
 Any flower, love, but thee."

She's taken her mantle,
 He's taken his plaid ;
 He coft her a ring,
 And he made her his bride ;
 They're far owre yon hills
 To spend their happy days,
 And range the woody glens
 'Mang the Lomond braes.

MYOT'S LOFTY BROW.

THIS song, by Thomas Smail, was first printed in "The Book of Scottish Song." Myot hill, which rises itself two miles west from Denny, affords a splendid view of the surrounding country, and is a place of frequent resort by pedestrians.

Again on Myot's lofty brow
With bounding heart I stand,
Commanding many a lovely view
Of hill, and dale, and strand.

Here often in my youthful days
I ran with joyous glee ;
But far I've wandered since through life
On land, on lake, on sea.

My early friends, who shared my joy,
Whosee mirth resounded high ;
Where now are they ? In death's embrace,
Within the grave, they lie.

Our youthful days ! when hopes were bright,
And all appeared serene ;
How ill exchanged for other times
Of life's rough chequered scene.

'Tis here, when all is past and gone,
I'd like my grave to be ;
But marked by no sepulchral stone,
Or weeping willow-tree.

For here in life my breast full-gushed
With joyous tide of glee ;
And here in death, when all is hushed,
My heart may throb to be.

CAMPSIE GLEN.

THE author of this song is John Shaw, who is Inspector of Poor at Kilbarchan. He was born at Paisley in 1828, was for some time resident in Kirkintilloch and was often in the Campsie district. He married a wife at Milton-of-Campsie, and doubtless to this may be attributed the conception of this lyric.

Bo

We will v
Bo
Where we
Bo
Far along
By the so
We will g
Bon

Then we 'll
Bon
To the cosy
Bon
To yon mo
Where the
And the pri
Bonn

There a thou
Bonni
From the fe
Bonni
But a sweete
Than the wil
Than the ma

All the rapture and the joy,
All the bliss without alloy,
That no time can e'er destroy,
 Bonnie lassie, O.

Let us go and wander, then,
 Bonnie lassie, O,
Through the shades o' Campeie Glen,
 Bonnie lassie, O ;
There, in some secluded spot,
We will rear our lowly cot,
Where you'll bless and crown my lot,
 Bonnie lassie, O.

THE BANKS O' GLAIZART.

THIS song, by John Shaw, was written in 1870, and published in the Glasgow *Weekly Herald*.

Air—"O, gin I were a Baron's heir."

Where Campeie nestles 'neath her Fells,
By fair Woodhead where beauty dwells,
Through Milton's haughs and flowery dells,
 Winds the gentle Glaizart.

And lovely maidens come and go
Upon its banks, where wild flowers blow ;
O, sweet are all the scenes I know
 On the banks o' Glaizart.

My feet hae wandered far and wide,
I've seen our rivers in their pride—
The Forth and Tay, the Doon and Clyde,
 Since I saw the Glaizart.

But Scotland's streams, baith great and sma',
Frae John o' Groat's to Berwick Law,
Had ne'er to me the charm I saw
 In the bonnie Glaizart.

On Kelvinside I've happy been,
I've strayed on Luggie's margin green;
But sweeter joys were mine, I ween,
 On the banks o' Glaizart.

For there, in youthful days, I ran;
There wooed the pride o' a' the lan',
I won her heart, I won her han',
 On the banks o' Glaizart.

And tho' the years are fleein' fast,
An' 'mong new scenes my lot is cast,
I still recall the happy past
 On the banks o' Glaizart.

And evermore my blessing dwells
On a' the woods, and streams, and dells,
Frae Kelvinside to Campsie Fells—
 Blessings on the Glaizart !

PART III.

RHYMES AND PROVERBIAL EXPRESSIONS OF STIRLINGSHIRE.

IN that branch of folk-lore which embraces what are known as popular rhymes upon places and people, Stirlingshire is fairly well represented. It is true, she is not rich in her abundance, but the proverbial rhymes and expressions which she regards as her own are popular to a much greater extent than are many of the terms appropriate to other shires. In many cases a place-rhyme is known only in the locality to which it refers, but a number of those which belong to the county of Stirling have entered into our national folk-lore, and are the property of the Scottish people at large.

The famous windings of the Forth, which form so many luxuriant peninsulas, gave rise to the well-known couplet—

A crook o' the Forth
Is worth an earldom o' the north.

The present old bridge across the Forth at Stirling is supposed to occupy the site of an earlier erection. There is a tradition that two Northumbrian princes, having met the Scots in battle in the ninth century and been victorious, erected this earlier bridge and raised upon it a cross which bore this inscription :—

“I am free marche, as passengers may ken,
To Scottis, to Britonis, and to Inglismen.”

The ancient seal of the burgh of Stirling has on one side a representation of a tower or castle and leaves or branches

indicative of a wood or forest, and on the other side a bridge with a representation of the crucifixion upon it. The tower or castle represents Stirling Castle, and the bridge has been taken to represent an early bridge across the Forth, and may represent the bridge erected by the Northumbrian princes. The inscription on the seal is as follows:—"Scoti stant hic cruce tuti hic armis Brut. Continent hoc in se nemus et Castrum Strivelinse," and has been translated by Sir Robert Sibbald thus—

"The Britons stand by force of arms,
The Scotch are by this cross preserved from harms;
The castle and the wood of Stirling town
Are in the compass of this seal set down."

Thomas the Rhymer, who is remarkable for his predictions, is said to have foretold the battle of Bannockburn in the rhyme—

"The Burn of Bried, sall run fu' reid."

"The Burn of Bried" seems to suggest itself as a translation of the Bannock Burn.

The following rhyme—

Glasgow for bells,
Lithgow for wells,
Falkirk for beans and peas,

is explained thus:—The Glasgow reference indicates the number of churches in the western metropolis; that to Linlithgow refers to the number of springs lying in and around the old burgh; and that to Falkirk marks the location of that town in the fertile curse of Stirling.

Falkirk is rich in proverbs, all of which are more or less alike.

“Better meddle wi’ the deil than the bairns o’ Falkirk,”

indicates a phase of temperament which will be better left unexplained. There is a certain rivalry between the newspaper men of Stirling and Falkirk, and the former sometimes tell the latter that the Stirling Sheriff Court might engage in a long vacation, were it not for the east of Stirlingshire. The influence of Falkirk may make itself felt outside its own bounds, and this may account for the foregoing proverb as well as for the following sayings:—

“Falkirk bairns dee ere they thrive.”

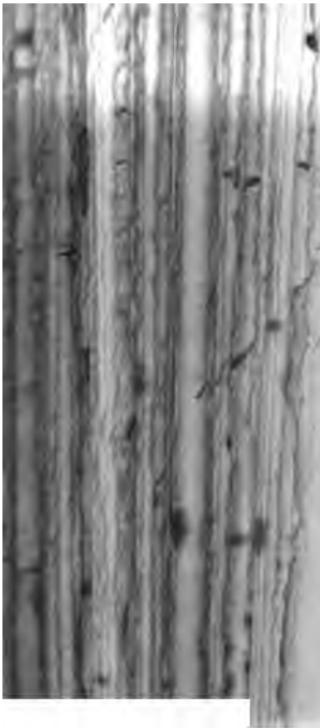
“Falkirk bairns mind naething but mischief.”

“Like the bairns o’ Falkirk
They’ll end ere they mend.”

Referring to the last expression, Dr Robert Chambers in his “Popular Rhymes of Scotland” says, “this is a proverbial saying of ill-doing persons, as expressive of there being no hope for them. How the children of Falkirk came to be so characterised, it would be difficult now to ascertain. The adage has had the effect of causing the men of Falkirk jocularly to style themselves ‘the bairns’; and when one of them speaks of another as ‘a bairn,’ he only means that that other person is a native of Falkirk.”

In “Rob Roy,” Sir Walter Scott begins one of the chapters with the following—

Baron o’ Bucklyvie,
May the foul fiend drive ye,
An’ a’ to pieces rive ye,
For building sic a town
Where there’s neither horse meat, nor man’s meat,
Nor a chair to sit down.



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latter calculation. The canny Scot did not consider it incumbent upon him to inform the southern loons of their mistake, and, "pouchin' the siller," trudged northwards with twelve times the amount due to him. With this money (ill-gotten if you like) the blacksmith is said to have purchased an estate near Stirling, and so founded the family of Callender of Craigforth. The following verse, which was common among boys, is believed to refer to the incident—

When I was a little boy, striking at the studdy,
I had a pair o' blue breekis, and O but they were duddie !
As I strook they shook, like a lamb's tailie ;
But now I'm grown a gentleman, my wife she wears a railie !

"The plough of gold," a popular rhyme regarding weather, may be fittingly claimed as the property of the county, as it is believed to have been composed by a son of the shire—George Buchanan. The story runs that, having been asked on one occasion what would buy a plough of gold, he made answer—

A frosty winter, and a dusty March, a rain about April,
Another about the Lammas time when the corn begins to fill,
Is weel worth a pleuch o' gowd, and a' her pins theretill.

There is a vast amount of truth in the rhyme. A season falling just as described by the verse would doubtless produce a good harvest, and farmers will be of opinion that a good harvest is not over-estimated in value by a golden plough.

Another popular weather-rhyme belongs to Stirlingshire. It is—

When the Castle of Stirling gets a hat,
The curse of Cornton pays for that.



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And to its Vault obeysance from 't doth claim
As in the Phrygian-Coasts Meander runs,
And winds it self about in various turns :
The River here doth force its Passage so
Flowes and returns is tossed to and fro.
The Traveller whose found of daily change
And through the Earth with tedious steps doth range ;
When hither he doth happen to retire,
This Town and Countrey's wealth he doth admire,
These strange things do deserve the sweetest-layes
But Warlick-Vertue merits further Praise.
The Roman pride how oft hath STIRLING queld
Their Conquering Swords rr more then once repelled.
The Flood wherewith this Cities-fields are wet
Did bounds to their-O're running Empire set.

The Reverend Ralph Erskine, one of the founders of the Secession Church, wrote some lines which, if more epigrammatic, were less favourable than Johnstoun's verses. It would seem, if tradition is to be believed, that James Guthrie, who suffered martyrdom at Edinburgh, was very unpopular with a certain section of the community during the time he was parish minister of Stirling. The persons with whom he was in ill favour were fleshers, and the story goes that on one occasion they set upon him with their dogs. He was pursued for some distance, and was saved from his assailants by taking refuge in a house in a vennel in Baker Street. Spots were for some time shewn on the sill of one of the windows of this house, and these were said to be marks of Guthrie's blood. The spots did not receive that paint and attention which were bestowed on Rizzio's blood at Holyrood, and have long since passed away. It is said that Guthrie predicted that no flesher would flourish in Stirling ; and Erskine embodies the prediction, or rather asserts its fulfilment, in the lines—

O Stirling, Stirling, thou hast been the seat
Of famous martyrs, and confessors great ;
Some thou hast stoned by thy fierce butcherous hive,
Which never since have had a day to thrive.

If Guthrie and Erskine could see the number of places which exist to-day for the sale of "home and foreign fed" (and *thrive*), the one might be inclined to think less of his gift of prophecy, and the other to modify his stanza.

Among those who have written scraps of verse in honour or otherwise of the county, the most illustrious is Burns. When the national poet, in the course of his tour to the Highlands in company with his friend Nicol, went through Stirlingshire, he left a few verses as witnesses of his visit. On Saturday the 25th August, 1787, the poet and his friend reached Falkirk. It was a common custom with Burns to inscribe verses on window panes ; and on a window at the inn at Falkirk where he rested, he wrote these lines—

Sound be his sleep, and blythe his morn,
That never did a lassie wrang,—
Who poverty ne'er held in scorn,—
For misery ever tholed a pang.

On the following day—Sabbath—the visitors went to Carron to see the extensive ironworks there ; but for some reason, probably because it was Sabbath, the porter refused them admittance. Burns wreaked his vengeance on the porter in the following lines, which he inscribed in an inn at Carron—

We cam' na here to view your warks
In hopes to be mair wise,
But only, lest we gang to hell,
It may be nae surprise :

But when we tirled at your door,
Your porter dought na hear us ;
Sae may, should we to hell's yett come,
Your billy Satan sair us.

A local rhymer, attracted by the lines, added the following rejoinder. It may be the production of a Stirlingshire man ; it is not the production of a Stirlingshire poet :—

If you came here to see our works, you should have been more civil
Than to give a fictitious name, in hopes to cheat the devil :
Six days a week to you and all—we think it very well,
The seventh, if you go to church, may keep you out of hell.

Passing onwards in their journey, the poet and his friend reached Stirling, finding accommodation in Gibb's Inn (now the Golden Lion Hotel). In the evening they visited the Castle, when Burns was much annoyed at the desecration of the Parliament House. This annoyance he demonstrated in the somewhat famous "Stirling lines," which he inscribed on one of the windows of the inn, and which ran thus—

Here Stuarts once in glory reigned,
And laws for Scotland's weal ordained :
But now unroofed their palace stands,
Their sceptre's swayed by other hands ;
The injured Stuart line is gone,
A race outlandish fills their throne—
An idiot race, to honour lost ;
Who know them best despise them most !

Leaving this memorial and his friend Nicol in Stirling, Burns proceeded on the Monday to Harvieston, to visit some acquaintances. On his return, Nicol drew his attention to the stanza, remarking as he did so, "Burns,

this will do you no good." "I will reprove myself," said the poet, and, taking his diamond, he inscribed these additional lines:—

Rash mortal, and slanderous poet, thy name
 Shall no longer appear in the records of fame !
 Dost not know that old Mansfield, who writes like the Bible,
 Says, "the more 'tis a truth, sir, the more 'tis a libel" ?

For some time the lines remained in their conspicuous place, and another visitor, Mr Hamilton, a minister at Gladsmuir, in emulation of the Carron rhymer, thus proceeded to administer reproof to the poet—

Thus wretches rail whom sordid gain
 Drags in Faction's gilded chain ;
 But can a mind which Fame inspires,
 Where genius lights her brightest fires—
 Can BURNS, disdaining truth and law,
 Faction's venom'd dagger draw ?
 And, skulking with a villain's aim,
 Basely stab his monarch's fame ?
 Yes, Burns, 'tis o'er, thy race is run,
 And shades receive thy setting sun :
 With pain thy wayward fate I see,
 And mourn the lot that's doomed for thee :
 These few rash lines will damn thy name,
 And blast thy hopes of future fame.

When these lines came under the notice of Burns, they drew forth the following reply—

Like *Æsop's* lion, Burns says, "Sore I feel
 All others' scorn—but damn that ass's heel !"

The advices of his friends or his own reflections seem to have shewn him that the Stirling lines were likely to prove offensive, and when next the poet visited Stirling

he proceeded to the Hotel and smashed the pane with his riding-whip. So far as the condition of Stirling Castle is concerned, the stanza may be said to have failed in its mission. The palace and other buildings of bygone glory present few of their former features. The Stirling lines have been printed in many editions of the poet's works, but for all that, they have been forgotten—by the War Department.



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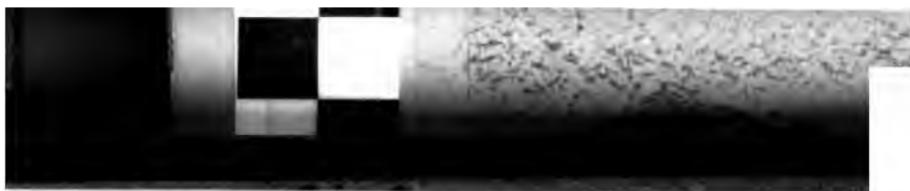
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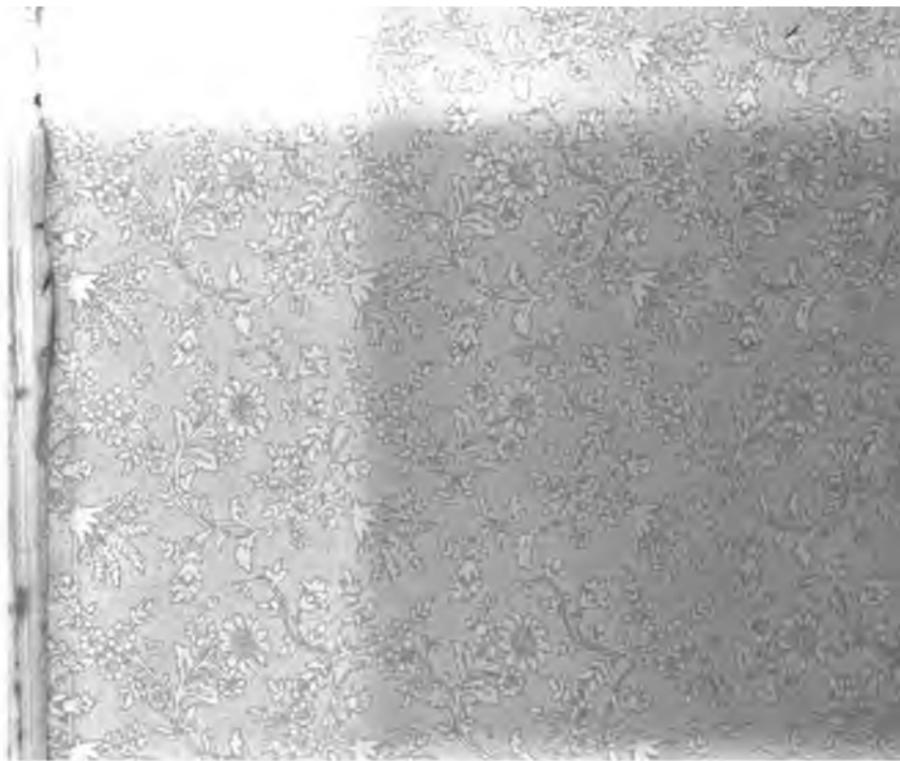
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